

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## OUTDOOR INDUSTRIES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

CLIMATE is to a country what temperament is to a man—Fate. The figure is not so fanciful as it seems, for temperament, broadly defined, may be said to be that which determines the point of view of a man's mental and spiritual vision; in other words, the light in which he sees things. And the word climate is, primarily, simply a statement of bounds defined according to the obliquity of the sun's course relative to the horizon; in other words, the slant of the sun. The tropics are tropic because the sun shines down too straight: vegetation leaps into luxuriance under the nearly vertical ray; but human activities languish; intellect is supine; only the passions, human nature's rank weed growths, thrive. In the temperate zone, again, the sun strikes the earth too much aslant. Human activities develop; intellect is keen; the balance of passion and reason is normally adjusted; but vegetation is slow and restricted. As compared with the productiveness of the tropics, the best that the temperate zone can do is scanty.

There are a few spots on the globe where the conditions of the country override these laws, and do away with these lines of discrimination in favor. Florida, Italy, the south of France and of Spain, a few islands, and South California, complete the list.

These places are doubly dowered. They have the wealths of the two zones, without the drawbacks of either. In South California this results from two causes: first, the presence of a temperate current in the ocean, near the coast; second, the configuration of the mountain ranges which intercept and reflect the sun's rays, and shut South California off from the rest of the continent. It is, as it were, climatically insulated—a sort of island on land. It has just enough of sea to make its atmosphere temperate. Its continental

position and affinities give it a dryness no island could have; and its climatically insulated position gives it an evenness of temperature much beyond the continental average.

It has thus a cool summer and a temperate winter; conditions which secure the broadest and highest agricultural and horticultural possibilities. It is the only country in the world where dairies and orange orchards will thrive together.

It has its own zones of climate; not at all following lines parallel to the equator, but following the trend of its mountains. The California mountains are a big and interesting family of geological children, with great gaps in point of age, the Sierra Nevada being oldest of all. Time was when the Sierra Nevada fronted directly on the Pacific, and its rivers dashed down straight into the sea. But that is ages ago. Since then have been born out of the waters the numerous coast ranges, all following more or less closely the shore line. These are supplemented at Point Conception by east and west ranges, which complete the insulating walls of South or semi-tropic California. The coast ranges are the youngest of the children born; but the ocean is still pregnant of others. Range after range, far out to sea, they lie, with their attendant valleys, biding their time, popping their heads out here and there in the shape of islands.

This colossal furrow system of mountains must have its correlative system of valleys; hence the great valley divisions of the country. There may be said to be four groups or kinds of these: the low and broad valleys, so broad that they are plains; the high mountain valleys; the rounded plateaus of the Great Basin, as it is called, of which the Bernardino Mountains are the southern rim; and the

river valleys or cañons—these last running at angles to the mountain and shore lines.

When the air in these valleys becomes heated by the sun, it rushes up the slopes of the Sierra Nevada as up a mighty chimney. To fill the vacuum thus created, the sea air is drawn in through every break in the coast ranges as by a blower. In the upper part of the California coast it sucks in with fury, as through the Golden Gate, piling up and demolishing high hills of sand every year, and cutting grooves on the granite fronts of mountains.

The country may be said to have three distinct industrial belts: the first, along the coast, a narrow one, from one to fifteen miles wide. In this grow some of the deciduous fruits, corn, pumpkins, and grain. Dairy and stock interests flourish. The nearness of the sea makes the air cool, with fogs at night. There are many *ciénagas*, or marshy regions, where grass is green all the year round, and water is near the surface everywhere. Citrus fruits do not flourish in this belt, except in sheltered spots at the higher levels.

The second industrial belt comprises the shorter valleys opening toward the sea; a belt of country averaging perhaps forty miles in width. In this belt all grains will grow without irrigation; all deciduous fruits, including the grape, flourish well without irrigation. The citrus fruits thrive, but need irrigation.

The third belt lies back of this, farther from the sea; and the land, without irrigation, is worthless for all purposes except pasturage. That, in years of average rain-fall, is good.

The soils of South California are chiefly of the cretaceous and tertiary epochs. The most remarkable thing about them is their great depth. It is not uncommon, in making wells, to find the soil the same to a depth of one hundred feet; the same thing is to be observed in cañons, cuts, and exposed bluffs on the sea-shore. This accounts for the great fertility of much of the land. Crops are raised year after year, sometimes for twenty successive years, on the same fields, without the soil's showing exhaustion; and what are called volunteer crops, sowing themselves, give good yields for the first, second, and even third year after the original planting.

To provide for a wholesome variety and succession of seasons, in a country where both winter and summer were debarred full reign, was a meteorological problem that might well have puzzled even nature's ingenuity. But next to a vacuum, she abhors monotony; and to avoid it, she has, in California, resorted even to the water-cure—getting her requisite alternation of seasons by making one wet and the other dry.

To define the respective limits of these seasons becomes more and more difficult, the longer one stays in California, and the more one studies rain-fall statistics. Generally speaking, the wet season may be said to be from the middle of October to the middle of April, corresponding nearly with the outside limits of the north temperate zone season of snows. A good description of the two seasons would be—and it is not so purely humorous and unscientific as it sounds—that the wet season is the season in which it can rain, but may not; and the dry season is the season in which it cannot rain, but occasionally does.

Sometimes the rains expected and hoped for in October do not begin until March, and the whole country is in anxiety; a drought in the wet season meaning drought for a year, and great losses. There have been such years in California, and the dread of them is well founded. But often, the rains, coming later than their wont, are so full and steady that the requisite number of inches fall, and the year's supply is made good. The average rain-fall in San Diego county is ten inches; in Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and Ventura counties, fifteen; in Santa Barbara, twenty. These five counties are all that properly come under the name of South California, resting the division on natural and climatic grounds. The political division, if ever made, will be based on other than natural or climatic reasons, and will include two, possibly three, more counties.

The pricelessness of water in a land where no rain falls during six months of the year cannot be appreciated by one who has not lived in such a country. There is a saying in South California that if a man buys water he can get his land thrown in. This is only an epigrammatic putting of the literal fact that the value of much of the land depends solely upon the water which it holds or controls.

Four systems of irrigation are practiced: First, flooding the land. This is possible only in flat districts, where there are large heads of water. It is a wasteful method, and is less and less used each year. The second system is by furrows. By this system, a large head of water is brought upon the land and distributed in small streams in many narrow furrows. The streams are made as small as will run across the ground, and are allowed to run only twenty-four hours at a time. The third system is by basins dug around tree roots. To these basins water is brought by pipes or ditches; or, in mountain lands, by flumes. The fourth system is by sub-irrigation. This is the most expensive system of all, but is thought to economize water. The water is carried in pipes laid from two to three feet



VALLEY IRRIGATION.

under ground. By opening valves in these pipes the water is let out and up, but never comes above the surface.

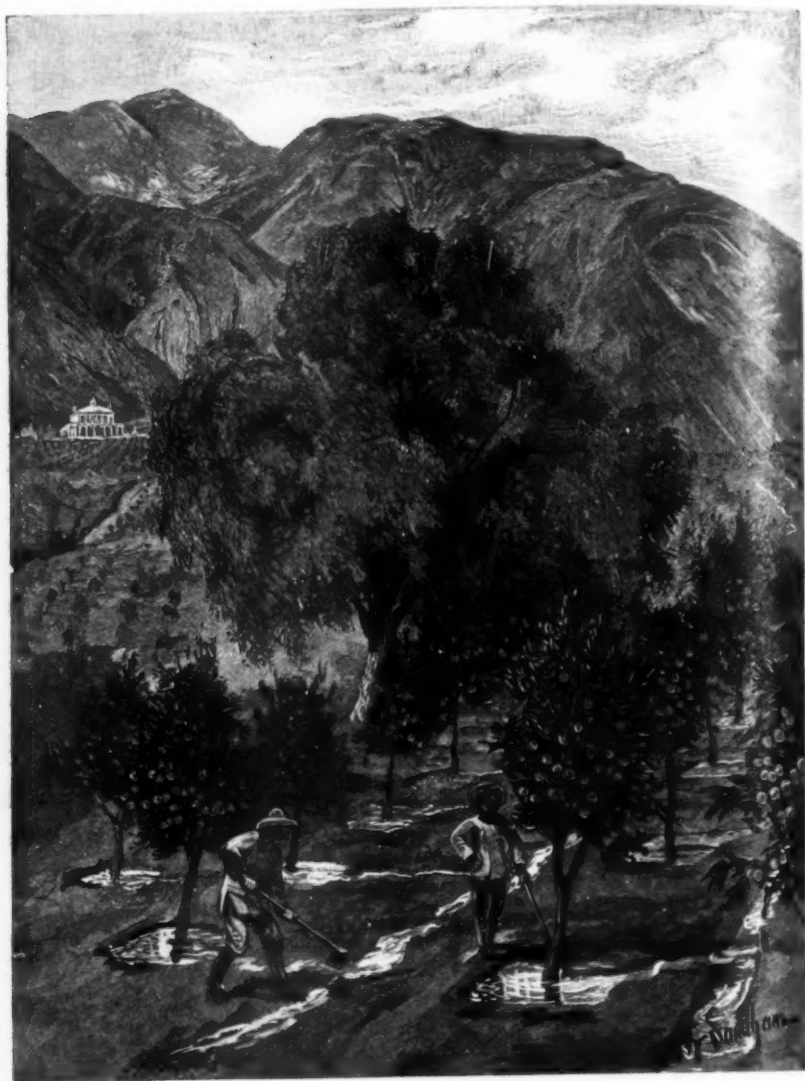
The appliances of one sort and another belonging to these irrigation systems add much to the picturesqueness of South California landscapes. Even the huge, tower-like, round-fanned windmills by which the water is pumped up are sometimes, spite of their clumsiness, made effective by gay colors and by vines growing on them. If they had broad, stretching arms, like the Holland windmills, the whole country would seem a-flutter.

The history of the industries of South California since the American occupation is interesting in its record of successions: successions, not the result of human interventions and decisions so much as of climatic fate, which, in epoch after epoch, created different situations.

The history begins with the cattle interest; hardly an industry, perhaps, or at any rate an unindustrious one, but belonging in point of

time at the head of the list of the ways and means by which money has been made in the country. It dates back to the old mission days; to the two hundred head of cattle which the wise Galvez brought, in 1769, for stocking the three missions projected in Upper California.

From these had grown, in the sixty years of the friars' unhindered rule, herds, of which it is no exaggeration to say that they covered thousands of hills and were beyond counting. It is probable that even the outside estimates of their numbers were short of the truth. The cattle wealth, the reckless ruin of the secularization period, survived, and was the leading wealth of the country at the time of its surrender to the United States. It was most wastefully handled. The cattle were killed, as they had been in the mission days, simply for their hides and tallow. Kingdoms full of people might have been fed on the beef which rotted on the ground every year, and the California cattle



MOUNTAIN IRRIGATION.

ranch in which either milk or butter could be found was an exception to the rule.

Into the calm of this half barbaric life broke the fierce excitement of the gold discovery in 1849. The swarming hordes of ravenous miners must be fed; beef meant gold. The cattlemen suddenly found in their herds a new source of undreamed-of riches. Cattle had been sold as low as two dollars and a half a head. When the gold fever was at its highest, there were days and places in which

they sold for three hundred. It is not strange that the rancheros lost their heads, grew careless and profligate.

Then came the drought of 1864, which killed off cattle by thousands of thousands. By thousands they were driven over steep places into the sea to save pasturage, and to save the country from the stench and the poison of their dying of hunger. In April of that year, fifty thousand head were sold in Santa Barbara for thirty-seven and a half

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cents a head. Many of the rancheros were ruined; they had to mortgage their lands to live; their stock was gone; they could not farm; values so sank, that splendid estates were not worth over ten cents an acre.

Then came in a new set of owners. From the north and from the interior poured in the thriftier sheep men, with big flocks; and for a few years the wide belt of good pasturage land along the coast was chiefly a sheep country.

Slowly, farmers followed; settling, in the beginning, around town centers such as Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Ventura. Grains and vegetables were grown for a resource when cattle and sheep should fail. Cows needed water all the year round; corn only a few months. A wheat-field might get time to ripen in a year when by reason of a drought a herd of cattle would die.

Thus the destiny of the country steadily went on toward its fulfilling, because the inexorable logic of the situation forced itself into the minds of the population. From grains and vegetables to fruits was a short and natural step, in the balmy air, under the sunny sky, and with the traditions and relics of the old friars' opulent fruit growths lingering all through the land. Each palm, orange tree, and vineyard left on the old mission sites was a way signal to the new peoples; mute, yet so eloquent, the wonder is that so many years should have elapsed before the road began to be thronged.

Such, in brief, is the chronicle of the development of South California's outdoor industries down to the present time; of the successions through which the country has been making ready to become what it will surely be, the Garden of the world; a garden with which no other country can vie; a garden in which will grow, side by side, the grape and the pumpkin, the pear and the orange, the olive and the apple, the strawberry and the lemon, Indian corn and the banana, wheat and the guava.

The leading position which the fruit interest will ultimately take has been reached only in Los Angeles County. There the four chief industries, ranged according to their relative importance, stand as follows: Fruit, grain, wool, stock and dairy. This county may be said to be preëminently the garden of the Garden. No other of the five counties can compete with it. Its fruit harvest is nearly unintermitted all the year round. The main orange crop ripens from January to May, though oranges hang on the trees all the year. The lemon, lime, and citron ripen and hang, like the orange. Apricots, pears, peaches, nectarines, strawberries, currants, and figs are plen-



HEAD GATE ON IRRIGATING DITCH.

tiful in June; apples, pears, peaches, during July and August. Late in July, grapes begin and last till January. September is the best month of all, having grapes, peaches, pomegranates, walnuts, almonds, and a second crop of figs. From late in August till Christmas, the vintage does not cease.

The county has a sea-coast line of one hundred miles and contains three millions of acres; two-thirds mountain and desert, the remaining million good pasturage and tillable land. What is known as the great Los Angeles valley has an area of about sixty miles in length by thirty in width, and contains the three rivers of the county—the Los Angeles, the Santa Ana, and the San Gabriel. Every drop of the water of these rivers and of the numberless little springs and streams ministering to their system is owned, rated, utilized, and, one might almost add, wrangled over. The chapters of these water litigations

are many and full; and it behooves every new settler in the county to inform himself on that question first of all, and thoroughly.

In the Los Angeles valley lie several lesser valleys, fertile and beautiful; most notable of these, the San Gabriel valley, where was the site of the old San Gabriel Mission, twelve miles east of the town of Los Angeles. This valley is now taken up in large ranches or in colonies of settlers banded together for mutual help and security in matter of water rights. This colony feature is daily becoming more and more an important one in the development of the whole country. Small individual proprietors cannot usually afford the purchase of sufficient water to make horticultural enterprises successful or safe. The incorporated colony, therefore, offers advantages to large numbers of settlers of a class that could not otherwise get foothold in the country,—the men of comparatively small means, who expect to work with their hands and await patiently the slow growth of moderate fortunes,—a most useful and abiding class, making a solid basis for prosperity. Some of the best results in South California have already been attained in colonies of this sort, such as Anaheim, Riverside, and Pasadena. The method is regarded with increasing favor. It is a rule of give and take, which works equally well for both country and settlers.

The South California statistics of fruits, grain, wool, honey, etc., read more like fancy than like fact, and are not readily believed by one unacquainted with the country. The only way to get a real comprehension and intelligent acceptance of them is to study them on the ground. By a single visit to a great ranch one is more enlightened than he would be by committing to memory scores of Equalization Board Reports. One of the very best, if not the best, for this purpose is Baldwin's ranch, in the San Gabriel valley. It includes a large part of the old lands of the San Gabriel Mission, and is a principality in itself.

There are over a hundred men on its payroll, which averages \$4000 a month. Another \$4000 does not more than meet its running expenses. It has \$6000 worth of machinery for its grain harvests alone. It has a dairy of forty cows, Jersey and Durham; one hundred and twenty work-horses and mules, and fifty thoroughbreds.

It is divided into four distinct estates: the Santa Anita, of 16,000 acres; Puente, 18,000; Merced, 20,000; and the Potrero, 25,000. The Puente and Merced are sheep ranches, and have 20,000 sheep on them. The Potrero is rented out to small farmers. The Santa Anita is the home estate. On it are the homes of the family and of the laborers. It has

fifteen hundred acres of oak grove, four thousand acres in grain, five hundred in grass for hay, one hundred and fifty in orange orchards, fifty of almond trees, sixty of walnuts, twenty-five of pears, fifty of peaches, twenty of lemons, and five hundred in vines; also small orchards of chestnuts, hazel-nuts, and apricots; and thousands of acres of good pasturage.

From whatever side one approaches Santa Anita in May, he will drive through a wild garden—asters, yellow and white; scarlet pentstemons, blue larkspur, monk's-hood; lupines, white and blue; gorgeous golden escholtzia, alder, wild lilac, white sage—all in riotous flowering.

Entering the ranch by one of the north gates, he will look southward down gentle slopes of orchards and vineyards far across the valley, the tints growing softer and softer, and blending more and more with each mile, till all melt into a blue or purple haze. Driving from orchard to orchard, down half-mile avenues through orchards skirting seemingly endless stretches of vineyard, he begins to realize what comes of planting trees and vines by hundreds and tens of hundreds of acres, and the Equalization Board Statistics no longer appear to him even large. It does not seem wonderful that Los Angeles County should be reported as having sixty-two hundred acres in vines, when here on one man's ranch are five hundred acres. The last Equalization Board Report said the county had 256,135 orange and 41,250 lemon trees. It would hardly have surprised him to be told that there were as many as that in the Santa Anita groves alone. The effect on the eye of such huge tracts, planted with a single sort of tree, is to increase enormously the apparent size of the tract; the mind stumbles on the very threshold of the attempt to reckon its distances and numbers, and they become vaster and vaster as they grow vague.

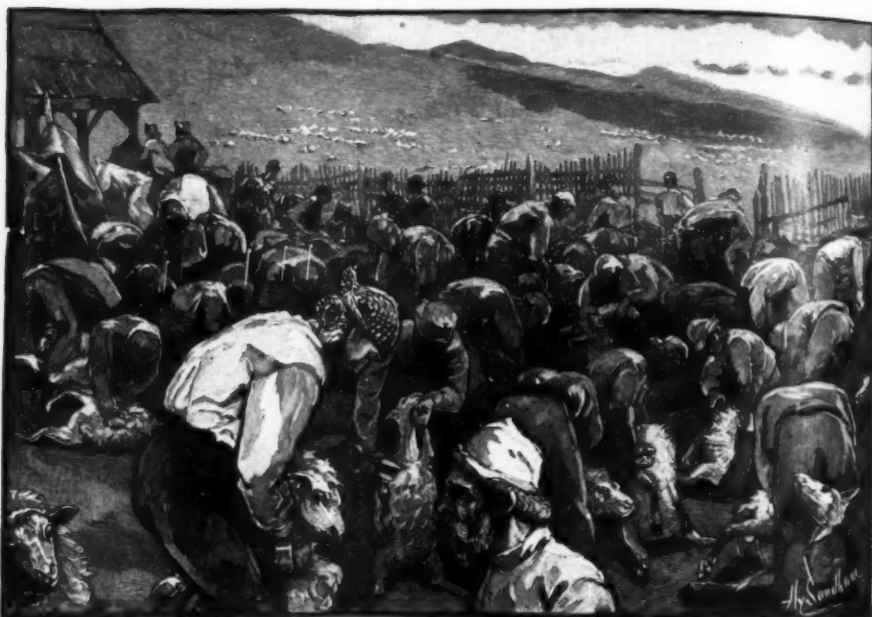
The orange orchard is not the unqualifiedly beautiful spectacle one dreams it will be; nor, in fact, is it so beautiful as it ought to be, with its evergreen shining foliage, snowy blossoms, and golden fruit hanging together and lavishly all the year round. I fancy that, if travelers told truth, ninety-nine out of a hundred would confess to a grievous disappointment at their first sight of the orange at home. In South California, the trees labor under the great disadvantage of being surrounded by bare brown earth. How much this dulls their effect one realizes on finding now and then a neglected grove where grass has been allowed to grow under the trees, to their ruin as fruit-bearers, but incomparably heightening their beauty. Another fatal defect in the orange-tree is its contour. It is too round, too stout



CALIFORNIA SHEEP RANCH.

for its height; almost as bad a thing in a tree as in a human being. The uniformity of this contour of the trees, combined with the regularity of their setting in evenly spaced rows, gives large orange groves a certain tiresome quality, which one recognizes with a guilty sense of being shamefully ungrateful for so much splendor of sheen and color. The exact

spherical shape of the fruit possibly helps on this tiresomeness. One wonders if oblong bunches of long-pointed and curving fruit, banana-like, set irregularly among the glossy green leaves, would not look better; which wonder adds to ingratitude an impertinence, of which one suddenly repents on seeing such a tree as I saw in a Los Angeles garden in



SHEEP-SHEARING.

the winter of 1882,—a tree not over thirty feet high, with twenty-five hundred golden oranges hanging on it, among leaves so glossy they glittered in the sun with the glitter of burnished metal. Never the Hesperides saw a more resplendent sight.

But the orange looks its best plucked and massed; it lends itself then to every sort and extent of decoration. At a citrus fair in the Riverside colony in March, 1882, in a building one hundred and fifty feet long by sixty wide, built of redwood planks, were five long tables loaded with oranges and lemons; rows, plates, pyramids, baskets; the bright redwood walls hung with great boughs, full as when broken from the tree; and each plate and pyramid decorated with the shining green leaves. The whole place was fairly ablaze, and made one think of the Arabian Nights' Tales. The acme of success in orange culture in California is said to have been attained in this Riverside colony, though it is only six years old, and does not yet number two thousand souls. There are in its orchards two hundred and nine thousand orange trees, of which twenty-eight thousand are in bearing, twenty thousand lemon trees, and eight thousand limes.

The profits of orange culture are slow to begin, but, having once begun, mount up fast. Orange orchards at San Gabriel have

in many instances netted \$500 an acre annually. The following estimate, the result of sixteen years' experience, is probably a fair one of the outlay and income of a small orange grove:

10 acres of land, at \$75 per acre	\$750.00
1000 trees, at \$75 per hundred	750.00
Plowing and harrowing, \$2.50 per acre	25.00
Digging holes, planting, 10 cents each	100.00
Irrigating and planting	10.00
Cultivation after irrigation	4.50
3 subsequent irrigations during the year	30.00
3 subsequent cultivations the first year	13.50

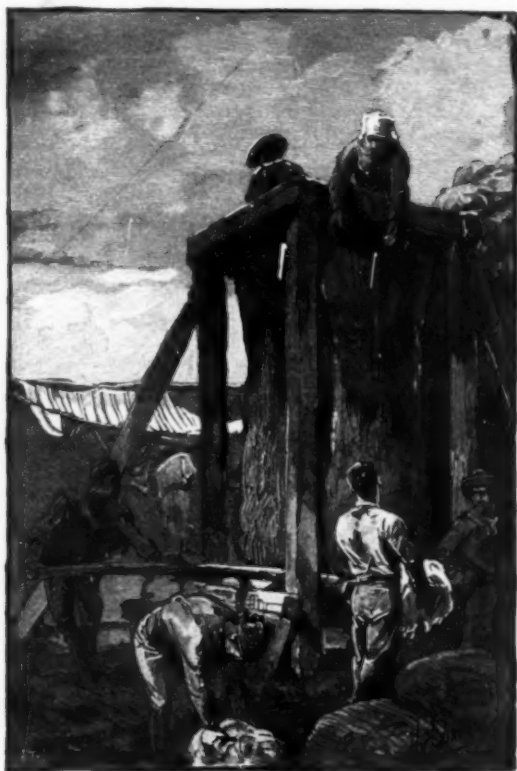
Total cost, first year..... \$1683.00

This estimate of cost of land is based on the price of the best lands in the San Gabriel valley. Fair lands can be bought in other sections at lower prices.

Second year.—An annual plowing in January	\$25.00
Four irrigations during year	40.00
Six cultivations during year	27.00
Third year	125.00
Fourth year	150.00
Fifth year	200.00
Interest on investment	1000.00

Total..... \$3250.00

If first-class, healthy, thrifty budded trees are planted, they will begin to fruit the second year. The third year, a few boxes may be marketed. The fourth year, there will be an average yield of at least 75 oranges to the tree, which will equal:



BAGGING WOOL FOR TRANSPORTATION.

75,000, at \$10 per thousand net.....	\$750.00
The fifth year, 250 per tree, 250,000, at	
\$10 per thousand.....	2500.00
Total .....	\$3250.00

The orchard is now clear gain, allowing \$1000 as interest on the investment. The increase in the volume of production will continue, until at the end of the tenth year an average of 1000 oranges to a tree would not be an extraordinary yield.

To all these formulas of reckoning should be added one with the algebraic  $x$  representing the unknown quantity, and standing for insect enemies at large. Each kind of fruit has its own, which must be fought with eternal vigilance. No port, in any country, has more rigid laws of quarantine than are now enforced in California against these insect enemies. Grafts, cuttings, fruit, if even suspected, are seized, and compelled to go through as severe disinfecting processes as if they were Cuban passengers fresh from a yellow fever epidemic.

The orange's worst enemy is a curious in-

sect, the scale-bug. It looks more like a mildew than like anything alive; is usually black, sometimes red. Nothing but violent treatment with tobacco will eradicate it. Worse than the scale-bug, in that he works out of sight underground, is the gopher. He has gnawed every root of a tree bare before a tooth-mark on the trunk suggests his presence, and then it is too late to save the tree. The rabbit also is a pernicious ally in the barking business; he, however, being shy, soon disappears from settled localities; but the gopher stands not in fear of man or men. Only persistent strychnine, on his door-sills and thrust down his winding stairs, will save the orchard in which he has founded a community.

The almond and the walnut orchards are beautiful features in the landscape all the year round, no less in the winter, when their branches are naked, than in the season of their full leaf and bearing. In fact, the broad spaces of filmy gray made by their acres when leafless, are delicious values in contrast



A CALIFORNIA VINEYARD.

with the solid green of the orange orchards. The exquisite revelation of tree systems which stripped boughs give is seen to more perfect advantage against a warm sky than a cold one, and is heightened in effect standing side by side with the flowing green pepper trees and purple eucalyptus.

In the time of blossoms, an almond orchard, seen from a distance, is like nothing so much as a rosy-white cloud, floated off a sunset and spread on the earth. Seen nearer, it is a pink snow-storm, arrested and set on stalks, with an orchestra buzz of bees filling the air.

It is a pity that the almond tree should not be more repaying, for it will be a sore loss to the beauty of the country when the orchards are gone, and this is only a question of time. They are being uprooted and cast out. The crop is a disappointing one, of uncertain yield, and troublesome to prepare. The nuts must be five times handled: first picked, then shucked, then dried, then bleached, and then again dried. After the first drying, they are dipped by basketfuls into hot water, then poured into the bleachers—boxes with perforated bottoms. Underneath these is a sulphur

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fire to which the nuts must be exposed for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then they are again spread in a drying-house. The final gathering them up to send to market makes really a sixth handling; and, after all is said and done,

orations in the old dispensation, and suggestions and symbols for divine parables in the new. No age has been without them, and no country whose sun was warm enough to make them thrive. It is safe to predict that, so long



TESTING WINE.

the nuts are not very good, being flavorless in comparison with those grown in Europe.

The walnut orchard is a better investment, and no less a delight to the eye. While young, the walnut tree is graceful; when old, it is stately. It is a sturdy bearer, and, if it did not bear at all, would be worth honorable place and room on large estates, simply for its avenues of generous shade. It is planted in the seed, and transplanted at two or three years old, with only twenty-seven trees to an acre. They begin to bear at ten years, reach full bearing at fifteen, and do not give sign of failing at fifty.

Most interesting of all South California's outdoor industries is the grape culture. To speak of grape culture is to enter upon a subject which needs a volume. Its history, its riches past and prospective, its methods, its beautiful panorama of pictures, each by itself is worth study and exhaustive treatment. Since the days of Eschol, the vine and the vineyard have been honored in the thoughts and the imaginations of men; they furnished shapes and designs for the earliest sacred dec-

as the visible frame of the earth endures, "wine to make glad the heart of man" will be made, loved, celebrated, and sung.

To form some idea of California's future wealth from the grape culture, it is only necessary to reflect on the extent of her grape-growing country as compared with that of France. In France, before the days of the phylloxera, 5,000,000 of people were supported entirely by the grape industry, and the annual average of the wine crop was 2,000,000,000 gallons, with a value of \$400,000,000. The annual wine yield of California is already estimated at about 10,000,000 gallons. Nearly one-third of this is made in South California, chiefly in Los Angeles County, where the grape culture is steadily on the increase, five millions of new vines having been set out in the spring of 1882.

The vineyards offer more variety to the eye than the orange orchards. In winter, when leafless, they are grotesque, their stocky, twisted, hunchback stems looking like Hindoo idols or deformed imps, no two alike in

a square mile, all weird, fantastic, uncanny. Their first leafing-out does not do away with this; the imps seem simply to have put up green umbrellas; but presently the leaves widen and lap, hiding the uncouth trunks, and spreading over all the vineyard a beautiful, tender green, with lights and shades breaking exquisitely in the hollows and curves of the great leaves. From this on, through all the stages of blossoms and seed-setting, till the clusters are so big and purple that they gleam out everywhere between the leaves,—sometimes forty-five pounds on a single vine, if the vine is irrigated, twelve if it is left to itself. Eight tons of grapes off one acre have been taken in the Baldwin ranch. There were made there, in 1881, 100,000 gallons of wine and 50,000 of brandy. The vintage begins late in August and lasts many weeks, some varieties of grapes ripening later than others. The vineyards are thronged with Mexican and Indian pickers. The Indians come in bands and pitch their tents just outside the vineyard. They are good workers. The wine-cellars and the great crushing-vats tell the vineyards' story more emphatically even than the statistical figures. A vat that will hold 1000 gallons piled full of grapes, huge wire wheels driving round and round in the spurling, foaming mass, the juice flying off through trough-like shoots on each side into seventy great vats; below, breathless men working the wheels, loads of grapes coming up momentarily and being poured into the swirling vat, the whole air reeking with winy flavor. The scene makes earth seem young again, old mythologies real; and one would not wonder to see Bacchus and his leopards come bowling up, with shouting Pan behind.

The cellars are still, dark, and fragrant. Forty-eight great oval-shaped butts, ten feet in diameter, holding 2100 gallons each, I counted in one cellar. The butts are made of Michigan oak, and have a fine yellow color, which contrasts well with the red stream of the wine when it is drawn.

Notwithstanding the increase of the grape culture, the price of grapes is advancing, some estimates making it forty per cent. higher than it was five years ago. It is a quicker and probably a more repaying industry than orange-growing. It is reckoned that a vineyard in its fourth year will produce two tons to the acre; in the seventh year, four; the fourth year it will be profitable, reckoning the cost of the vineyard at sixty dollars an acre, exclusive of the first cost of the land. The annual expense of cultivation, picking, and handling is about twenty-five dollars. The rapid increase of this culture has been marvelous. In 1848, there were only 200,000

vines in all California; in 1862, there were 9,500,000; in 1881, 64,000,000, of which at least 34,000,000 are in full bearing.

Such facts and figures are distressing to the advocates of total abstinence; but they may take heart in the thought that a by no means insignificant proportion of these grapes will be made into raisins, canned, or eaten fresh.

The raisin crop was estimated at 160,000 boxes for 1881. Many grape-growers believe that in raisin-making will ultimately be found the greatest profit. The Americans are a raisin-eating people. From Malaga alone are imported annually into the United States about ten tons of raisins, one-half the entire crop of the Malaga raisin district. This district has an area of only about four hundred square miles. In California, an area of at least 20,000 square miles is adapted to the raisin.

A moderate estimate of the entire annual grape crop of California is 119,000 tons. "Allowing 60,000 tons to be used in making wines, 2000 tons to be sent fresh to the Eastern States, and 5000 tons to be made into raisins, there would still remain 52,000 tons to be eaten fresh or wasted—more than one hundred pounds for each resident of California, including children." \*

The California wines are as yet of inferior quality. A variety of still wines and three champagnes are made; but even the best are looked on with distrust and disfavor by connoisseurs, and until they greatly improve they will not command a ready market in America. At present, it is to be feared that a large proportion of them are sold under foreign labels.

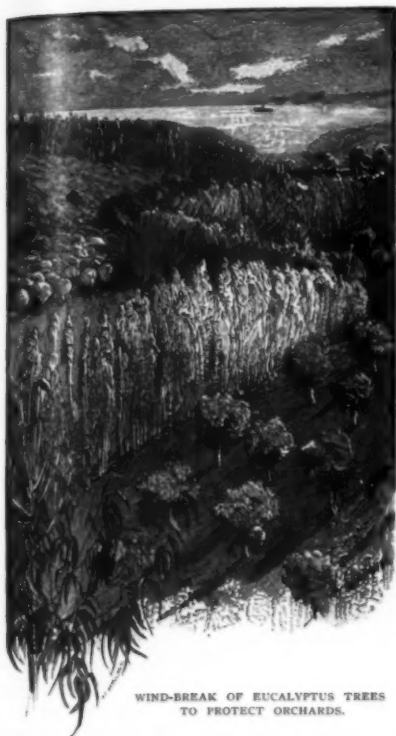
PROMINENT among the minor industries is honey-making. From the great variety of flowers and their spicy flavor, especially from the aromatic sages, the honey is said to have a unique and delicious taste, resembling that of the famous honey of Hymettus.

The crop for 1881, in the four southern counties, was estimated at three millions of pounds; a statistic that must seem surprising to General Fremont, who, in his report to Congress of explorations on the Pacific coast in 1844, stated that the honey-bee could not exist west of the Sierra Nevadas.

The bee ranches are always picturesque: they are usually in cañons or on wooded foot-hills, and their villages of tiny bright-colored hives look like gay Lilliputian encampments. It has appeared to me that men becoming guardians of bees acquire a peculiar calm philosophy, and are superior to

\* John G. Hittell's "Commerce and Industries of the Pacific Coast."

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WIND-BREAK OF EUCALYPTUS TREES  
TO PROTECT ORCHARDS.

other farmers and outdoor workers. It would not seem unnatural that the profound respect they are forced to entertain for insects so small and so wholly at their mercy should give them enlarged standards in many things; above all, should breed in them a fine and just humility toward all creatures.

A striking instance of this is to be seen in one of the most beautiful cañons of the San Gabriel valley, where, living in a three-roomed, redwood log cabin, with a vine-covered booth in front, is an old man, kings might envy.

He had a soldier's warranty deed for one hundred and sixty acres of land, and he elected to take his estate at the head of a brook-swept gorge, four-fifths precipice and rock. In the two miles between his cabin and the mouth of the gorge, the trail and the brook change sides sixteen times. When the brook is at its best, the trail goes under altogether, and there is no getting up or down the cañon. Here, with a village of bees for companions, the old man has lived for a dozen years. While the bees are off at work, he sits at home and weaves, out of the gnarled stems and roots of manzanita and laurels, curious baskets, chairs, and brackets, for which

he finds ready market in Los Angeles. He knows every tree and shrub in the cañon, and has a fancy for collecting specimens of all the native woods of the region. These he shapes into paper-cutters, and polishes them till they are like satin. He came from Ohio forty years ago, and has lived in a score of States. The only spot he likes as well as this gorge is Don Yana, on the Rio Grande River, in Mexico. Sometimes he hankers to go there and sit under the shadow of big oaks, where the land slopes down to the river; but "the bee business," he says, "is a good business only for a man who has the gift of continuance"; and "it's no use to try to put bees with farms: farms want valleys, bees want mountains."

"There are great back-draws to the bee business, the irregularities of the flowers being chief; some years there's no honey in the flowers at all. Some explain it on one hypothesis and some on another, and it lasts them to quarrel over."

His phrases astonish you; also the quiet courtesy of his manner, so at odds with his backwoodsman's garb. But presently you learn that he began life as a lawyer, has been a judge in his time; and when, to show his assortment of paper-cutters, he lifts down the big book they are kept in, and you see that it is Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," you understand how his speech has been fashioned. He keeps a diary of every hive, the genealogy of every swarm.

"No matter what they do,—the least thing,—we note it right down in the book. That's the only way to learn bees," he says.

On the outside wall of the cabin is fastened an observation hive, with glass sides. Here he sits, watch in hand, observing and noting; he times the bees, in and out, and in each one of their operations. He watches the queen on her bridal tour in the air; once the drone bridegroom fell dead on his note-book. "I declare I couldn't help feeling sort of sorry for him," said the old man.

In a shanty behind the house is the great honey-strainer, a marvelous invention, which would drive bees mad with despair if they could understand it. Into a wheel, with perforated spokes, is slipped the comb full of honey, the cells being first opened with a hot knife. By the swift turning of this wheel, the honey flies out of the comb, and pours through a cylinder into a can underneath, leaving the comb whole and uninjured, ready to be put back into the hive for the patient robbed bees to fill again. The receiving-can will hold fifteen hundred pounds; two men can fill it in a day; a single comb is so quickly drained that a bee might leave his



A LIVE-OAK GROVE.

hive on his foraging expedition, and before he could get his little load of honey and return, the comb could be emptied and put back. It would be vastly interesting to know what is thought and said in bee-hives about these mysterious emptyings of combs.

A still more tyrannical circumvention has been devised, to get extra rations of honey from bees: false combs, wonderful imitations of the real ones, are made of wax. Apparently the bees know no difference; at any rate, they fill the counterfeit full of real honey. These artificial combs, carefully handled, will last ten or twelve years in continual use.

The highest yield his hives had ever given him was one hundred and eighty pounds a hive.

"That's a good yield; at that rate, with three or four hundred hives, I'd do very well," said the old man. "But you're at the mercy of speculators in honey as well as everything else. I never count on getting more than four or five cents a pound. They make more than I do."

The bee has a full year's work in South California: from March to August inexhaustible forage, and in all the other months plenty to do,—no month without some blossoms to be found. His time of danger is when apricots are ripe and lady-bugs fly.

Of apricots, bees will eat till they are either drunk or stuffed to death; no one knows which. They do not live to get home. Oddly enough, they cannot pierce the skins themselves, but have to wait till the lady-bug has made a hole for them. It must have been an accidental thing in the outset, the first bee's joining a lady-bug at her feast of apricot. The bee, in his turn, is an irresistible treat to the bee-bird and lizard, who pounce upon him when he is on the flower; and to a stealthy moth, who creeps by night into hives and kills hundreds.

"Nobody need think the bee business is all play," was our old philosopher's last word. "It's just like everything else in life, and harder than some things."

THE sheep industry is, on the whole, decreasing in California. In 1876, the wool crop of the entire State was 28,000 tons; in 1881, only 21,500. This is the result, in part, of fluctuations in the price of wool, but more of the growing sense of the greater certainty of increase from agriculture and horticulture.

The cost of keeping a sheep averages only \$1.25 a year. Its wool sells for \$1.50, and for each hundred there will be forty-five

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lambs, worth 75 cents each. But there have been droughts in California which have killed over one million of sheep in a year; there is always, therefore, the risk of losing in one year the profits of many.

The sheep ranches are usually desolate places: a great stretch of seemingly bare lands, with a few fenced corrals, blackened and foul smelling; the home and out-buildings clustered together in a hollow or on a hill-side where there is water; the less human the neighborhood the better.

The loneliness of the life is, of itself, a salient objection to the industry. Of this the great owners need know nothing; they can live where they like. But for the small sheepmen, the shepherds, and, above all, the herders, it is a terrible life,—how terrible is shown by the frequency of insanity among herders. Sometimes, after only a few months of the life, a herder goes suddenly mad. After learning this fact, it is no longer possible to see the picturesque side of the effective groups one so often comes on suddenly in the wildernesses: sheep peacefully grazing, and the shepherd lying on the ground watching them, or the whole flock racing in a solid, fleecy, billowy scamper up or down a steep hill-side, with the dogs leaping and barking on all sides at once. One scans the shepherd's face alone, with pining fear lest he may be losing his wits.

A shearing at a large sheep ranch is a grand sight. We had the good fortune to see one at Baldwin's, at La Puente. Three thousand sheep had been sheared the day before, and they would shear twenty-five hundred on this day.

A shed sixty feet long by twenty-five wide, sides open; small pens full of sheep surrounding it on three sides; eighty men bent over at every possible angle, eighty sheep being tightly held in every possible position, eighty shears flashing, glancing, clipping; bright Mexican eyes shining, laughing, Mexican voices jesting. At first, it seemed only a confused scene of phantasmagoria. As our eyes became familiarized, the confusion disentangled itself, and we could note the splendid forms of the men and their marvelous dexterity in using the shears. Less than five minutes it took from the time a sheep was grasped, dragged in, thrown down, seized by the shearer's knees, till it was set free, clean shorn, and its three-pound fleece tossed on a table outside. A good shearer shears seventy or eighty sheep in a day; men of extra dexterity shear a hundred. The Indians are famous for skill at shearing, and in all their large villages are organized shearing bands, with captains, that go from ranch to ranch in the shearing season. There were a half dozen Indians lying on the ground outside this shearing

shed at Puente, looking on wistfully. The Mexicans had crowded them out for that day, and they could get no chance to work.

A pay clerk stood in the center of the shed with a leathern wallet full of five-cent pieces. As soon as a man had sheared his sheep, he ran to the clerk, fleece in hand, threw down the fleece, and received his five-cent piece. In one corner of the shed was a barrel of beer, which was retailed at five cents a glass; and far too many of the five-cent pieces changed hands again the next minute at the beer barrel. As fast as the fleeces were tossed out from the shed, they were thrown up to a man standing on the top of the roof. This man flung them into an enormous bale-sack, swinging wide-mouthed from a derrick; in the sack stood another man, who jumped on the wool to pack it down tight.

As soon as the shearers perceived that their pictures were being drawn by the artist in our party, they were all agog; by twos and threes they left their work and crowded around the carriage, peering, commenting, asking to have their portraits taken, quizzing those whose features they recognized; it was like Italy rather than America. One tattered fellow, whose shoeless feet were tied up in bits of gunny-bags, was distressed because his trousers were too short. "Would the gentleman kindly make them in the drawing a little farther down his legs. It was an accident they were so short." All were ready to pose and stand, even in the most difficult attitudes, as long as was required. Those who had done so asked, like children, if their names could not be put in the book, so I wrote them all down: "Juan Canero, Juan Rivera, Felipe Ybara, José Jesus Lopez, and Domingo Garcia." The space they will fill is a little thing to give, and there is a satisfaction in the good faith of printing them, though the shearers will most assuredly never know it.

The faces of the sheep being shorn were piteous; not a struggle, not a bleat, the whole of their unwillingness and terror being written in their upturned eyes. "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb" will always have for me a new significance.

The shepherd in charge of the Puente ranch is an Italian named Gaetano. The porch of his shanty was wreathed with vines and blossoms, and opened on a characteristic little garden, half garlic, the other half pinks and geraniums. As I sat there looking out on the scene, he told me of a young man who had come from Italy to be herder for him, and who had gone mad and shot himself.

"Three go crazy last year," he said. "Dey come home, not know noting. You see, never got company for speak at all."

This young boy grew melancholy almost at once, was filled with abnormal fears of the coyotes, and begged for a pistol to shoot them with. "He want my pistol. I not want give. I say, You little sick; you stay home in house; I send oder man. My wife she go town buy clothes for baptism one baby got. He get pistol in drawer while she gone." They found him lying dead with his catechism in one hand and the pistol in the other. As Gaetano finished the story, a great flock of two thousand shorn sheep were suddenly let out from one of the corrals. With a great burst of bleating they dashed off, the colly running after them. Gaetano seized his whistle and blew a sharp call on it. The dog halted, looked back, uncertain for a second; one more whistle, and he bounded on.

"He know," said Gaetano. "He take dem two thousand all right. I like better dat dog as ten men."

On the list of South California's outdoor industries grain stands high, and will always continue to do so. Wheat takes the lead, but oats, barley, and corn are of importance. Barley is always a staple, and averages twenty bushels to the acre.

Oats average from thirty to forty bushels an acre, and there are records of yields of considerably over a hundred bushels.

Corn will average forty bushels an acre. On the Los Angeles River it has grown stalks seventeen feet high and seven inches round.

The average yield of wheat is from twenty to twenty-five bushels an acre, about thirty-three per cent. more than in the States on the Atlantic slope.

In grains, as in so many other things, Los Angeles County is far in advance of the other counties. In 1879, there were in the county 31,500 acres in wheat; in 1881, not less than 100,000; and the value of the wheat crop for 1882 was reckoned at \$1,020,000.

The great San Fernando valley, formerly the property of the San Fernando Mission, is the chief wheat-producing section of the county. The larger part of this valley is in two great ranches. One of them was bought a few years ago for \$275,000, and \$75,000 paid down, the remainder to be paid in installments. The next year was a dry year; crops failed. The purchaser offered the ranch back again to the original owners, with his \$75,000 thrown in, if they would release him from his bargain. They refused. The next winter rains came, the wheat crop was large, prices were high, and the ranch actually paid off the entire debt of \$200,000 still owing on the purchase.

From such figures as these, it is easy to see

how the California farmer can afford to look with equanimity on occasional droughts. Experience has shown that he can lose crops two years out of five, and yet make a fair average profit for the five years.

The most beautiful ranch in California is said to be the one about twelve miles west of Santa Barbara, belonging to Elwood Cooper. Its owner speaks of it humorously as a little "pocket ranch." In comparison with the great ranches whose acres are counted by tens of thousands, it is small, being only two thousand acres in extent; but in any other part of the world except California, it would be thought a wild jest to speak of an estate of two thousand acres as a small one.

Ten years ago this ranch was a bare, desolate sheep ranch,—not a tree on it, excepting the oaks and sycamores in the cañons. Today it has twelve hundred acres under high cultivation; and, driving from field to field, orchard to orchard, one drives, if he sees the whole of the ranch, over eleven miles of good made road. There are three hundred acres in wheat, one hundred and seventy in barley; thirty-five hundred walnut trees, twelve thousand almond, five thousand olive, two thousand fig and domestic fruit trees, and one hundred and fifty thousand eucalyptus trees, representing twenty-four varieties; one thousand grape-vines; a few orange, lemon, and lime trees. There are on the ranch one hundred head of cattle, fifty horses, and fifteen hundred sheep.

These are mere bald figures, wonderful enough as statistics of what may be done in ten years' time on South California soil, but totally inadequate even to suggest the beauty of the place.

The first relief to the monotony of the arrow-straight road which it pleased an impatient, inartistic man to make westward from Santa Barbara, is the sight of high, dark walls of eucalyptus trees on either side the road. A shaded avenue, three-quarters of a mile long, of these represents the frontages of Mr. Cooper's estate. Turning to the right, through a break in this wall, is a road, with dense eucalyptus woods on the left and an almond orchard on the right. It winds and turns, past knolls of walnut grove, long lines of olive orchard, and right-angled walls of eucalyptus trees shutting in wheat-fields. By curves and bends and sharp turns, all the time with new views, and new colors from changes of crop, with exquisite glimpses of the sea shot through here and there, it finally, at the end of a mile, reaches the brink of an oak-canopied cañon. In the mouth of this cañon stands the house, fronting south on a

sunny meadow and garden space, walled in on three sides by eucalyptus trees.

To describe the oak kingdom of this cañon would be to begin far back of all known kingdoms of the country. The branches are a net-work of rafters upholding roof canopies of boughs and leaves so solid that the sun's rays pierce them only brokenly, making on the ground a dancing carpet of brown and gold flecks even in winter, and in summer a shade lighted only by starry glints.

Farther up the cañon are sycamores, no less stately than the oaks, their limbs gnarled and twisted as if they had won their places by splendid wrestle.

These oak-and-sycamore-filled cañons are the most beautiful of the South California cañons; though the soft, chaparral-walled cañons would, in some lights, press them hard for supremacy of place. Nobody will ever, by pencil, or brush, or pen, fairly render the beauty of the mysterious, undefined, undefinable chaparral. Matted, tangled, twisted, piled, tufted—everything is chaparral. All botany may be exhausted in describing it in one place, and it will not avail you in another. But in all places, and made up of whatever hundreds of shrubs it may be, it is the most exquisite carpet surface that nature has to show for mountain fronts or cañon sides. Not a color that it does not take; not a bloom that it cannot rival; a bank of cloud cannot be softer, or a bed of flowers more varied of hue. Some day, between 1900 and 2000, when South California is at leisure and has native artists, she will have an artist of cañons, whose life, and love, and work will be spent in picturing them: the royal oak canopies; the herculean sycamores; the chameleon, velvety chaparral; and the wild, three-built, water-quarried rock gorges, with their myriad ferns and flowers.

At the head of Mr. Cooper's cañon are broken and jutting sandstone walls over three hundred feet high, draped with mosses and ferns, and all manner of vines. I saw the dainty thalictrum, with its clover-like leaves, standing in thickets there, fresh and green, its blossoms nearly out on the first day of February. Looking down from these heights over the whole of the ranch, one sees for the first time the completeness of its beauty. The eucalyptus belts have been planted in every instance solely with a view to utility: either as wind-breaks to keep off known special wind-currents from orchard or grain-field, or to make use of gorge sides too steep for other cultivation. Yet, had they been planted with sole reference to landscape effects, they could not better have fallen into place. Even out to the very ocean edge the groves run, their

purples and greens melting into the purples and greens of the sea when it is dark and when it is sunny blue—making harmonious lines of color, leading up from it to the soft grays of the olive and the bright greens of the walnut orchards and wheat-fields. When the almond trees are in bloom, the eucalyptus belts are perhaps most superb of all, with their dark spears and plumes waving above and around the white and rosy acres.

The leading industry of this ranch is to be the making of olive oil. Already its oil is known and sought; and to taste it is a revelation to palates accustomed to the compounds of rancid cocoanut and cotton seed with which the markets are full. The olive industry will no doubt ultimately be one of the great industries of the whole country: vast tracts of land which are not suitable or do not command water enough for orange, grape, or grain culture, affording ample support to the thrifty and unexact olive. The hill-slopes around San Diego, and along the coast line for forty or fifty miles up, will no doubt one day be as thickly planted with olives as is the Mediterranean shore. Italy's olive crop is worth thirty million dollars annually, and California has as much land suited to the olive as Italy has.

The tree is propagated from cuttings, begins to bear the fourth year, and is in full bearing by the tenth or twelfth. One hundred and ten can be planted to an acre. Their endurance is enormous. Some of the orchards planted by the friars at the missions over a hundred years ago are still bearing, spite of scores of years of neglect, and there are records of trees in Nice having borne for several centuries.

The process of oil-making is an interesting spectacle, under Mr. Cooper's oak trees. The olives are first dried in trays with slat bottoms, tiers upon tiers of these, being piled in a kiln over a furnace fire. Then they are ground between stone rollers, worked by huge wheels, turned by horse-power. The oil, thus pressed out, is poured into huge butts or tanks. Here it has to stand and settle three or four months. There are faucets at different levels in these butts, so as to draw off different layers of oil. After it has settled sufficiently, it is filtered through six layers of cotton batting, then through one of French paper, before it is bottled. It is then of a delicate straw color, with a slight greenish tint—not at all of the golden yellow of the ordinary market article. That golden yellow and the thickening in cold are sure proofs of the presence of cotton seed in oil,—the pure oil remaining limpid in a cold which will turn the adulterated oils white and thick. It is estimated that an acre of

olives in full bearing will pay fifteen hundred dollars a year if pickled, and two thousand dollars a year made into oil.

In observing the industries of South California and studying their history, one never escapes from an under-current of wonder that there should be any industries or industry there. No winter to be prepared for; no fixed time at which anything must be done or not done at all; the air sunny, balmy, dreamy, seductive, making the mere being alive in it a pleasure; all sorts of fruits and grains growing a-riot, and taking care of themselves;—it is easy to understand the character, or, to speak more accurately, the lack of character, of the old Mexican and Spanish Californians.

There was a charm in it, however. Simply out of sunshine, there had distilled in them an Orientalism as fine in its way as that made in the East by generations of prophets, crusaders, and poets.

With no more curiosity than was embodied in "Who knows?"—with no thought or

purpose for a future more defined than "Some other time; not to-day,"—without greeds, and with the unlimited generousities of children,—no wonder that to them the restless, inquisitive, insatiable, close-reckoning Yankee seemed the most intolerable of all conquerors to whom they could surrender. One can fancy them shuddering, even in heaven, as they look down to-day on his colonies, his railroads, his crops—their whole land humming and buzzing with his industries.

One questions also whether, as the generations move on, the atmosphere of life in the sunny empire they lost will not revert more and more to their type, and be less and less of the type they so disliked. Unto the third and fourth generation, perhaps, pulses may keep up the tireless Yankee beat; but, sooner or later, there is certain to come a slacking, a toning down, and a re-adjusting of standards and habits by a scale in which money and work will not be the highest values. This is "as sure as that the sun shines," for it is the sun that will bring it about.

H. H.

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### HIS QUEST.

WHAT seek'st thou at this madman's pace?

"I seek my love's new dwelling place;  
Her house is dark, her doors are wide,  
There bat and owl and beetle bide,  
And there, breast-high, the rank weeds grow,  
And drowsy poppies nod and blow.  
So mount I swift to ride me through  
The world to find my love anew.  
I have no token of the way;  
I haste by night, I press by day.  
Through busy cities I am borne,  
On lonely heights I watch the morn  
Climb up the east, and see the light  
Of waning moon gleam thwart my flight.  
Sometimes a light before me flees;  
I follow it, till stormy seas  
Break wide before, then all is dark.  
Sometimes on plains, wide, still, and stark,  
I hear a voice; I seek the sound,  
And ride into a hush profound.  
To find her dwelling I will ride  
Worlds through and through, whate'er betide."

To find her dwelling rode he forth,  
In vain rode south, in vain rode north;  
In vain in mountain, plain, and mart  
He searched, but never searched his heart.

L. Frank Tooker.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF LONDON.

WHAT survives of the seven wonders of the world may mainly be seen in London, itself the eighth and greatest, not only for what of the Old World and older times it holds, but for the living, growing marvel that it is, the highest achievement of the agglomerating human spirit. With all the years I have known it, and the times I have been in and out of it, I find at every return that I scarcely know how great it is, or realize how wise and how wicked, how noble and how degraded. Mighty and wealthy beyond any dreams of Arabian Nights; wrapping in its tortuous folds all extremes of human existence; by turns, a city of palaces, and the nest of the highest and divinest human impulse, and the smoke-blackened, fog-wrapped, dingy, gloomy capital of Cimmeria; plague latent in its alleys, and utter destitution driving its people to death and all degradation in clouds like the flies that perish,—it seems the very focus of life-and-death ferment, quickening and releasing at once what is divinest and most infernal in the human heart, and ripening both, as no other city built by human hands can do.

Visit it for the first time from the south, if possible—in the autumn, and towards the close of day, when the gray incertitude lies on the mighty city. You will have come through the lovely country of Kent and Surrey,—garden of England,—the little compact villages twinkling by the railway side, the ever-green fields chasing the parks, and the parks following the downs, in an unbroken succession of lovely landscapes; then the villages come closer together, and you see the houses begin to lose their pagan aspect and grow up stories higher—villas—suburb houses, miles of suburbs with intervals yet to become city; and then you come on the outskirts of the world's metropolis, no longer suburbs pushing off for better air, but low, dingy haunts of labor and poverty, packed and involved in economic leaseholds on earth's surface—scarcely more than graveyard room. You look down into the streets—into the windows, down chimney-pots even; and the din of unnumbered streets, the smoke of myriad chimneys, and the twinkle of lamps as the very stars of heaven for their multitude, come up to you whirling along dizzily above it all. You hear the hum of the world below you, and, as far as the eye can catch the gleam of gas-light through the space

around, there is an unbroken, endless wilderness of houses. Wider streets yawn and send up a sudden, stronger pulsation of sound, but no change beyond. Lights burn dimmer, smoke grows denser, the indefinite grows more and more indefinite. You wonder what would happen if a broken rail should send your train off that line of arches which overstretches London,—the highway of the age of mechanism bringing you into the capital and working center of the modern mechanical system; and while you wonder still, your train flashes out as into mid-air, and you see on both sides a gray and hazy tide, twinkling with wavy lights and spanned with bridges, either vista ending in mystery. This is Father Thames; after the Tiber, greatest of rivers. Here the history of modern civilization centers; and from Cæsar to William of Orange the possession of this water-course has been a main motive in struggles which have widened, deepened, and established human rights and wise government more than those of all other civilized countries in the same epoch. For the Thames made London, and the salt sea which ebbs and flows at its doors has kept alive liberty and prosperity through disasters which would have destroyed an inland town many times; and that municipal independence which has never failed London is the source of all that is healthiest and most truly conservative in our modern political organization.

As the river vanishes from sight, your train slows within the vast and mysterious structure, last creation of architecture, where sight and hearing are alike confounded; calls and cries, whistles and bells, a score of locomotives coming and going, trains entering and trains departing, a ceaseless flood and ebb of passengers, bewildering, confusing to every sense but their own, yet each ticketed to his destination and surely directed to his train. The system, the consummate order with which the demands of a commerce so vast are met and satisfied, the want of bustle and fussiness, impress a stranger more than anything else in this first impression of London. One can but recall the Romans, the great builders and organizers, the masters of all good system of civic things in the old time as these are in our day.

This is the side of English character which imposes on me, compels me to, a deference and respect which deepen as I know the

more of it. In taste, they are barbarians; in comprehension of the principles of political or social science, they are *arrières* and blindly conservative; but they build better than they know, by an intuition; and the gravitation of the national character is, in spite of their prejudices against progress, carrying them to the best and safest form of civilization—that based on an inborn morality, love of justice, and respect for human rights. It seems strange, looking at the history of England,—at her imperial policy of to-day, at such huge violations of both justice and human rights as are involved in her church system, at her rule in India, at her arbitrary and, at times, wicked domineering over weak and disorganized nations,—to talk of love of both justice and human rights as traits of English character. But no man can live in London long and not understand the problem. The acts which in his government the Englishman consents to, in his individual capacity he abhors; and while his fleets beat down the unoffending gates of China and his armies commit huge filibusterings in India, there is no great city in the world where a stranger is so certain of justice, or the weak are so effectually upheld against the strong, as in London. The law is blind, crooked, and perverse, but sure and equal; its administration is on the practice of by-gone ages, slow, reticular, complicated; but where it is a question of justice, no human jurisprudence is more effective or impartial. It is too much a city of shop-keepers,—but of great shop-keepers, with a mercantile morality such as accounts for a commercial power and prosperity unrivaled since the world began. What London does, it does slowly but well. English civilization is not full of fine-spun theories and declamatory recognitions, but is, in all the personal relations, profoundly moral, and (if sometimes mistakenly) religious as well; and if the morality be of a rather uncharitable type, and the religion brings out now and then its Juggernaut car, it is at least something that they maintain their steady pursuit of human well-being.

All that is hard and unsympathetic, ugly and unsentimental, in England, you see as you drive or walk from the station to your hotel; all that is servile and snobbish, and respectable and extortionate, after you have got there; and as you sit by your window in the dim November evening, waiting for your coal fire to break the chill which begins to enter your soul, I misdoubt much if you do not begin to forswear England.

All that man has done for London has been to the eye ill done; nature has been bounteous to her as to few cities. Illimitable liberty of growth, equal facility of access,

a plain country round, and the sea at its gates; the railway radiating and the tide ebbing and flowing with the traffic sustained by the wealth accumulated in centuries. No one knows how rich she is, and no one who has not wandered about her for weeks can conjecture how huge. We may talk of our western empire and our admirable ports, of our growth and our growing wealth; but here is, and will remain for generations, the center of the commercial and political world, the focus of intellectual activity, and the mint of thought. Here ferments the largest and most highly developed humanity which as yet the universal mother has given birth to, and here the whole world's intellect comes to pay its homage. We boast, but out of this mint of London comes most of what is newest as well as of what is rarest in human work. "Solitude is the nurse of great thought," but society is its mother; and, in London, society is most complex and solitude most easy of access in any of all the aggregations of men. The seclusion of the backwoods is not more complete, so far as intellectual or social influences are concerned, than lodgings in some of the out-of-the-way quarters of London. The extremes meet—the publicity of the court journal and a privacy which defies the detective police; a wealth, not of individuals, as with us, but of classes, which suspends the laws of political economy, and a concomitant poverty which threatens one day to subvert them; vortices of prosperity and misery, into which society at its extremes rushes with accelerating and concentrating velocity; here a quarter where, in teeming filth, humanity is crowded out of existence, hour by hour, with a destitution and degradation of woe uniquely the property of London,—a bottomless pit of misery, emergence from which into anything by death must be light and life; and then a region of palaces, with a luxury and profusion such as England's kings, even three hundred years ago, would have held as fabulous: whatever there is of most opposite and extreme in life or death, in power or utter impotence, in having or want, is here.

London is one of the few perennial sensations of this world,—like the sea, a primeval forest, Sahara, or the multitude of stars, all measurable, doubtless, but in terms between which and the infinite we can no more perceive the distinction than we can from the top of St. Paul's perceive the margin of the city. You enter it not knowing exactly where, and when you leave it you do so by so fine degrees that you have not been able to say where the town ended and the country began. It draws all England to it. It pervades the realm. Even the cabmen do not

know the whole of it. When you have spent months exploring it, you find some day a new quarter opening to your eyes. I believe that no one can appreciate it fully but an American thoroughly versed in English history and in the practical knowledge of his own country. To him all the historical associations have the mingled charms of novelty and antiquity; there is the delightful surprise of seeing a real and vitalized antiquity, which strikes him much like going into *Barbarossa's* cavern and finding the middle ages just waking up. In his picture gallery nothing is cheapened by common uses, and nothing lost by contradictory associations; *Henry VIII's* palace has not been forever a barber's shop, or the Strand a tide-way of shop-keeping. Familiarity breeds contempt, indeed, and no London-bred boy can have a reverence for an antiquity he saw white-washed yesterday. We come to the old scenes with an ancestral reverence for objects which are not only England's but ours—in which we have the romantic interest of historical cause without the galling burden of political effect. English associations are to us utterly delightful, and London especially a huge romance, a bazaar of the Arabian Nights, in which at one time we encounter *Cromwell*, and at another *Dick Whittington*.

But do not imagine that you can get the characteristic impression of London by running over it. When curiosity is satisfied and such familiarity as a stranger can get is attained, it will still be reserved for some moment of a sublime quiet and removal from details to give you the key-note of its greatness. As I write, sitting by my study window, full five miles from the city proper, I hear the roar of the traffic like the sea on a rocky shore—the rush of incessant trains along the iron ways, the rumble of myriads of drays along hundreds of miles of stone-paved streets (for which wood is now being in part substituted), each no more to the general symphony than the hum of a gnat to the sounds of a summer day—a volume of sound unintermitting from dawn till dark. Yet I am bowered in green trees, with cowslip and daisy-flecked fields spread out under my eyes—not a spire, not a chimney-stack of the metropolis visible; and the carols of larks and thrushes, the song of the nightingale, run through the web of sounds like gold and silver threads through a dingy fabric, with the twitter of scores of sparrows like tiny spangles thrown on at random. Out of the monotone flashes the individual roar of a nearer train, the scream of a whistle, and the roar dies away again into the sullen monody. This is audible London.

If you want to see what the traffic of London is like, go to Clapham junction, where the great railway systems connect. The rails lie together like the wires of a grand piano. System and organization have done their best, and sixteen hundred trains a day run over them. It is a bewilderment. In and out, coming, going, slow trains and fast trains: one side of you halts a train, and while you watch its wheels slowing, an express rushes past on the other side like a tornado of iron; no shrieking of whistles or clanging of bells as on our railways—they keep their signals for their officials, and outsiders must expose themselves at their own risks,—only a rush, a blast of wind that almost takes your breath or draws you into its eddy when it has gone by, a torrent of carriage windows, and you see the rear of the last carriage shrinking before your eyes as it leaves you; and the fast express has come and gone in a space of time which you could hardly find on the dial of your watch. Up and down the lines you see signal-posts and semaphores—arms working; by night lamps green, red, white, the language of the railway, but no confusion; every man knows his place, or forgets it at his bodily peril. You ask the official when your train is due: "In two minutes"; and as the clock hands point, the train comes. He knows to the second when it left the last station, whether it be on table-time or behind it; every movement is recorded, and every train has its place and moment. A tunnel-way for passengers connects the whole, so that no one is allowed to cross the rails except the officials, who grow foolhardy and now and then come to grief. The guard at the junction told me one day of the killing of one of the porters, who undertook to cross the line in front of the fast express, and was struck midway the rails by the full front of the locomotive. He was knocked like a ball twenty feet, and when they reached him there was no quiver even in his flesh. If a shot from a twenty-inch Rodman gun had hit him, it would not have expunged life more completely and instantaneously. It is a saying of the denizens about Clapham junction, that, on the average, one man is killed every six weeks. One wonders, after having watched the traffic a half hour, that some one is not killed every day. Look cityward and see the trains flying—diverging eastward, westward, northward, line under line three deep, crossing each other, diving under or going over, but never on the same level, and then sweeping by long curves round the huge circumference of suburban London, a girdle of iron, meeting, crossing, uniting, separating again on the opposite side.

Neither the sounds nor the sights of London

impressed me as did its labyrinth of railways; no other evidence of the power and intelligence of England has ever seemed to me like this stupendous accumulation of engineering accomplishment: tunnels under the river and bridges over it; the long arcades of the railway approaches, and the still more surprising vaults of the underground tunneling under the dense houses, with an inner circle of communication,—the most surprising engineering feat in the world, and perhaps the most costly, considering its extent, the cost being £1,000,000 per mile, and all to help you get about the city quicker. If the enterprise be astonishing, how much more the need which impelled it and maintains it.

But, imperial as London is in all that pertains to industrial and commercial power, it is in the architectural manifestations of metropolitanism (except size) as provincial as New York or Boston. It is impossible to say that artistic feeling is exotic in England, not knowing with absolute certainty whether they were Englishmen who built the magnificent old cathedrals or not; but it does seem that, since the race was what it is, anything æsthetic is a chance flower, and of so rare occurrence that its exceptionality—its want of visible cause and effect in precedent or succession—proves the rule more clearly than though no example had ever been found. The cities of the civilized and half-civilized world will not furnish another such collection of hideous public edifices, with so little originality, so little sense of fitness or artistic insight, as the capital of England shows. A man who could develop artistic fire in such surroundings must be of a genius irrepressible by any compression of circumstance. St. Paul's is a squat parody on St. Peter's, with everything that is ugly of the original and no advantage of position like it—no approaches, no *ensemble*, a petrified infraction of common sense and æsthetic judgment. The British Museum is an ill-harmonized *pot-pourri* of Greek motives; Trafalgar square, a curious antithesis to the *Place de la Concorde*, with the elaborate imitation of that freak of some barbarous Roman, "Pompey's Pillar," instead of the obelisk, and that ludicrous combination of the shut-up and elongated, the National Gallery, crowning it. Even most of the later buildings, when there is a determined effort to be original, impress the stranger as ghastly evolutions of the stuff of which nightmares are made. All things impress one with an immense sense of solidity and stolidity, and, if I am not over-fanciful, with a latent contempt of the outside as compared with the inside of the house, inherent in the English nature. What that most characteristic defect of Lon-

don—its smoke—may have to do with this utter want of sympathy with the exteriors of their buildings in the minds of modern Londoners, I can only conjecture; but if the city were another Venice, it could only be kept beautiful by pouring its canals daily over its buildings.

I recall some of those dreary days of my first November, when, sitting by my window in the City, I used to look out into the mid-day gloom under the impenetrable veil, with a shadowless world before me, and recall the oppression of this inversion of fantastic elements, where by day the air was thick and oppressive, and when night fell the stars came out with their little consolations for the loss of the greater luminary, and have seen the black flakes of condensed coal-smoke come drifting, floating down like the first flakes of a snow-fall—a snow of soot, visible, palpable, disastrous to gloves and linen as to stone-work and to color in all things. And what is odd, too, this comes from the very love of brightness and cheeriness at home. Offer to the Englishman to-morrow a fuel which would heat his house without flame or smoke; give him furnaces which would consume all his fuel in some subterranean recess, like our own, and he would utterly and peremptorily refuse the boon. To him his open grate and its cheerful flame, pitchy and smoke-evolving as it is, are the roc's egg to his home. London may be dingy and smoky, Stygian in darkness and diurnal in its Egyptian curse, but *his* glad hearth shall glow while soft coal comes from the mine. It shall darken and gloom until it is a new Pompeii of drifting soot from its million chimney-volcanoes, before the individual love of light and comfort shall become civic, and London burn her own smoke!

Civilization and Christianity are in all intermediate stages at odds; the former in the highest ferment does but disengage the latter as a volatile essence. Civilization brings out by inexorable logic those extremes of human condition from both of which Agur prayed to be preserved. The rich grow richer and the poor poorer, and the laws of political economy go on asserting themselves by which we see that he who has the power has a law by which he may make it greater, and he who has it not shall lose even the little he seems to have; and as in London the laws of political economy and of progressive civilization have found their highest expression, we must expect to find men divided into the widest extremes of social condition—wealth fabulous and poverty incredible. To one who has tried the hard side of human existence and known how little will keep a man or woman from the grave, it is enough to say

that men and women die statistically in London from starvation,—not the sudden death of men shut in a dungeon so to die, but with long and unrelieved deprivation just sufficient to make them waste away with intolerable craving, mocked by the merest dalliance with alimentation. Some such in their involuntary apotheosis I have seen—with their gaunt faces glued to those flaming windows of the Cheap-side chop-houses, looking with hungry eyes and tremulous lips at the piles of luscious steaks and saddles of prime mutton, the hell of Tantalus without his sin, for these are mostly the honest, as honesty goes in London streets—stand with unmoving faces and unconscious of whatever goes on around them, like fascinated beings unable to break away from the charm. I remember especially a young girl—not over twelve,—whose face I saw pressed against the window-pane of a restaurant where I was lunching one day, a grave, hollow-eyed creature, who, without a smile or a change of any feature save the rolling of her eyes from one dainty to another during the whole of my lunch time, fed her only available sense on this phantom banquet, but who, when on going out I offered her a huge piece of plain cake, refused it in fright and with crimsoned cheeks, as though I had caught her in theft; and it was only after repeated insistence, and on my telling her to take it home to the little ones (for there are always little ones in this case), that she took it, bewildered, and went her way.

Spiritual gravitation is as irresistible as physical, and men fly to its center as grains of sand to the earth; the weaker and the less individual they are, the sooner they obey the law; only the few who have the centrifugal power of self-assertion can live content away from others. The clod-hopper who digs and never dreams or knows what lies beyond his farm rests rustic; but once he has come within the attraction of the aggregate humanity of the city, he drifts helpless into the vortex, and rots and dies in the mass of corrupted humanity,—helpless in himself, because he has not strength to stand alone, and hopeless, because there are so many like him that no human prevision could care for the poor of a great city like London. It is no place for the helpless and the friendless, and yet it is precisely those who drift most readily to it. There seems to be a universal belief among the very poor that help is only in great cities. Dick Whittington entertained a very common superstition and strengthened it; and Heaven only knows how many, with this golden dream in their hearts, have gone to London to die in its dirt or drown in its tide. And once in the city, the deluded never leave it;

the company in misery which it offers to them is better than any emigration; the fascination of crowds is stronger, even with better men and women, than any good in solitary independence. This and the innate laziness of mankind, the insanity to escape all bonds of labor, are more the causes of the destitution and misery of London than any social wrong or want of charity and benevolence in the wealthy. These great cities will always be crowded to the last limits of their capacity. Relieve the importunate and improvident of to-day by a determinate provision, and to-morrow there will appear mysteriously as many new improvidents and unfortunates, candidates for the same provision; the whole realm of beggary and improvidence will make a hitch forward, and the serried line will still stand like that at the post-office windows or theater doors at times, waiting for another vacancy and pushing on, always as long, always as miserable, and all the more improvident as provision is made by others. This is the poverty of London: not a chance-come misfortune which some sad widow may have in a country village, her support and provider being suddenly gone and struggling with a new and straiter living to which in time she adapts herself or dies; not a sudden cutting away of the small margin and a distress in the house for rent, which hard working sometimes gives a laborer, but an habitual living on what may come through picking up by chance,—pilfering and stealth to the worse and slow starvation to the better natures, with gradual extinction of all that is human to all,—squalor, filth, a sinking till sense of degradation is lost and the poor soul slides into utter vice as a boat adrift goes down into the sea.

Look into the quarters of this poverty: for convenience, in some of the streets about Seven Dials or Clare street, or down in Goodman's Fields, swarming like ant-hills: shoals of children of all ages below four or five encumbering the road-way, careless of carriage wheels, for no vehicle ever enters here except the huckster's cart or the parish hearse; frowzy, sodden, beer-soaked faces of women thrust out at the windows, cursing their brats who cry in the dirt below; sauntering men who look at you, if you are decently dressed, as if your personal safety were a wrong and injustice to them; young girls, filthy, slatternly, leering, jeering, and ogling, imagination can readily conceive what for. Men do not grow to manhood in such slums and sunless ways, or women to virtue or dignity. All is squalor and filth and utter degradation of the divine image. And this is one of the inevitable results of the highest civilization, as certainly as

that London is greatest and most civic of all great cities.

For the other great result you have not far to go. In that region of grim and forbidding palaces, which, like Ali Baba's cave, are nothing to him who has not, but everything for him who has the "open sesame," any one will answer our purpose—this one, for instance, with a covered way from the door to the street, lest its flimsy inmates should catch a drop of rain on the way to their carriage. Within all is order and decorous silence. The foot falls on deep-piled carpets. In the intonation of the low-toned command is the highest expression of that incommunicable, indescribable, and, except by generations of cultivation, unattainable quality we call *high breeding*. In the reply to it is that perfect antithesis in breeding, which we ought to call *low*—the profound, unquestioning, and unhesitating prostration of self of the traditional hereditary "flunky," disciplined like a soldier, who, as his master never permits himself to express a disturbing emotion, never allows *himself* an expression of surprise or a word of comment; whose self-command is as great as his master's, perhaps greater,—a well appareled statue, save when an order is given; whose bows and deference for his master's guests are graduated by the distance at which they sit from the head of the table; a human creature that sees nothing, knows nothing, and believes nothing which his master does not expect him to see and know and believe; who, if he thinks of a heaven at all, never dreams that it can be the same thing for his master and himself: he hopes to meet his father and grandfather and great-grandfather in the servants' hall of that celestial abode where his master and all the family for countless generations will dwell in their mundane state; his brains could no more take in the parable of Dives and Lazarus than the laws of Kepler, and the most insensate chartist or radical could never inspire in him an ambition to be anything beyond butler in his master's mansion.

All the gorgeousness and luxury about them—master and servant—are the fit trappings of the gentleman's estate. They two make one, a kind of social Centaur, a single brain and a double body. The civic mechanism necessitates other grades of mankind, but this is the summit level. The Centaur may be the highest expression of human culture; he may be a mere vehicle of pleasures—betting, horse-racing, with no conception of or respect for that culture. He is to all the world the personation of human dignity, and the King or Queen is only the head of his order. He may enjoy the refinements his

wealth has gathered round him and justify his position, or he may bury himself deeper in stultifying indulgences by the weight of it,—be the best or worst of men; he is still the cynosure of the Old World regards—*milord Anglais*. In his sphere the echo of social wants and wrongs dies away; the tenants on his estate are as well cared for as his favorite flocks, and he does his duty to all who depend socially on him. Beyond, all is ignored which disturbs the serenity of that earthly heaven in whose immobility he abides. For his existence, civilization, law, order, the church, army, and navy are the guaranties and prerequisites. It is for him, according to the original theory of the British constitution, that the state exists.

In other European countries of approximate civilization, his congener has gone under; he, wiser, draws up to him the social elements that might menace his supremacy, and which, by their necessity to the state, are necessary to him,—the banker, the successful administrator, soldier, admiral; and even the church, whose power is not of this world, is led in by its lord bishops. So that the Centaur, being the governing and the governed in one, wins over from any possible opposition whatever elements may be assimilated to his class, which outside its limits might be dangerous, and so fights off the fate which has befallen his congeners of the Continent.

In the strictest social creed of the Centaur, it is held as an essential to this assimilation that the candidate shall not only never have done anything useful for its due compensation, but that society shall not be able to remember when one of his ancestors did so, the bluest blood being that of him whose remote forefathers did but follow the original centaurial proposition of taking all that they wanted wherever they found it, and, by levying contributions on all the classes of society, enabling his remotest heirs and successors to enjoy the proceeds in complete and reputable abstention from gain by any useful employment,—useless labor, such as breeding and running race-horses, etc., being perfectly allowable.

Although socially dominant in all England, the Centaur is only to be known in London in perfection, or the extent of his dominance to be recognized. He must have his residence in London, no matter how many others he may have, and it must be worthy his position. There are here and there certain literary and intellectual heresies and heretics refusing to recognize Centaurdom as the highest of human good; but in general the people accept the distinction by which, when they are overridden by the Centaurs, they are privi-

leged to override some one else in the grade below them, and each one in the long file of social gradation is permitted and expected to be a toady to the superior and a bully to the inferior grades. And down to the very substratum of beggars and crossing-sweepers, there is a keen recognition of the social stamp of "useless" and "useful," and an inherent contempt of the individual as such. I have noticed scores of times that, when I was carrying a package through the streets of London, the beggars and sweepers paid no attention to me. The Centaur and the beggar agree in one thing, that a man who carries his own parcels is beneath their social recognition.

It is to London, as the center of all that England is or can be, that these two classes gravitate—the poles of civilized humanity; nowhere but in London could they find their commensurate importance, and here they attain their highest perfection and greatest development. Beggary and aristocracy are the productions *par excellence* of the metropolis of civilization; the traits which, even more than its size and wealth, distinguish it from all the cities of the earth.

And from all this antagonism of extremes, from all the heat and ferment of this alembic of humanity, there comes not only much refuse—dead matter which goes back to decay and first disorganization—but there distills the truest, divinest spirit humanity can embody. Here does but disengage more quickly and more perfectly what may be of better than aristocracy and more beautiful than court or state. If the individual is securest in his individuality, if the one talent is best buried in the retirement of rustic life, if philosopher and poet find in their hearts to say with their Roman confrère, "*Procul, procul este profana*," and float tranquilly down the stream of life alone, yet in the thickest mêlée is the most strength won; and in spite of the terrible perversion of Christianity, and the palsy condition of social organization, one can find here the rarest types of Christian and of mankind. Who escapes humanity shuns God.

I am not a lover of great cities; their ambitions and ideals, their vulgarities and their urbanities, are alike distasteful to me; but I must say that I have known in London the most angelic natures that it has ever been in my lot to encounter. Perhaps I should have seen still better if my eyes had been open wider.

And it is in this very class which I have, in no disparaging sense, termed Centauric, the aristocracy, where social independence has reached its highest, that we find here and there, cased like the flower and fruit of this mighty growth, in extraneous and deciduous

leafage, that best type of humanity as the world knows it, the true English gentleman,—a being whose exterior decorum may be counterfeited by his emulator, whose inmost gentleness and courtesy may be shadowed forth in peer or peasant,—who loves his kind, and feels the common bond of divine birth, but whose most perfect union of noble demeanor and large-heartedness can only be found where the best type of mind has been permitted the largest and richest culture and the completest freedom of hereditary development in the most favorable external circumstances. There are nobles and noblemen—men who seem to be conscious only that surrounding men are lower than they, and others whose illumination pervades every one near them and brings all up into the same world of light and sweetness. The prestige of nobility is founded on a true human instinct; occasionally one finds an English nobleman who justifies its existence, and makes us snobs in spite of our democracy.

I could, I am certain, point to Americans who, in every substantial trait of the gentleman, will stand comparison with any aristocrat born—men in whom gentlehood has grown to hereditary ripeness; the third and fourth generations of men who have cultivated on American soil the virtues of honesty, morality, sincerity, courtesy, self-abnegation, humanity, benevolence; men and women whose babyhood was cradled in those influences which make what we call "good breeding," and to whom the various vulgarities of our parvenu princes are as foreign as to the bluest-blooded heir of Norman fortune; and this is to me a more grateful and sympathetic type of humanity than that of its English congener. But to this will always be lacking one grace which that may possess—the majesty of the born legislator and ruler; the air of habitual command and control, hereditary as are all generic traits, good or bad, and which imposes itself on the consciousness of all men. This, be it for the bettering or the worsening of the type, is to our democratic, ruled, leveled, and ballot-boxed civilization forbidden forever; and the fustian heredities of quickly and perhaps ill-made millionaires, for ever so many times told, will never be other than a curious caricature of it. Theoretically, we must gainsay it; but when all is said, be it of our original paradise-planting, or a devil's graft got among the thorns and thistles of our exile, the growth of a certain reverence for a time-honored nobility has become a part of every gentle nature, which only time and assiduity can, but which they certainly will eradicate,—but not to-day, nor while the English nobility is

what, as a whole, it is. We may prefer, in our struggles of race, the independence of the Athenian hoplite, of the quick-footed runner; but the Centaur had his side of the story, and the same marble immortalizes them both.

We Americans are fond of talking of being our own masters; but the man who is his own master is also his own servant. A well disciplined army is the type of highest human development,—compassionate, unflinching, strategy in its head, intelligent, unhesitating and unquestioning obedience in its body. He who in an army will exercise his own judgment and will, is a mutineer. Independence means isolation and incompleteness; association is the true life, social, political, and spiritual.

London is indeed a microcosm, not merely that it is large, but because everything is in it; and with all its intense commonplaceness and humdrum conservatism, there is a degree of unexpectedness which keeps one on an intellectual alert. No city grows like it; yet you pass from quarters of new palaces, on ground which even I remember as once an expanse of kitchen-gardens, as remote from metropolitanism as the hop-fields of Kent, to others where the dinginess of the middle ages seems to linger, and where the only change of the century past must be of deaths and births; into "no thoroughfare" squares, round which the flood of improvement has swept without entering; into places that impress one with the idea of antiquity far more than does the Parthenon or the Colosseum, dusty, grassy, and silent, where, if you chance to see a merry, playing child, it startles you as an anachronism. One day, perhaps, the republic and the proletariat and the boulevard will come: be sure that they will be to the breaking of many hearts grown old in a world of circumstance and association which will not suffer change.

But to a passerenger London's most attractive point is her suburban wealth—the lovely wedding of city and country in Richmond, Twickenham, and Barnes, and so all round by Clapham, Dulwich, Norwood, and the Crystal Palace, but especially near the Thames, whose lovely windings, with frequent villages and luxuriant meadows, always green with that vivid greenness which no climate besides this can boast of, remind me

of the early summer Mohawk in its most gentle portions. Great glades of oak and elm come down to the water's edge, and a sward that all the year round is like a carpet, with a river-fringe of willows and flags, and the swans going in and out undisturbed, following the ebb down to the city even, and the flood back to their homes, running the gauntlet of steamer and wherry, with none to make them afraid; and the lazy, picturesque barges drift down from their inland markets, catching the ebb while it serves, and waiting at anchor till it comes again, their rusty tackle and tawny sails so unlike what our seafaring man would settle his fancy to, and yet so beloved by painters and etchers.

Yes, London ends as it began, with the Thames. The dreamy reaches of its upper course, with their framing of rural picturesqueness, their wealth of park and villa, the meed and stimulus at once of the greatest of commercial communities, run by insensible degrees of change into those so unlike in all surroundings, so stirring and vibrant with commerce and speculation; and the two extremes, corresponding as heart and brain the one to the other, or as root and branch, are what makes the life and immensity of London, and, in one sense, of England. Above the river in which the miserable perish and on which the fortunate grow rich, runs the other tide whose flood leads on to fortune, whose sources are in the sea empire, and which debouches in the lands of the little island; above the river of the painters and poets, winding through the downs and meadows of the rarest of cultivated landscape, out by the reaches where the melancholy sea breeds its fogs and damp east winds, is that of the merchant and politician, having its springs in the uttermost parts of the earth, and pouring out its golden tribute on the lands whence the other steals its drift and ooze. Father Thames! Father Thames! God only knows if thy commerce and the world's tribute be worth the sighs and tears and blood thy muddy waters carry into the oblivion of the unremembering and unforgiving ocean! He only can balance the values of thy better and worse worlds, or tell if hell or heaven finds most gain in your ebb and flood.

W. J. Stillman.

## EXTRAVAGANZAS.

BY ROGER RIORDAN.

### THE RENAISSANCE.

ALL cold and stiff the hill-tops stand  
Against the eastern sea of pearls;  
All cold and dark the meadow land  
Through which the glimmering river swirls;  
The branches, too, all crooks and twirls;  
All stark and stiff the rocks also;  
The fern holds stiffly up its curls.  
Hist! hear the morning breezes blow;  
Still! see the waving to and fro;  
The river runs, the trees wave slow:  
The nightmare clouds float up and go:  
*Fiat lux*—the old command  
Renewed—sets all the east aglow.

Tantara! the horn! the horn!  
The hunt is up. Quick! there's the deer;  
See his dark antlers 'gainst the morn,  
See his dun hide convulsed with fear.  
He bounds; he's lost! Close on his rear  
The hounds, the hunters tear their way;  
Over the brow they disappear,  
But still we hear their music gay,  
The horns, the shouts, the hounds' deep bay;  
Swifter than panic and dismay,  
Swifter than springing of the day,  
The hunted and the hunt are borne,  
Mere shades and echoes, far away.

Let us not after them digress.  
The morn proceeds; the vocal breeds  
Try preludes as their plumes they dress;  
And then what *aves* and what *creeds*,  
Sung as with skill that knowledge feeds,  
Welcome the sun's sheer edge of fire;  
With joyous song the woodland bleeds,  
The leaves to voice themselves aspire,  
The rocks resound like stricken wire;  
All join the ear-assailing choir!  
Each outburst stronger, deeper, higher,  
As up he sways with heat and stress,  
The great god of the flaming lyre.

Sound trumpets, cymbals, Latium! Greece!  
Since when did sons of yours abstain  
To praise your king of deities,  
To swell the universal strain?  
Since when did human hearts disdain  
With nature's heart to beat in time,  
To join in nature's grand refrain,  
With nature's carillons to chime?  
Out, men and women! think no crime  
To taste the splendors of the prime;  
Salute the sun before he climb  
Too high, before his heats increase  
And dry the founts of thought and rhyme.

### WHERE TO WALK.

A CROWD of Loves from sea and land  
Come buzzing, twinkling, all about me,  
Whene'er I take my stick in hand,  
Declaring none will leave without me.

But one pulls this way and one that,  
And sore perplexed am I among them;  
For if I go with this pert brat,  
The others all will swear I wrong them.

"Think of the Pines," one urchin cries,  
"A sighing in yon perfumed hollow."  
"Nay, think of my dear Fount's blue eyes,"  
Another says, "and me you'll follow."

The Sea that shows her laughing teeth,  
The Rivulet that runs to meet me,  
The Bramble-bank that throws its wreath,  
Thorn-set, about my knees to greet me,—

Each an ambassador will send  
Instructed not to leave without me.  
So to some new retreat I'll wend  
And take them fluttering all about me.

### I AND THOU.

Mossy rocks and, deep between,  
Dark recesses chill and green;  
Stumbling pathways, pitfalls, caves,  
Yielding mounds like hollow graves;  
Leaning trunks with boughs all wrecked,  
Scraps of sky with storm-clouds flecked:  
Oh, tis in truth the enchanted forest  
Which I detest, which thou abhorrest.

Far beyond its borders, thou,  
On a hill's ne'er-frowning brow,  
Thy home hast, whence seest the seas,  
Whither comes the unspoiled breeze,  
Where small weeds their varying plan  
Unfold in true dimensions can;  
Whence you may with speed of thought  
To wilds or peopled towns be brought;  
Where at evening and at dawning  
Graceful shapes steal toward you, fawning.

Here I struggle, sink or climb,  
Grasp at rotten twigs and slime;  
Or, slipping, falling, leaping, dash  
Down some ghastly cavern's gash,  
With stones and earth and broken branch,

A clanking, thunderous avalanche,  
To reach at last the high-flung surges  
That a furious tempest urges.

There, thou need'st but turn thy head,  
Without rising from thy bed;  
O'er thy lawns come fay and god,  
Treading flowers from out the sod;  
Sphinxes, hydras, bound with silk,  
Tigresses, with cubs at milk.  
Adonis comes, his blood is spilled,  
The drops a floweret's petals gild;  
And Venus' dove-drawn car comes speeding,  
And Venus' own hand stops his bleeding.

Here, in truth, is no such chance,  
But, whichever way I glance,  
Gothic monsters, fierce and grim,  
Tear each other limb from limb;  
Or, gathering with crimsoned claws,  
Against my life make common cause.  
If fays flit by or gods look toward me,  
Malicious scowls they all afford me.

I cannot reach you. Here I stay.  
There art thou still far away.  
Harping sprites fly o'er thy couch;  
Hags and witches by me crouch.  
At thy head spy Morning throws  
The yellow-hearted, red-leaved rose.  
Each breath thou drawest thy soul inflames,

Till universal space it claims.  
Ere long thou'lt soar from earth in glory,  
Then leave to me to tell thy story.

#### INSCRIPTION FOR THE GATES OF PARADISE.

PASS not by, but enter. Here  
Is what you've sought for many a year:  
Love and hate, caressing, fighting,  
All that mortals may delight in;  
Broils and quarrels, serenading,  
Kisses, moonlight promenading,  
Roaring fun and shrieks of laughter,  
Quick repentance following after;  
Nothing ordered or in reason,  
All things monstrous, out of season,  
Overdone, extravagant,  
Just the very thing you want!  
See, there's neither lock nor bar,  
But the door-leaves stand ajar;  
And when mellow moonlight falls  
On the green and crumbling walls,  
If you wait you'll see a maiden  
With delicious flowers laden.  
Nightly she comes in and out;  
Her rose-leaves she throws about  
On the earth: to blood some turn,  
Others soon as blushes burn.  
Heaven is so full of them,  
It never misses leaf nor stem.

#### IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THACKERAY.

##### I.

THACKERAY does not give the same opportunities for the identification of his scenes as Dickens. The elaboration with which the latter localizes his characters, and the descriptive minutiae with which he makes their haunts no less memorable than themselves, are not to be found in the works of the author of "Vanity Fair." No faculty was stronger in Dickens, or of more service to him, than his power of word-painting. He reproduces the objects by which the persons he describes are surrounded with a fidelity which would be tedious if it were not relieved by the humor which humanizes bricks and imparts a grotesque sort of sensibility to articles of furniture; and it is not easy to think of any of his leading characters without being reminded of the neighborhoods in which they played their parts.

Thackeray, on the contrary, is not topo-

graphical. The briefest mention of a street suffices with him, and it is the character, not the locality, which has permanence in the reader's mind. Every feature of Becky Sharp is remembered with a vividness which disassociates her with fiction; but the situation of the little house in which the unfortunate Rawdon finally discovers her duplicity, in the famous scene with the Marquis of Steyne, escapes the memory. When the book is no longer fresh to him, the reader may recollect that after her marriage she went to live in Mayfair, and may picture to himself a small, fashionable dwelling in that aristocratic neighborhood; but he cannot remember that the author places it in Curzon street, nor that the Sedleys lived in Russell Square, Philip in Old Parr street, and Colonel Newcome in Fitzroy Square.

We have one example in Thackeray of the grotesquely humorous descriptive power of which Dickens was a master. It hits at the

absurd nomenclature of modern London suburbs, where every box of a house has some high-sounding name of the sort which ornaments the fiction of the "Chambermaid's Companion," and it describes the neighborhood into which the Sedleys moved after their failure—"St. Adelaide Villa, Anna Maria Road, West, where the houses look like baby houses; where the people looking out of the first floor windows must infallibly, as you think, sit with their feet in the parlors below; where the shrubs in the little gardens in front bloom with a perennial display of little children's pinafores, little red socks, caps, etc. (*polyandria polygenia*); whence you hear the sound of jingling spinets and women singing; and whither, of an evening, you see city clerks plodding wearily."

The fanciful supposition that persons in the upper stories must have their legs on the lower floor is richly characteristic of the manner in which Dickens would have indicated the smallness of the houses. It is a touch of that kind of humor which distinguishes all the work of the latter author, and which was one of his most serviceable resources; it gives facial expression to inanimate objects, and, as we have said, it individualizes the haunts of his characters no less than the characters themselves. But it is so rare in Thackeray that the exhibition of it in this fragment strikes us as remarkable.

It was not that Thackeray lacked the power of observation in the direction of externals,—though he certainly did not possess it in the same degree as Dickens,—nor that his characters were airy visions to him, requiring no other habitation than the chambers of his brain; they were indeed flesh and blood to him, and Miss Thackeray has told a friend of the writer's how, in her walks with her father, he would point out the very houses in which they lived. The difference was principally one of method. Thackeray's was the classic stage—a dais with a drapery of green baize, before the time of scenery. Dickens's was the modern stage, with lime-lights, trap-doors, and elaborate "sets."

Though his other scenes are misty, no reader of Thackeray who engages in a search for the places which he describes is likely, however, to overlook the Charter-house, the ancient foundation to which he refers again and again, dwelling on it with many fond reminiscences. It is the school in which he himself was educated, and he has associated three generations of his characters with it. Thomas Newcome received instruction here, also his son Clive, with Pendennis, Osborne, and Philip of the second generation, after whom came Rawdon Crawley's little son and

young George Osborne; and, finally, the dear old Colonel, when broken down and weary, joined the poor brethren who are pensioners of the institution, and within its monastic walls cried *Adsum* as he heard a voice summoning him to the everlasting peace. Occasionally it is called Slaughter-house, once or twice "Smiffle" (after the boys' way of pronouncing Smithfield, where it is situated); but in Thackeray's later works he generally speaks of it as Grayfriars or Whitefriars. "It had been," he says in "Vanity Fair," "a Cistercian convent in old days when the Smith field, which is contiguous to it, was a tournament ground. Obstinate heretics used to be brought thither, convenient for burning hard by. Henry the Eighth seized upon the monastery and its possessions, and hanged and tortured some of the monks who would not accommodate themselves to the pace of his reform. Finally, a great merchant bought the house and land adjoining, in which, with the help of other wealthy endowments of land and money, he established a famous foundation hospital for old men and children. An extra school grew round the old, almost monastic foundation, which subsists still with its middle-age costume and usages; and all Christians pray that it may flourish."

The buildings form an irregular cluster spread over a prodigal area, and isolated by a wall of brick and stone, which many London fogs and long days of yellow weather have reduced to the dimmest of colors. None of them is lofty; some of them are of granite, and others of brick, upon which age has cast a smoky mantle. They are separated by wide courts and winding passages; and when I was there in the Easter vacation these open spaces were vacant, and the brisk twittering of the sparrows was the only sound that came from them. The quiet seemed all the greater, inasmuch as all around the walls is a busy neighborhood, full of traffic and voices. The courts are for the most part paved with small cobble-stones, and are cleanly swept; but some of them are grassy—grassy in the dingy and feeble way of London vegetation. These buildings look as sad as they are old; to the juvenile imagination the high walls and the severe architecture must be sharply distressing, and many a boy has felt his heart sink with misgiving as, for the first time, he has been driven through the old gate-way to be placed as a scholar on Thomas Sutton's famous foundation.

At this old gate-way, one day, I saw a very feeble old gentleman, strangely dressed in a scarlet waistcoat and bright blue trowsers, a brass-buttoned coat, and a high silk hat. He was very small and very weak, moving

slowly with the help of a stick, and coughing painfully behind his pocket handkerchief. To my question as to the admission of strangers, he said, quaveringly: "If you are a patron, you may see the buildings, but you had better ask the janitor; there he is. I," he added, with some hesitation, "I am one of the poor brethren."

The old head bowed down with years and sorrow, the white hair, the troublesome cough, the courteous amiability of manner, reminded me of Colonel Newcome—Codd Newcome, as the boys began to call him; and, indeed, this old gentleman had been a captain in the Queen's service, as the janitor afterward told us, though he was not as stately nor as handsome as we remembered our dear old Colonel to have been. None of the celebrities of Charter-house possesses the same vivid interest, the same hold upon our sympathies, the same command of the affections, as the brave, high-minded, large-hearted old soldier, who sacrificed all he had in the world to keep his honor spotless and to shield others from misery.

As the janitor took us from hall to hall in the dark, monastic buildings, Colonel Newcome was constantly before us, and his figure, even more than that of Thackeray himself, filled our minds and made us feel kindly to the old pensioners who were sunning themselves at the doors of their rooms, or were gathered in a quiet corner of one of the courts, chatting or reading.

The pensioners, of whom there are eighty, remain in the old buildings, in which each of them has a sitting-room and a bedroom, with a servant to wait upon him. Their table is a common one, in a grand old dining-hall, and twice a day they don their gowns to go to service in the little chapel to thank God for his manifold blessings and mercies. But the boys have been removed these ten years to a magnificent new school at Godalming, Surrey, thirty miles away from London fogs and the crowds of Smithfield, and they have taken nearly all the relics of Thackeray with them, including the little bed in which he slept while a scholar. Their part of the buildings is now occupied by the Merchant Taylors' School, which has added a large new school-room to the square. The ground is immensely valuable, and from an economic point of view it seems a waste to devote it to the obsolete buildings which fill the greater part of it. Soon, no doubt, another home will be found for the poor brethren, and when commerce takes possession of Charter-house Square, one of the most interesting piles in London town will disappear.

The cleanliness and orderliness which leave no scrap of waste, or wisp of straw, or ridge

of dust visible in the approach, have also swept up every part of the interior; and though the smoke and dust have taken a tenacious hold, the charwoman's besom and scrubbing-brush have been vigorously applied. The buildings look quite as old as they are. The oaken wainscoting is the deepest brown; the balusters and groining are massive and carved; the tapestries are indistinct and phantasmal, like faded pictures, and the walls are like those of a fortress. It is easy in these surroundings to conjure up visions of the middle ages. The site of the dormitories of the Charter-house boys is now occupied by the new school-room of the Merchant Taylors; but looking upon it is a dusky cloister, once given to the prayerful meditations of the friars, which in Thackeray's time and later was used for games of ball, the gloom is everywhere. The ghosts of the silent brothers seem fitter tenants than the boys with shining faces and ringing voices. There are narrow, suspicious-looking passages, and heavily-barred, irresistible oaken doors. But these corridors and barriers against the unwelcome lead into several apartments of truly magnificent size and faded splendor. The dining-hall of the poor brethren has wainscoting from twelve to twenty feet high, a massively groined roof, a musicians' gallery with a carved balustrade, and a large fire-place framed in ornamental oak, over which the Sutton arms are emblazoned; while at the end of the room is a portrait of the founder, dressed in a flowing gown and the suffocatingly filled collar of his time. Parallel to this, and accessible by a low door, is the dining-hall of the gown boys, a long, narrow room, with a very low ceiling, high wainscoting, a knotty floor, insufficient windows, and another large fire-place inclosed by an elaborate mantel-piece of oak. Here, almost side by side, these boys with life untried before them and the old men well-nigh at their journey's end, ate the bread provided for them by their common benefactor, and joined voices in thanksgiving; here still the old pensioners assemble, and in trembling voices murmur grace over the provision made for them. Upstairs there is a banquetting-hall which is not inferior in somber grandeur to that of the poor brothers, and was once honored by the presence of Queen Elizabeth. It also is wainscoted and groined, and hung with tapestries, out of which the pictures have nearly vanished. The fire-place is the finest of all, and above it some hazy paintings are lost in the shadow.

Thackeray was one of the foundation scholars, and lived in the school, and wore a gown. He was, from all accounts, an average



THE CHAPEL OF THE CHARTER-HOUSE. (ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, AFTER A DRAWING BY HUBERT HERKOMER.)



DINING-ROOM IN THE CHARTER-HOUSE.

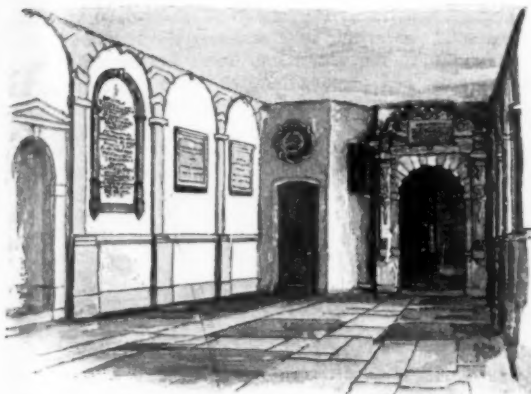
boy, undistinguished by industry or precocious ability. He was very much like many of Dr. Birch's little friends: a simple, honest, and sometimes mischievous lad. Though he was never elected orator or poet, he wrote parodies, and was clever with a pencil, which he used with no little fancy and humor. The margins of books and scraps of paper of all kinds were covered with sketches, most of them caricatures; and it is said to have been a familiar thing to see the artist surrounded by an admiring crowd of his school-fellows while he developed, with grotesque extravagance and never-failing effect, the outlines of some juvenile hero or some notability of history. The head master of the school was severe, and as Thackeray was very sensitive, it is supposed that his school days were not of the happiest. But he bore the old foundation no ill-will; who, indeed, shall ever do it more honor than he has done?

Only a few weeks before his death, Thack-

eray was present on Founder's Day. He sat in his usual back seat in the old chapel. He went thence to hear the oration in the governor's room, and, as he walked up to the orator with his contribution, was received with hearty applause. At the banquet afterward, he sat at the side of his old friend John Leech; and Thackeray it was who, on that occasion, proposed the toast of the Charter-house.

Taking us through the grounds by the way of Wash-house Court, a quadrangle of very old and smoky buildings, the janitor conducted us into the cool and quiet cloister which leads into the chapel. Here is the handsome memorial of the Carthusians slain in the wars, and on the walls is a commemorative tablet to Thackeray. Next to Thackeray's is a similar tablet to the memory of Leech.

The little chapel is much as it was in their time and long before. The founder's tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, still darkles and shines with the most



CLOISTER LEADING INTO THE CHAPEL, WITH THE MEMORIAL TABLETS OF THACKERAY AND LEECH.

wonderful shadows and lights. There, in marble effigy, lies Fundator Noster in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great examination day. Just in front of this elaborate monument, Thackeray used to sit when a boy. The children are present no more; but yonder, twice a day, sit the pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms,—four-score of the old reverend black gowns, as Thackeray has described them. The custom of the school was that, on the twelfth of December, the head gown boy should recite a Latin oration; and, though the scholars are removed to Godalming, the ceremony is perpetuated. Many old Cistercians attend this oration; after which they go to chapel and hear a sermon, which is followed by a dinner at which old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. The reader has surely not forgotten how Pendennis, himself a Grayfriars boy, came to the festival one day quite unaware of his friend's presence. "I chanced to look up from my book toward the swarm of black-coated pensioners, and among them—among them—sat Thomas Newcome." The noble old man had come to end his days here, and we know of no chapter in English literature more affecting than that in which his light is put out, and he softly murmurs *Adsum*.

Charter-house is the center of a neighborhood which Dickens chose for many of his scenes, as the reader of this magazine knows. Only a wall,

says Thackeray in "Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berry," separates the playground, or "green," as it was called in his time, from Wilderness Row and Goswell street. "Many a time have I seen Mr. Pickwick look out of his window in that street, though we did not know him then." Not only of Mr. Pickwick, but of many other characters, do we find reminiscences in Smithfield. The Sarah Son's Head, as John Browdy called it, Snow Hill, Saffron Hill, Fleet Lane, and Kingsgate street are not far away. The buildings with the ancient fronts, the idlers at the corners, and the confusing little alleys, which lead where no one would expect them to lead,

all belong to Dickens's London. The miserable associations of his early life, his interest in the poor, and his relish for the grotesque drew him into the shady and disreputable quarters of the city; and the student of his works can track him with greater ease and ampler results in neighborhoods like Smithfield than in the West End. With Thackeray, the reverse is the case; and, excepting Charterhouse, the reader who desires to identify his localities finds little to reward him in a search east of Pall Mall or south of Oxford street.

On the site of the Imperial Club in Cursitor street, Chancery Lane, stood a notorious "sponging house," to which Rawdon Crawley was taken when arrested for debt immediately after leaving the brilliant entertainment given by the Marquis of Steyne, and from which he wrote an ill-spelled letter to his wife (who



MEMORIAL TABLET TO THACKERAY.

had appeared triumphantly in some charades at that entertainment), begging her to send some money for his release. The reader remembers how the faithless little woman answered,—assuring him of her grief and

actions. But she is so shrewd, so vivacious, so artful, so immensely clever and good-humored, she has so much prettiness of manner and person, that, while we despise her, and have not the least pity for her when retribu-



OLD CHAPEL, WITH THE FOUNDER'S TOMB—CHARTER-HOUSE.

anxiety, and telling him that she had not the money, but would get it; though, as poor, blundering, soft-hearted Rawdon discovered afterward, she had a very large sum at the moment she wrote to him, and did not send him any of it because she wished to keep him in jail that she might intrigue with the licentious old marquis; and the reader will remember that Rawdon was released at the instance of his cousin's wife, and went to the little house in Curzon street, where he surprised his deceitful spouse, and nearly murdered her companion, the same old Marquis of Steyne, knight of the garter, lord of the powder-box, trustee of the British Museum, etc.

When we come to the end of that passage, we put the book on our lap and lean back in the chair, and, while we are still glowing with the excitement of the scene, we are filled with admiration of the genius which produced it. How did Thackeray achieve his effects? Becky Sharp is a unique and permanent figure in literature, a subtle embodiment of duplicity, ambition, and selfishness. She is avaricious, hypocritical, specious, and crafty. Though not malignant nor to a certainty criminal, she is a conscienceless little malefactor, whose ill deeds are only limited by the ignoble dimensions of her passions. She lies with amazing glibness, is utterly faithless to her hulking husband, and utterly indifferent to her child. Her mendacity is superlative, and double-dealing enters into all her trans-

action falls heavily upon her, our indignation against her is not so great as we feel that it ought to be, principally because her sins have a certain feminine archness and irresponsibility in them which keeps them well down to the level of comedy. When we close the book we know her through and through, and thoroughly understand all the complex workings of her strategic mind. How do we know her so well? Thackeray is not exegetical, and does not depend on elaborate analysis for his effects. The actions of the characters are themselves fully expository, and do not call for any outside comments or enlargement on the part of the author. This is the case to such an extent that, when we examine the completeness with which the characters are revealed to us, we are inclined to believe that Thackeray's art is of the very highest kind, and that, though in form it is undramatic, intrinsically it is powerfully dramatic.

But we are straying from our purpose, which is simply to look for ourselves at the places which he has described. Across the way from the bottom of Chancery Lane is the Temple, to the interest of which he has added many associations. He was fond of its dark alleys, archways, courts, and back stairs.

In 1834 he was called to the bar, and for some time he occupied chambers in the venerable buildings with the late Tom Taylor. His rooms, which were at number 10 Crown Office Row, have disappeared before "improvements" that present a modern front to the

gardens and the river. Philip had chambers in the Temple, and there, also, in classic Lamb's Court, Pendennis and Warrington were located.

Though in the east end of the town and South London Thackeray has left few footsteps for us to follow, in ancient and comfortable Bloomsbury and the region to the west of it and north of Oxford street (called De Quincey's step-mother) we find much to remind us of him. It was in Russell Square that the Sedleys lived in the time of their prosperity, and thence, on the evening after the arrival of gentle Amelia from the boarding school at Chiswick, a messenger was sent for George Osborne, whose house was No. 96. Russell Square is the largest and handsomest of the chain of squares which extend, almost without a break, from Oxford street to the New Road—Bloomsbury Square, Woburn Square, Gordon Square, Tavistock Square, and Euston Square. The neighborhood has seen many strange shifts of fortune, and some of the finest of its mansions are debased to the uses of common boarding-houses and private hotels. There are streets and streets of houses with white cards in the windows announcing "Lodgings to let." Sombre old houses they are, built of brick, with flat, uninteresting fronts, the sooty darkness of which is sometimes relieved by a yellowish portico, freshly painted, or a plaster shell of a drab color reaching from the basement to the second story. The cheeriness of the spreading trees in the little parks, the flowering shrubs, the shining fountains, and the grass are only a partial alleviation. Russell Square has deteriorated less than some of the other places in the neighborhood, however, and the houses around it would not be beneath the inclinations of a prosperous merchant such as old Sedley was. We look in vain for 96; the numbers do not go so high as that; but we have no difficulty in singling out the respectable dwelling on the western side in which poor Amelia sighed for her selfish lover and Becky Sharp set her cap at the corpulent Mr. Jos.

It was in Hart street, two blocks nearer Oxford street than Russell Square, that little George Osborne went to school at the house of the Rev. Laurence Veal, domestic chaplain to the Earl of Bareacres, who prepared young noblemen and gentlemen for the universities, the senate, and the learned professions, whose system did not embrace the degrading corporal severities still practiced at the ancient places of education, and in whose family the pupils found the elegancies of refined society and the confidence and affection of a home. Thither came poor Amelia, walking all the way from Brompton to catch a glimpse of her darling boy, who had been



RUSSELL SQUARE, WHERE THE SEDLEYS LIVED.

taken away from her by his obdurate grandfather.

Great Russell street is next to Hart street, and in it fronts the classic portico of the British Museum, in the splendid reading-room of which Thackeray was often seen. It was in Great Coram street, adjoining the celebrated foundling hospital, that he lived when, one evening, he called on a young man who had chambers in Furnival's Inn, and offered to illustrate the works which were beginning to make "Boz" famous; and we can see him coming back to his lodgings in low spirits over the rejection of his proposal, for at that time Thackeray was poor, and neither literature nor art, which he loved the better, would support him.

About half a mile farther north, across Tottenham Court Road, is Fitzroy Square; and when we look for 120, we find that 40 is the highest number which the square includes. Though the little circular garden which it incloses is prettily laid out and is one of the leafiest of the oases between Euston and Bloomsbury, Fitzroy has degenerated more than some of the other squares in the neighborhood. It was not very fashionable when Colonel Newcome took No. 120 with James Binnie, and it is not fashionable at all now. One side is badly out of repair. There are two or three doctors' houses in it, several houses with announcements of apartments to let, and a private hotel. The particular house occupied by the Colonel and his old Indian friend cannot be easily identified by Thackeray's description. "The house is vast but, it must be owned, melancholy. Not long since,

it was a ladies' school in an unprosperous condition. The scar left by Madame Latour's brass plate may still be seen on the tall black door, cheerfully ornamented in the style of the end of the last century, with a funereal urn in the center of the entry and garlands and the skulls of rams at each corner." We fancy that it was on the south side of the square, near the middle of a row of heavy sepulchral houses built of stone, which, having been first blackened by the London smoke, has since been unevenly calcined by the atmosphere, so that, as in many other buildings, it looks as if a quantity of dirty whitewash had been allowed to trickle down it. Some of the ornaments have been removed, but the urn is still over the door.

The days spent here were the happiest in the lives of the good old Colonel and his son. The Colonel had just returned from India full of honors and riches, and with his old chum, James Binnie, he kept house with lavish hospitality and much originality. "The Colonel was great at making hot-pot, curry, and pillau," Pendennis tells us. "What cozy pipes did we not smoke in the dining-room, in the drawing-room, or where we would! What pleasant evenings did we not have with Mr. Binnie's books and Schiedam! Then there were solemn state dinners, at most of which the writer of this biography had a corner." The guests at these entertainments were not selected for their social position or their worldly prosperity, and it mattered not whether they were rich or poor, well dressed or shabby, if they were friends. Old Indian officers were among them, and young artists with unkempt ways from Newman street and Berners street; the genial F. B. waltzed with elderly houris and paid them compliments; Professor Gandish talked about art with many misplaced h's; and the Rev. Charles Honeyman sighed and posed and meekly received the adulation of the women. Despite the failure of the Bundlecomb Bank, the later part of the history of the Newcomes would have been less sad but for that accident to Mr. Binnie, in which he fell from his horse and was so much injured that Mrs. Mackenzie—the awful "campaigner"—was called in to nurse him with the aid of poor little Rosey. Fitzroy Square is so old that its gloomy houses must have known much sorrow; but we doubt if any of them has seen anything more pitiable than the humiliation of Colonel Newcome, or anything crueller than the remorseless tyranny of the "campaigner" and her fierce temper—the "campaigner," who was all smiles, coquetry, and amiability, until prosperity fled from those who had been her benefactors, when she sud-



DOOR-WAY OF 37 FITZROY SQUARE, WHERE COLONEL NEWCOME LIVED.

denly revealed all the pettiness and harshness of her tergumant soul.

Three streets from the Square is Howland street, to which Clive removed with his weak little wife and his spiteful mother-in-law when disaster fell upon him; and every reader of Thackeray will remember how Pendennis, Clive, and Boy went out to meet the broken-hearted old man as he came along Guilford street and Russell Square from the Charterhouse to eat his last Christmas dinner.

## II.

BEFORE Thackeray died, he had become as familiar a figure in the West End of London as Dr. Johnson was in Fleet street and its tributary courts and lanes. Any one who did not know him might have supposed him to be an indolent man about town; and those who could identify him generally knew where to find him if they wished to show the great author to a friend from the country. He was usually present in the Park at the fashionable hour; and if the Pall Mall of his day is ever painted, his face and form will be as insepara-

ble from a truthful picture as the mammoth bulk of the testy lexicographer is from the contemporaneous prints of old Temple Bar.

The loveliness of his character is well remembered at the Athenæum Club, and the old servants, especially, speak of his kindness to them. The club-house is at the corner of Waterloo Place and Pall Mall—a drab-colored, sedate, classic building, with a wide frieze under the cornice, in a line with the Guards, the Oxford and Cambridge, the Reform, the Travelers', and many other clubs. Opposite to it is the United Service Club, midway is the memorial column to the Duke of York, and only a few yards away are Carlton Terrace and the steps leading into St. James's Park. Marlborough House, the home of the Prince of Wales, and unpalatial St. James's Palace, are close by.

Thackeray's name appears on the roll of the Athenæum as that of a barrister, but he was elected in 1851 as "author of 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' and other well-known works of fiction." He used the club both for work and pleasure, and there are two corners of the building to which his name has become attached on account of his association with them. The dining-room is on the first floor, at the left-hand side of the magnificent entrance; and he usually sat at a table in the nearest corner, where the sun shines plentifully through the high windows and makes rainbows on the white cloth in striking the glasses. Theodore Hook had used the same table, and uncorked his wit with his wine at it; but it was in a kindlier strain than the author of "Jack Brag" was capable of that Thackeray enlivened the friends who gathered around him.

From the club window he probably saw many of his own characters going along Pall Mall: little Barnes Newcome; Fred Bayham, with his big whiskers; cumbrous Rawdon Crawley; the sinister Marquis of Steyne; stylish little Foker; neat Major Pendennis; homely William Dobbin; and the dashing W. Brand Firmin, as he drove up or down the Haymarket to or from Old Parr street. Most of them belonged to the fashionable or semi-fashionable world, and the men were sure to be members of some of the clubs in this neighborhood. No doubt he also saw Arthur Pendennis, Clive Newcome, and Philip Firmin; but it is likely that they appeared with the greatest distinctness when the blinds were drawn and the reflection of his own face was visible in the darkened windows.

The south-west corner of the South library, on the second floor of the club, is filled with books of English history, and some of his work was done there. Therefrom, no doubt,

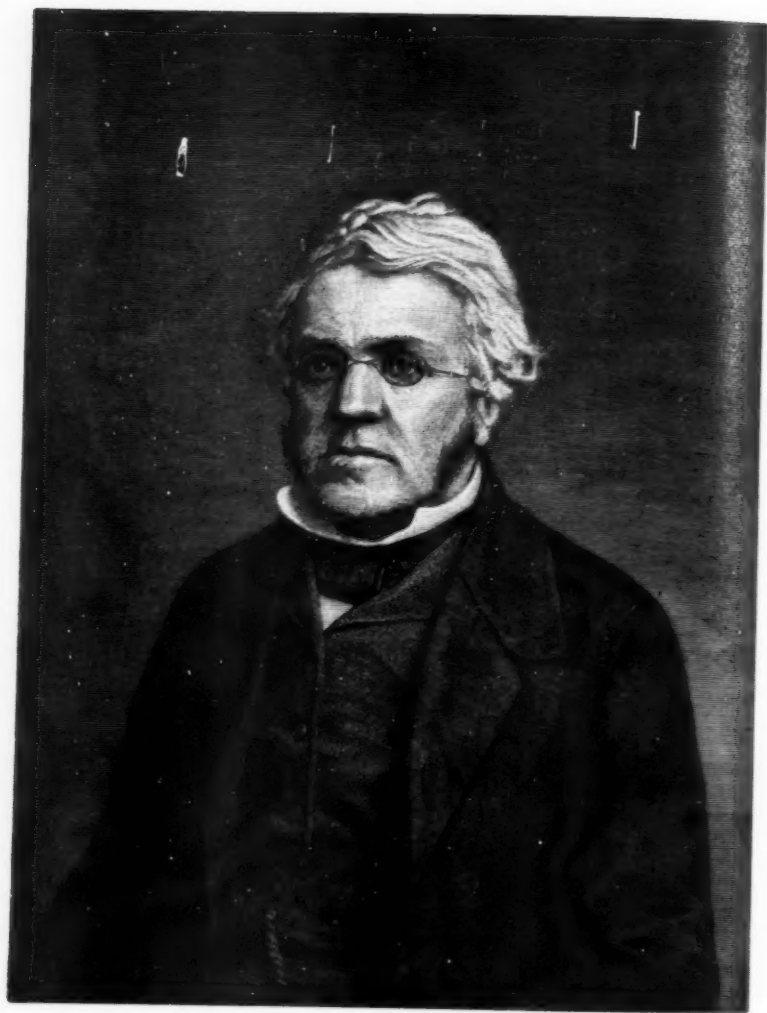
some of the material of the lectures on the Georges was drawn; he could look out of the window on the very site of Carlton House, now a square of grass and flowers; and probably on the shelves, also, he found some help in completing "Esmond" and developing "The Virginians." He often left the library looking fatigued and troubled, and he was sometimes heard complaining of the perplexity he found in disposing of this charac-



BECKY SHARP'S HOUSE, 29 CURZON STREET.

ter or that, and asserting that he knew that what he was writing would fail.

He divided his time between the Athenæum Club, the Reform, and the Garrick; contiguous to the first two is the neighborhood of St. James's, which principally consists of clubs, bachelors' chambers, and fashionable shops, and is associated with many of Thackeray's characters. By Bays' Club, to which he often refers, he probably meant White's in St. James's street; and at No.



very faithfully yours  
Wm Thackeray

ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON, FROM A DAGUERRETYPE TAKEN BY BRADY DURING THACKERAY'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

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88 of that aristocratic thoroughfare, in a building now demolished, he himself once occupied chambers, and there began and finished "Barry Lyndon." Major Pendennis had chambers in Bury street, a narrow lane coming from Piccadilly parallel with St. James's street; and it was in them that the famous scene took place between the shrewd old soldier and Mr. Morgan, in which that rebellious flunky was brought whining to his knees by the strategic courage of his master. We have searched the neighborhood for the "Wheel of Fortune" public-house, which Mr. Morgan frequented to discuss with other gentlemen's gentlemen gentlemen's affairs. It is not to be found; and Bury street has scarcely a house in it that looks old enough to have been the Major's. But St. James's Church is here—a gloomy old building of smoky brick with lighter trimmings of stone; and the reader may remember how, one day, Esmond and Dick Steele were walking along Jermyn street after dinner at the Guards', when they espied a fair, tall man in a snuff-colored suit, with a plain sword, very sober, and almost shabby in appearance, who was poring over a folio volume at a book-shop close by the church; and how Dick, shining in scarlet and gold lace, rushed up to the student and took him in his arms and hugged him; and how the object of these demonstrations proved to be Addison, who invited Steele and Esmond to his chambers in the Haymarket, where he read verses of the "Campaign" to them, and regaled them with pipes and Burgundy. I never walk through Jermyn street or past the old church without seeing these three figures, and they are no more like shadows than any in the nineteenth century throng which fills the street.

Thackeray constantly mixes up real with fictitious names in his descriptions. Some disguise was often necessary, and sometimes even compulsory. He could not be as explicit or as literal as Dickens, because most of his characters represented a very different class. The latter could draw in detail the house he selected as most appropriate for the occupation of Sairey Gamp, because the actual tenants were not likely to find him out, or, if they ever read his description, to quarrel with it. But many of the clients whom Thackeray had to provide with dwellings were great people, and could only be placed in great neighborhoods, where the houses are large, conspicuous, and easily distinguished. He either had to omit any descriptive detail, or to mask the actual place he had in mind by locating it in some street or square with a fanciful name. Any student of his works will have no difficulty in finding Gaunt House, Gaunt

Square, and Great Gaunt street, if he makes a personal search for them in Mayfair, though they are not indicated in any map or directory.

Mayfair (let me say for the benefit of the readers of this magazine who are so unfortunate as not to know London) is one of the three most fashionable neighborhoods of the great metropolis, and of the three it is the most aristocratic and most ancient. It is, as nearly as possible, a square, about half a mile wide and three-quarters of a mile long, bounded at one end by Oxford street, with its shops and plebeian traffic, at the other end by the most delightful of London streets, Piccadilly; at one side by Bond street, and at the other by Park Lane, the houses in which overlook the beautiful expanse of Hyde Park. The names of some of its streets have become synonymous with patrician pomp and the affluence of inheritance. It is the highest heaven of social aspiration, the most exalted object of worldly veneration. This is the house of the Duke of Hawksbury; this of the Earl of Tuebrook; that of Viscount Wallasey, and that of Lord Arthur Bebbington. It is preëminently the region of the "quality." But let not the reader suppose that it is a region of exterior splendor, of spacious architecture, of brilliant appearance. Belgravia is far grander to look at, and seems to possess greater riches and to use them more lavishly. Even Tyburnia, the neighborhood to the north of Hyde Park, is more suggestive of social eminence. Mayfair displays none of the signs of the rude enjoyment and proud assertiveness which spring from recent prosperity. It is old-fashioned, unchanging, and dull. It is little different from what it was at the beginning of the century, except that it is nearer decay, and that febrile irruptions of modern Queen Anne architecture occasionally vary the somberness of its original style. The physiognomy of its houses expresses a sort of torpor, as if familiarity with honors were as wearisome as continuous association with misfortune. They have an air of funereal resignation. Many of the streets are short and narrow; many of the houses are dingy. The ornaments are of a sepulchral kind, such as urns over the door-ways and funeral wreaths about the porticoes. The blazoned heraldry of the hatchments has been nearly extinguished by the smoke. At some doors there are two incongruous obelisks, joined to the iron railing which screens the basement, and the portico is extended to the curb. But ornaments even as unsatisfactory as these are not common, and most of the houses, with high fronts of blackened brick and oblong windows, are unadorned, except by a

few boxes of flowers on the sills. The lackeys, with crimson knee-breeches, white stockings, laced coats, buckled shoes, and powdered hair, blaze in this gloom with a pyrotechnic splendor. Occasionally, the uniform rows of smoky brick and painted stucco houses are overshadowed by a larger mansion, shut within its own walls, and some of the streets enter spacious squares where there are sooty trees and grass and chirping sparrows. It is possible that Thackeray had no exact place in mind when he wrote of Gaunt House and Gaunt Square, but it is not likely. The creatures of his imagination were flesh and blood to him, too vital to be left without habitations. "All the world knows," he says in "Vanity Fair," "that Gaunt House stands in Gaunt Square, out of which Great Gaunt street leads. \* \* \* Gaunt House occupies nearly a side of the square. The remaining three sides consist of mansions which have passed away into dowagerism. \* \* \* It has a dreary look, nor is Lord Steyne's palace less dreary. All to be seen of it is a vast wall in front, with rustic columns at the great gate." There is a square in Mayfair which almost exactly corresponds with this description. Here are the gloomy mansions, looking out on grass and trees which seem to belong to a cemetery, and here, immediately recognizable, is the palace, filling nearly a side of the square, and shut within high walls to hide what they inclose from the prying eyes of the passers, though the upper stories can be seen from the opposite side of the way. Here is the very gate, with heavy knockers, though the rustic columns of Thackeray's text have been replaced by new ones of a different shape. We do not find in the middle of the square the statue of Lord Gaunt, "in a three-tailed wig, and otherwise habited like a Roman emperor," but we can identify almost every other detail of the picture. Now, as this palace has long been occupied by a noble family, it would not be just for us to mention the name of the house, lest some undeserved reproach should thereby fall on the tenants; for, while Thackeray described the locality with such faithful elaboration, it is not to be inferred that he drew the character of Lord Steyne from an actual person living in the neighborhood; nothing, indeed, could be less probable.

He also speaks of the square as Shiverley Square, and briefly mentions it in describing Becky's drive to the house of Sir Pitt Crawley: "Having passed through Shiverley Square into Great Gaunt street, the carriage at length stopped at a tall, gloomy house between two other tall, gloomy houses, each with a hatchment over the middle drawing-room window, as is the custom in Great Gaunt street, in

which gloomy locality death seems to reign perpetual."

Great Gaunt street is undoubtedly Hill street, which he mentions specifically in another place as the home of Lady Gaunt's mother. Sometimes it was necessary for him to invent a name, and when he did so he was peculiarly apt. Gaunt Square seems a more fitting and descriptive name than Berkeley Square, but he frequently varied the real with the fictitious name with playful caprice.

It was in another of these queer old streets in Mayfair that that wicked old fairy godmother, the Countess of Kew, lived, and there (in Queen street) Ethel Newcome visited her, and was instructed in the rigorous social code which unites fortune with fortune or fortune with rank, and which is by no means limited to Mayfair or Belgravia, but finds expositors and adherents under the bluer skies of America. Ethel herself lived with her mother in Park Lane, the western boundary of Mayfair, and assuredly the most attractive part of the region. Park Lane has all of Hyde Park before its windows,—all the variegated and plentifully stocked flower-beds of the Ring Road, the wide sweep of grassy play-ground, and the knots of patriarchal trees which give the Park one of its greatest charms. Unlike most of the region behind, it is cheerful; or, if not exactly cheerful, it has not the mopish signs of withdrawal from all natural human interests which are seen in many of the houses of Gaunt Square and the tributary streets. Some of the houses are small, with oriel windows and little balconies filled with flower-pots; some of them are palatial in size and decoration; but all of them are fashionable, and elderly bachelors are known to give incredibly large prices for the smallest possible quarters under the roof of the meanest of them. The exteriors are not of the sooty brick which characterizes Hill street, but of plaster, which is annually repainted in drab or cream color at the beginning of each season. What with the flowers of the Park and the gardens which lie before some of the houses, Park Lane seems a fitting abode for those who are fortunate both in birth and in wealth; it is as patrician as any other part of Mayfair, and it relieves itself of the gloom which seems to be considered an inevitable accessory of respectability elsewhere.

In one of these houses—which one it is not easy to say, as Thackeray has given us no clew—Lady Ann Newcome lived, and at it Mrs. Hobson Newcome looked from afar with an envy which betrayed itself in her constant reiterations of her contentment with her own circumstances. Mrs. Hobson lived

in Bryanston Square, a dingily verdant quadrangle north of Oxford street, near which Clive had a studio; and J. J. Ridley, Fred Bayham, Miss Cann, and the Rev. Charles Honeyman lodged together in Walpole street, Mayfair. The Rev. Charles Honeyman's chapel was close by, and before the story of "Vanity Fair" reached its end there was a charitable lady in the congregation who wrote hymns and called herself Lady Crawley, and from whom William Dobbin and Amelia Sedley, now united, shrunk as they passed her at the fancy fair, recognizing in that altered person the dreadful Becky.

In the eyes of the lover of Thackeray, no character of history or fiction has lent more interest to Mayfair than Becky, to which neighborhood she came with her husband some two or three years after their return from Paris, establishing herself in "a very small, comfortable house in Curzon street," and demonstrating to the world the useful and interesting art of living on nothing a year. There is more than one small house in Curzon street, but among them all Becky's is unmistakable. It is on the south side of the street, near the western end, and only a few doors farther east than the house in which Lord Beaconsfield died. It is four stories and a half high, and is built of blackish brick like its neighbors, with painted sills and portico. Its extreme narrowness, compared with its height, especially distinguishes it: the front door, with drab pilasters and a molded architrave, is just half its width, and only leaves room for one parlor window on the first floor. One can see over the railings into the basement and through the kitchen windows. Phantoms appear to us in all the windows—the ghost of Becky herself, dressed in a pink dress, her shapely arms and shoulders wrapped in gauze; her ringlets hanging about her neck; her feet peeping out of the crisp folds of silk—"the prettiest little feet in the prettiest little sandals in the finest silk stockings in the world." It was in this cozy little domicile that the arch little hypocrite entertained Lord Steyne, whose house in Gaunt Square is only a few hundred yards distant, and Rawdon fleeced young Southdown at cards. No one can help smiling at the remembrances that come upon him in looking at those basement windows. No one who has read "Vanity Fair" is likely to forget the picture of the sensual marquis gazing into the kitchen and seeing no one there just before he knocks at the door, where he is met by Becky, who is as fresh as a rose from her dressing-table, and who excuses her pretended dishabille by saying that she has just come out of the kitchen, where she has been

making pie, to which palpable lie the marquis gives an audacious affirmation by adding that he saw her there as he came in!

This little house was chosen for that scene in which Thackeray's genius rises to its highest point of dramatic intensity; and so many literary pilgrims come to peep at it that the tenants must be annoyed, though the policeman on the beat has become so accustomed to them that he no longer eyes them corner-wise or suspects them of burglarious intentions.

The places with which Thackeray was personally associated are more interesting, perhaps, than the scenes of his novels. In 1834 he lived in Albion street, near Hyde Park Gardens, and it was there that he, a young man of twenty-three, began to contribute to "Fraser's Magazine." In 1837, then newly married, he lived in Great Coram street, close by the Foundling Hospital. As I have stated, he had chambers at No. 10 Crown Office Row in the Temple and at No. 88 St. James's street, both of which buildings are now demolished. When he had become a successful author, he lived in Brompton and Kensington, and at the latter place, to which he was greatly attached, he died. He was at No. 36 Onslow Square, Brompton, when he unsuccessfully offered himself as member of Parliament for Oxford, and also two years later, when he began to discover the thorns in the editorial cushion of the "Cornhill Magazine." Mr. James Hodder, his private secretary, has given us an interesting glimpse of him as he was while in Onslow Square:

"Duty called me to his bed-chamber every morning, and as a general rule I found him up and ready to begin work, though he was sometimes in doubt and difficulty as to whether he should commence sitting, or standing, or walking, or lying down. Often he would light a cigar, and, after pacing the room for a few minutes, would put the unsmoked remnant on the mantel-piece and resume his work with increased cheerfulness, as if he gathered fresh inspiration from the gentle odors of the sublime tobacco."

Little wonder that he liked Kensington. It is the pleasantest of the many pleasant London suburbs. Though it is not four miles from Charing Cross, to which it is knitted by continuous streets and houses, it is like a thriving country town, old-fashioned, but prosperous, with shops as brilliant and as well stocked as those of Regent street, and with many evidences of antiquity, but none of decay. There are lofty new buildings and old ones, behind the modernized fronts of which you can see leaded dormer windows, angular chimney-pots, and bowed-down roofs of red tiles. There are many weather-worn but splendid mansions jealously shut within their own high walls, and some in less sequestered gardens. The place is famous for its fine old trees and open spaces of

verdure. Holland House is here, and the palace in which Queen Victoria was born, with the beautiful and deeply wooded gardens adjoining Hyde Park. The inhabitants of the old suburb have had many illustrious persons among them; and Thackeray is one of those best and most affectionately remembered.

His tall, commanding figure was often seen in the old High street, moving along erect, with a firm, stately tread, though his dress was somewhat careless and loose-fitting; his large, candid face was serious and almost severe as he walked on engaged in meditation, but, being awakened from his reverie by the voice of a friend, a glad smile quickly overspread it and illuminated it. He had many friends among his neighbors, and often sat down to dinner with them. He attended regularly the nine o'clock services in the old parish church on Sunday mornings.

From 1847 to 1853 Thackeray lived in the bay-windowed house known as the "Cottage," at No. 13 (now No. 16) Young street, and in it "Vanity Fair," "Esmond," and "Pendennis" were written. There are few houses in the great city which possess a more brilliant record than this. Most of his work was done in a second-story room, overlooking an open space of gardens and orchards; and the gentleman who at present occupies the house has placed an entablature under the window commemorating the genius that has consecrated it. Between the dates, 1847 and 1853, the initials W. M. T. are grouped in a monogram in the center of the entablature, and in the border the names of "Vanity Fair," "Esmond" and "Pendennis" are inscribed. Just across the street Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Ritchie) now lives, in full view of her old home; in her charming novel "Old Kensington," she affectionately calls Young street "dear old street!" There is no doubt that the happiest years of Thackeray's life were spent in the old, bow-windowed cottage.

I have talked with many persons who knew him intimately and under various circumstances. All speak of him in one way,—of his gentleness, his kindness, his sincerity, and his generosity. "That man had the heart of a woman!" fervently said one who was his next-door neighbor for several years. This gentleman, Dr. J. J. Merriman, whose family has lived in Kensington Square since 1794, possesses a number of valuable souvenirs of the great author, including some unpublished letters, in one of which Thackeray regrets that

he has not seen the doctor in some time, and characteristically adds: "I wish *Vanity Fair* were not so big or we performers in it so busy; then we might see each other and shake hands once in a year or so." On one occasion the doctor begged him to write his name in a copy of "*Vanity Fair*" which Thackeray had given him, and the latter not only did this, but made an exquisite little drawing on the title-page, than which the book could not have a more suggestive or appropriate frontispiece. A little boy and girl are seated on the ground, one blowing bubbles and the other hugging a doll, while behind them looms up the portentous mile-stone of life.

The "dear old street," as Miss Thackeray calls it, ends in Kensington Square, which is full of old houses, to each of which some historic interest belongs. The square was built in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and in one of the old houses Lady Castlewood, Beatrice, and Colonel Esmond lived, and there sheltered the reckless and unscrupulous Pretender.

In 1853 Thackeray left Kensington and went to live in Onslow Square, Brompton; but he came back to the old court suburb in 1861, and occupied the fine new house which he had built for himself in the Palace Gardens. It is the second house on the west side of the street, a substantial mansion of red brick, adjoining a much more picturesque and older house covered with ivy; and it was here that he died suddenly on December 23, 1863, in the room at the south-east corner of the second story. The last time that I saw it, an auctioneer's flag was hung out, and the broker's men were playing billiards in the lofty northern extension which Thackeray built for a library, and in which he wrote "*Denis Duval*."

Thackeray was buried in Kensal Green cemetery in the north-west of London, and was followed to the grave by Dickens, Brown-ing, Millais, Trollope, and many who knew the goodness of the soul that had been called away. Kensal Green is as unattractive as a burial ground could be. It is like a prison-yard, with few trees, and inclosed by high brick walls. But its numerous tenantry include many who have worked faithfully and well in literature and art; and surrounded by the memorials of these is one of the simplest tombstones in the place, inscribed with two dates and the name of William Makepeace Thackeray.

*William H. Rideing.*

## OLD NEW YORK AND ITS HOUSES.



NUMBER 7 STATE STREET.

If the gay young people who now happen to live in New York, and who have their homes and their places of pleasure between Union Square and the Central Park, were told that, within the easy memory of people who have not ceased to be gay, and some of whom have few silver streaks or none in their hair, the Battery was a fashionable promenade, and some of the wealthiest and most socially distinguished people in the town lived in the lower part of Greenwich street, in State street, and around the Bowling Green, they would listen with incredulity. Not improbably many of them are ignorant where State street is, or even of its very existence. There is not a city in the world that within fifty years has so changed in its general appearance, in the aspect of particular neighborhoods, and in the character of its various quarters; and of these changes, the last fifteen or twenty years have seen some of the most deplorable and obliterative. A lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age who, born and bred in New York, had gone to

Europe or to China in 1850, and had been detained there until now, would on his return be absolutely unable to recognize the place of his birth and his early education, except by the course of its principal streets, and by a very few public buildings and churches. He would come back not yet fifty years old to find the place of his nativity, although it was a great city when he left it, so changed that for him it had practically disappeared. Cities before this have been destroyed, or wrecked by war, by decay, or by convulsions of nature; and been rebuilt, but old New York has been swept out of existence by the great tidal wave of its own material prosperity. Other cities are changed chiefly by additions. New York not only adds to itself, but incessantly rends itself in pieces. Nor is this violence confined, as might be supposed, to the invasion of domesticity by trade; it goes unremittingly on in the oldest trading quarters. A man whose business life has been passed in and about the Rialto of Manhattan told me lately that within his memory Wall street had been three times entirely rebuilt, with the exception of about half a dozen houses. Such changes as these in a city which was a "metropolis," with a character of its own, more than a hundred years ago, are not in all respects advantageous, although, as has already been said, they are worked by the hand of prosperity. In such a city, adventurous men may push their fortunes, and they and the women and children who belong to them may lead a certain sort of prosperous life, accompanied by the enjoyment of certain sorts of pleasure. But such a city cannot be an assemblage of true homes; and it must lack certain admirable and respectable traits—outward, if not inward—which go with stability.

These transformations have not only changed the whole internal appearance of the town and its very look from the streets, even in the old quarters; they have affected the immediately surrounding country on all sides; and the very water seems unlike that over which now mature New Yorkers passed in the steam-boat journeyings of their early youth. The Bay of New York was once one of the famous natural objects of the world's admiration. It was the pride of those who dwelt about it; and traveling strangers who had seen the Bay of Naples and the Golden Horn did not stint their praises of the beauty



HOUSE CORNER OF BRIDGE AND STATE STREETS.

surrounded by which New York sat like a Western Venice upon the waters,—waters at once the source of her wealth and the occasion of her deterioration. But this is all no more. The European traveler no longer compares the Bay of New York to the Bay of Naples; and although even of old there was in this some element of surprise and some stretch of courtesy (for where is our Vesuvius and where our Capri?), it must be confessed that candor cannot condemn his silence. At the time when he was vocal with praise, the approach to New York on all sides was undeniably very beautiful. It had not grandeur, excepting that which always accompanies the visible inclosure of a vast expanse; and the flatness of the scene, even in the remote distance, caused a regret that the hills of Staten Island could not have been heaved up three or four thousand feet, instead of three or four hundred. This defect excepted, however, there was not, nor indeed does it seem that there could be, in the world a more delightful and inspiring sight than the approach to New York was formerly, whether from sea, or sound, or river. On a summer morning, it seemed nature's expression of a universe's joy; on an autumn evening, when the heavens mantled with ever-changing gold and color, and the woods and fields in their rich color were but a paler reflection of the sky, it was Queen-mother Earth in her imperial decoration; and even in winter, when frost-bound shores and surrounding country were white with snow, there was a vast splendor in its icy outlines. The same rivers, the same shores, the same islands are there; the same water in the same bay; but the beauty is gone, or, if not quite all departed, is sadly and meanly minished. Why, it should

seem, need not be told. Mere water has no beauty, except as a substance. A spring has in its water the beauty of clearness, but no more; all the other beauty connected with it is that of its position and its surroundings. The blue expanse of the Mediterranean or of the Gulf of Mexico has all the possible charm of a monotone of color; but water of itself, without the beauty given of movement, is but a wet, flat surface, a dead level of dampness, a cruel threat of suffocation, at once a bore and a source of horror. This is depressingly felt on the great lakes—Ontario, for instance—and on the St. Lawrence, when it becomes so wide that its shores are hardly visible. Nothing in nature is drearier. The beauty of a lake is in the form and color of its shores; that of a river in its banks, and in the manner and direction in which the valley, great or small, that holds it determines it shall flow. And thus the beauty of a bay is merely that of the country upon which its waters have intruded, and the objects upon the land, of which an unobstructed view from the level surface of the water, accompanied by the sense of motion, gives a peculiar pleasure. Nothing that could be called a picture would be so wholly void of beauty and of interest as a painting of water without shores, without motion, without ship or boat, and with an unbroken sky; but any good painting of land, even the flattest and most uninhabited, may be beautiful, and full of interest and even of sentiment, which is shown by thousands of examples in landscape art. Obvious this, it should seem, and so unmistakable to every beholder as to be trite; and yet what we read and what we hear tell us that it is neither obvious nor unmistakable.

Now, within the last thirty or forty years, the beauty of the shores of New York bay has been utterly and hopelessly destroyed. Never grand or of a highly distinguished character, it yet had the charm of a pleasing variety of nature modified by human presence. It has become wholly artificial and monotonous, and, moreover, thoroughly and basely vulgar,—vulgar beyond the power of expression in language; because its very vulgarity is without any individual character, and is simply tame and commonplace. This change has been wrought by what is called the prosperity of New York,—prosperity meaning increase in wealth and size.

Before this happened, the traveler who sailed up through the Narrows saw on his right the green shores of Long Island almost in nature's beauty decorate, with here and there a farm-house or a villa; on his left, the hills of Staten Island in like verdure rose from a natural shore-line, broken only by the village

of Stapleton, with the buildings of the quarantine. On either side, the peaceful tone was relieved by the emphatic note of the two forts that guarded the harbor. Before him, as he advanced, the bay stretched out, opening

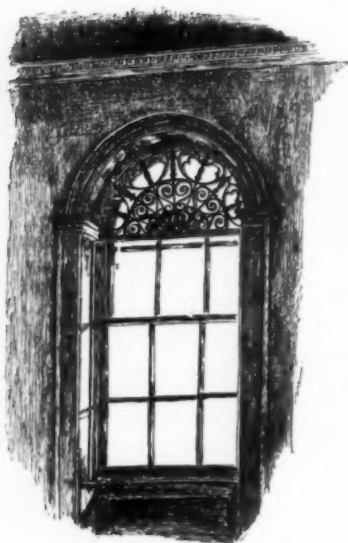
old red brick powder-house, which furnished ammunition to Governor's Island, and where the keeper, good-natured, like most soldiers and sailors, sometimes with gift of condemned cartridges made glad the hearts of Brooklyn



MANTEL IN A PAWN-SHOP. (NOW DEMOLISHED.)

like the mouth of a trumpet from the narrow strait through which he was passing. As his eye pierced the distance, he saw the verdure of the shores coming down to the water's edge, except where it was broken by a house or a rare clump of houses here and there. Some half a dozen tide-mills, brown with age, and two or three diligent, hard-working windmills, varied the scene with the most picturesque mechanical agents of thrift. Red Hook, so called from the color of the soil of its little grove-crowned promontory, curved around below Gowanus Bay; and on its point was an

school-boys who walked out so far upon their happy Saturdays; dreaming in their yet untroubled souls that heaven was something like one bright eternal Saturday,—surely not like one eternal Sunday of those times. Similar views continued on either side until Governor's Island was reached and passed; and Governor's Island was beautiful, with its great fort and sweeping green glacis, and the tiny south battery, and Castle William frowning in picturesque uselessness. Besides these there was little more than the commandant's house and the barracks; all else was grass



WINDOW IN WASHINGTON HOTEL, NUMBER 1 BROADWAY.

and trees. Along the shallow shores of Buttermilk Channel on either side, the lazy kine waded in on warm summer days, and stood cooling themselves and whisking with their tails the gently eddying tide. Then the city came in view, piercing the waters like a huge wedge of masonry at its point, Castle Garden, with the great elms of the old Battery. The dark, sharp spire of Trinity—old Trinity—shot up, and although only to a moderate height, yet with enough incisiveness and self-assertion to give character to the sky-line of the city, relieved still further on by the steeples of St. Paul's, St. John's, the Old North Dutch, the tower of St. George's, and the cupola of the City Hall. Both sides of the city were seen to bristle with a great multitude of masts, which stood so close that they looked like the canes of some Brobdingnagian brake. On the west, the broad Hudson, proudest of all domesticated rivers, separated the city by its calm expanse from the Jersey shores where little Hoboken stood, not yet unseparated by green meadows from its ambitiously named neighbor; and beyond were the Elysian Fields, and Weehawken Heights, with the serried front of the Palisades in the dim distance. At the east stood Brooklyn on its heights, from which it had not yet descended to spread itself over the sandy acres in all the ugliness of commonplace; becoming thus in size the third city in the Union, and remaining the least in importance. The effect which Brooklyn Heights then had upon the beauty of the Bay of New York is, and must remain,

altogether unknown to those who did not see them before their hideous and deplorable transformation. That they should have been changed from what they were to what they are is a perpetual evidence to coming ages of the absolute control of Philistinism and Mammon-worship to which all things animate and inanimate in and about New York became then subjected. Some change was necessary for their regulation and orderly preservation; but such a change as they underwent would have shamed a community of Yahoos. They stood as nature had left them, rising in some places directly from a little road along the shore (then, as now, called Furman street); but they were partly broken by a natural terrace, green-swarded, as they were, along the top. On these heights stood handsome villas, half hidden in trees and shrubbery; but these were far back from the edge of the heights, between which and their garden palings there was grass, and then a road, and then grass again. At the southern end, near Jerusalem street, was a thick grove of cedars. On or near the heights chiefly dwelt the small, refined, and very exclusive society then dominant in Brooklyn. These heights, notwithstanding their raggedness, formed, I believe, the noblest promenade in the world, and, I am sure, one of the most beautiful. Few in the world are so commanding. From the heights, the whole bay, from the Narrows to Hoboken, was visible; and at that time through the bay, and even through the East River, directly under the heights, great ships sailed in and out under canvas. The city itself was seen as in a bird's-eye view; and, looking over the city, the delighted eye rested upon the beautiful blue Orange hills in the far distance. At the foot of these heights toward the south there was a sandy, pebbled beach, where, however, bathing was not allowed, unless early in the morning and in the evening. The pebbled beach must needs have given place to the requirements of commerce; but the destruction of such a promenade and of such a noble feature of a great city's harbor, and the conversion of its sides into warehouses, and, worse, the crowning of its summit with Philistine domiciles is a sin against heaven.

Another beauty of the New York waters then was the view up the East River. There, beyond the Wallaboght, and at the turn of the river, lay the little village of Williamsburgh, a small cluster of houses in the midst of wide meadows, from which one spire rose so modestly that it seemed to shrink from the attention it provoked. Seen from the lower stretch of the river, as one was passing from brick-built shore to brick-built shore, this rural vista was like an embodied poem; and often,



A DINNER PARTY IN 1800.

may almost daily, as I crossed the river twice a day on my way to school and college, I thought of the line,

"Green fields beyond the swelling flood,"\*

which had already (thanks to my elders) become one of the sweet treasures of my poorly dowered poetical memory. Now the East River, from Buttermilk Channel to Blackwell's Island, is merely a tug-vexed water-way between wharves and warehouses. Williamsburgh has disappeared as an individual, and has become, as the Eastern District, a part of the vast, sleepy dormitory by which it has been swallowed up; and from its loathed vicinage reek hideous smells and horrid fumes and greasy stinks.

What has befallen Williamsburgh has befallen the whole bay. Once largely, brightly, almost nobly beautiful, it has now become, save for its mere size, the most commonplace

of scenes, a miserable panorama of wharves and warehouses, factories, breweries, shops, and shanties: everything that gave it charm and dignity has disappeared, to be replaced only by sordid ugliness. The very islands, which sat like little gems upon its waters, roughly enameled with bits of warlike masonry, are now concealed with shapeless brick and mortar, of which the only merit is that it protects something from the weather. And on one of these it is now proposed to erect a huge, sham-sentimental, melodramatic image of bronze, that will merely illustrate its own absurdity and light up the surrounding poverty of prosperity.

The aspect of the city itself has deteriorated, except for eyes in which bigness is beauty. For New York, no hope of the air-dwelling beauty of spire, and dome, and tower; and of the little it once had of this, there is now only a poor, crushed-down remembrance. Even the new and higher spire of Trinity, as well as the older and more modest Wren-steeple of St. Paul's and St. John's (Old St. George's and the North Dutch are gone), are rivalled and almost dwarfed by huge, formless structures that push their clumsiness up into the air with awkward and obtrusive impudence, to affront heaven with man-made deformity;

\* From I know not what. I have gone on all my life with the notion that it was Milton's. To find that I am wrong troubles me not at all: for I care little about such knowledge—the line must be from some psalm or hymn.—AUTHOR.

[See Watts's hymn,

"There is a Land of Pure Delight."—ED.]

structures of which the only merit is that their gross bulk squeezes from the ground on which they stand fifty dollars for every one it paid before.

From sky and water let us now come to earth, and consider the nature of the transformations which have so changed the aspect of New York almost within the memory of one generation. What was this blight which began to pass over the city some forty or fifty years ago, and to pass away within the first decade after the Civil War? What were the houses and the streets of New York like in 1830-40? There are old prints enough to help out the recollection of a boy observer, who finds that after many years he can safely trust his observation and his memory. Nor, indeed, is it until within the last ten or fifteen years that a few lingering characteristic traces of that former time have been obliterated.

Many circumstances united to make that part of the town about the beginning of Broadway the chosen residence of persons of fortune and social distinction. Three of these were of themselves all-sufficient: it was the oldest quarter; from the beginning it had been the place of residence of persons in authority; it was near the Battery, which very early in the history of New York became a delightful promenade. Considering the commercial character of the place, its rapid growth, and the great changes it underwent, the long period during which this quarter preserved its distinction is remarkable. It was not until between 1835 and 1840, more than a century and a half after the neighborhood became "the court end of the town," that there was any noteworthy modification of its character. Before that time, of necessity, elegant people began to live in other quarters; but this did not affect the status of the neighborhood of the Battery and the Bowling Green. The large granite dwelling-house on the Bowling Green (No. 17 Broadway) was built as late as 1845-50, by Mr. Robert Ray, then one of the wealthiest men in New York. He chose the site as the best that could be found for an elegant residence; and the house was thought

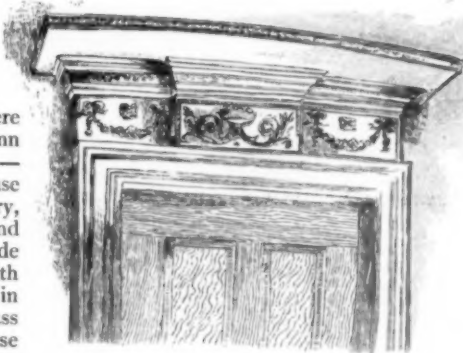
at the time to be the handsomest in the city. Park Place, St. John's Square (between Hudson, Beach, Laight, and



COLONIAL FRAGMENTS.—DOOR TRIM FROM 55 BROADWAY—GEORGE WASHINGTON'S CHAIR—CLOCK AT 57 BROADWAY.

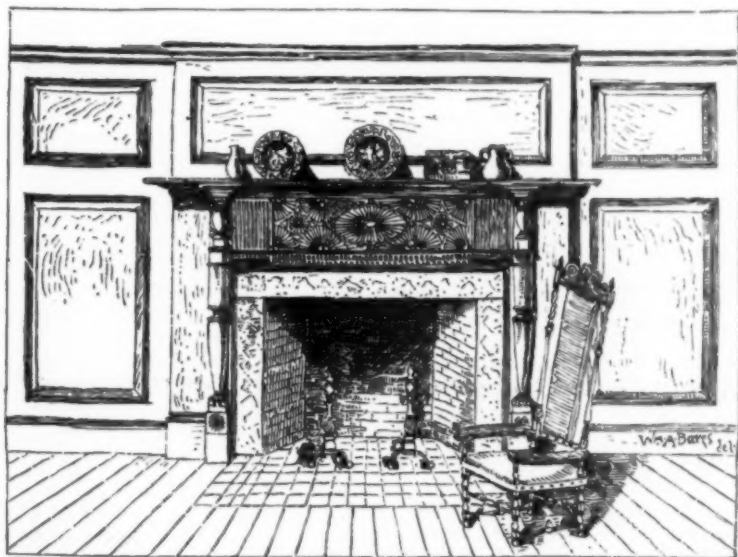
Varick streets), Bleecker street, and even Washington Square, had, before or then, become centers of fashion; but there was a clinging to the Battery. Even after the up-town movement began, which was about this time, people who were already housed near the Battery, or who could afford to get houses there, lingered lovingly around it. And well they might do so; for, except upon old Brooklyn Heights (and even then that was only "in Brooklyn"), a place of city residence more delightful or more convenient could not be found. Within five or ten minutes' walk of Wall street and of South street (where the great merchants—real merchants, who traded in ships with Europe and China and the South—had their counting-houses), it was yet entirely removed from business; and its surroundings made mere living there a pleasure. State street, which is the eastern boundary of the Battery, was unsurpassed, if it was ever equaled, as a place of town residence; for living there was living on a park with a grand water view. The prospect from the windows and balconies of the old State street houses across the green-

sward and through the elms of the Battery included the bay, with its islands and the shores of New Jersey. In summer, the western breezes blew upon these windows straight from the water. The sight here on spring and summer and autumn evenings, when splendid sunsets—common then, but rare now, because of changes in the surrounding country, which have affected the formation and the disposition of the clouds—made the firmament and the water blaze with gold and color, seemed sometimes in their gorgeousness almost to surpass imagination. It was matter of course that such a place should be chosen as the site of the homes of wealthy people. Of these houses, not a few are still standing. But how changed! Outside and inside they have been as much “translated” as Bottom found himself to be when his own wise poll gave place to an ass’s head. Many of them are almost concealed by signs; all of them have been put to sordid uses, and fitted to their fate. These houses were most of them very simple in their exterior; but they had an air which will be sought in vain all along Fifth Avenue; an air of domesticity—of large and elegant domesticity, it is true; but still, they looked like homes, the homes of people of sense, and taste, and character. One of the last of these houses to be deserted as a residence was occupied dur-

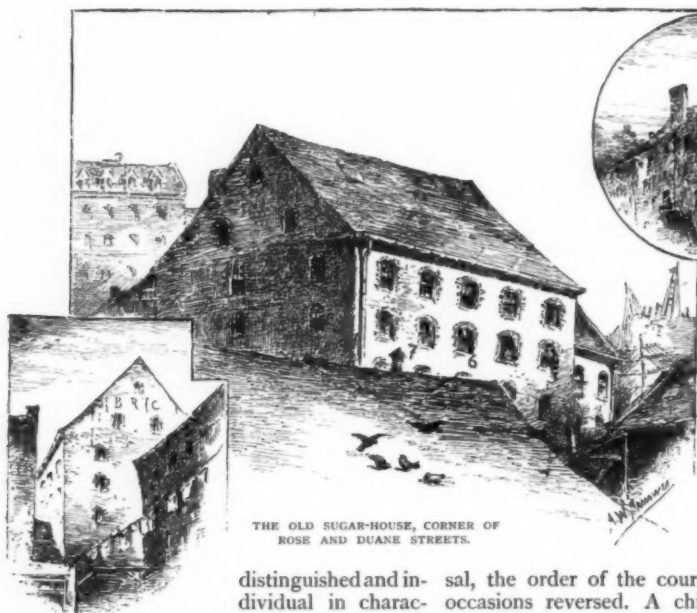


ENTABLATURE IN THE HOUSE OF THE THIRD MAYOR OF NEW YORK, CORNER OF WHITEHALL AND STATE STREETS.

ing its later domestic life by a gentleman well known for his elegant taste and his patronage of art. It was attractively irregular in form, having a triangular porch, and above this a corresponding balcony, over which the roof of the house projected; the support being by pillars in front and pilasters at the side. Upon this porch and balcony, side windows as well as front windows opened. The entrance was approached by double lateral steps, guarded by wrought-iron railings. The effect of this was very elegant and yet very home-like. The house was almost noble in appearance; and within it was even more attractive than it was without: ample, comfortable, highly



OLD MANTEL, IN A HOUSE IN ROSE STREET.



THE OLD SUGAR-HOUSE, CORNER OF  
ROSE AND DUANE STREETS.

fine example of that which was prevalent in New York at the beginning of this century. Of this style, in which domesticity and chastened elegance are the dominating motives, existing examples are of very great rarity.

Trending due east from State street and cutting it at right angles are two little passages, which in these days would be looked on almost as alleys. But one of them is the beginning of the once great thoroughfare, Pearl street, known first as Queen street,\* which, starting here in a line with Broadway, and within a few yards of its head, curves round toward the East River (from which it was originally the first street westward, so much have the waters of the harbor been encroached upon), and, expanding, like a river in its pools, first at Hanover Square (formerly the great shopping center of fashion) and then at Franklin Square, enters Broadway next above Duane street, and directly opposite where the gray walls of the New York Hospital were seen only some sixteen or eighteen years ago, removed from the rush and roar of the great thoroughfare by an avenue through grass that seemed ever green and under elms that overtopped the highest houses. So late as 1830-35, Pearl street was so much a street

\* But between Whitehall and State streets (which themselves seem not to have received these names until after the Revolution), it was at the very first called Dock street.

of elegant residences and of fine shops; that all the civic and military processions marched through it, and, entering Broadway here, marched down that street to the Battery for dismissal, the order of the course being on some occasions reversed. A child could throw a biscuit across Pearl street, between State street and Whitehall; yet there, until within a very few years, stood houses of a stately elegance which would now be sought in vain between Washington Square and the Central Park; albeit the carving within and without of some of these latter cost more than the entire construction of the others. Indeed, the house in the Fifth Avenue which is the most distinguished in appearance of all in that quarter, at once the most elegant, the most home-like, and the most suggestive of well-established wealth, is the plainest house there. It stands in that part of the avenue in which these qualities are most remarkable (that below Fourteenth street), on the north-western corner of Ninth street. The building of Chickering Hall removed from the Fifth Avenue some eight years ago the only other eye-pleasing and habitable-seeming houses it could boast; thousands must now remember with regret what they once looked upon with envy. Of the old houses in Pearl street which I have mentioned, two fine examples remained until within a few years. One was pilastered to the eaves; the other had at each story sunken arches and projecting cornices, which were supported by slender pillars. The cost could have been but very little, but the resulting effect was of singular elegance.

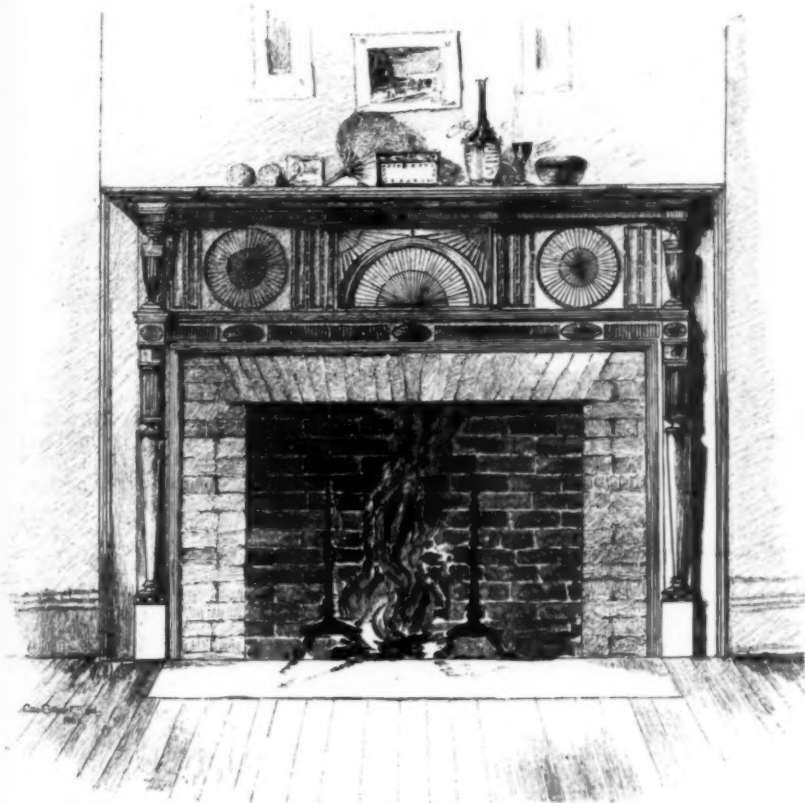
Little Bridge street was lined with houses of like structure, and of these a fine specimen still remains on the corner of State street.

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It is of much larger dimensions than any of those already mentioned, larger even than the modern house on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth street, and is truly worthy of the epithet "mansion," which is so freely and so absurdly misapplied in the newspapers. Its rising, well-spread roof; its inviting en-

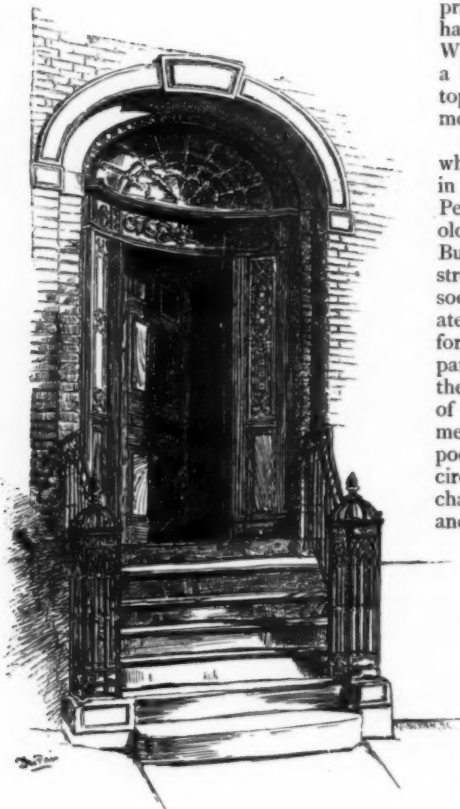
preserved in his view, and see in this offensive incongruity one illustration of the spirit which seized upon New York some forty years ago, and left it a vast assemblage of engines of rapacity and architectural horrors. In the fine houses, of which this is a fair specimen, there were beautiful effects pro-



OLD MANTEL IN BEDROOM, HOUSE CORNER OF BRIDGE AND STATE STREETS.

trance, which seems to promise welcome and refined entertainment; its double-bowed front on either side, suggestive of the amplitude of space of which it really was the sign; its two balconies, whence we know fair women had often smiled upon brave men, give it a charm that does not sit ill upon its simple dignity. Look at it, and see if, in all New York, beyond the regions of trade, there is one house of which the outside shows such a promise of gentle breeding within. Then look upon the poles and wires which the artist, with hardy faithfulness—perhaps with vengeful motive—has

duced by approaches, stair-ways, and various uses of well-ordered space; of which this house is not without examples. Philadelphia is at present richer than any other city in houses thus ennobled. Here, too, we find a charming example of one of those elegant old mantel-pieces which were common in all our houses of a certain grade about the beginning of this century, but which are now as rare as the houses themselves. The elements of their beauty are exceedingly simple, but the eye never wearies of it; for it results merely from the harmonious disposition of straight lines and curves, without any



DOOR-WAY OF A HOUSE IN OLIVER STREET.

pretension or implied significance. The design in all of them varied little, as will be seen by a comparison of one in the Bridge street house with two other examples, here illustrated: slender, fanciful pillars, surmounted with vase-form posts, which support a delicately molded shelf, and across the front only a decoration of geometrical figures with concentric lines; but the effect is that of a very winning union of elegance and homelikeness. A building which has long been too familiar to New York eyes to need illustration, and so well known even to those who have not seen it, as only to need mention, was the Washington Hotel, on the Bowling Green; the first house in Broadway; which within the last year has yielded place to the foundations of one of those hideous and perilous structures of many monotonous stories, which, within the last ten years, have risen to affront the heavens with their ugliness. In this house, which was a

private dwelling of colonial date, and which had a historical interest as the residence of Washington, there remained to its last days a beautiful recessed, arched window, in the top of which the framing was of wrought metal work, of rich and pretty design.

In houses like this and its neighbors at which we have glanced in Bridge street and in Pearl street, and in the Walton House in Pearl street near Franklin Square, and in the old Glover House, also in Pearl street, near Burling Slip (the garden of which was destroyed when Platt street was cut through), the social entertainments of colonial and immediately post-colonial days had fair opportunity for the display of that courtliness of which the parting light and the fading aroma linger in the literature and the private correspondence of that period. No crushes, no rushes, no mere mob in good clothes with money in pocket; but a comparatively limited social circle who knew all about each other; culture, character; much courtesy, if some stiffness; and a sense of decency even in those whom excess sometimes led to violate decorum. The petty passions and the pettier ambitions which stimulate the strife for that bubble, social success, were doubtless forces in action in the society of those times, as they are now. But at this distance, at least, they appear, even as they were described by the actors in them, to have had an outside decoration of dignity and courtesy which concealed the worst of their deformity. One chair in many a house in Fifth Avenue costs as much as the worth of all the furniture of a room in one of those old houses; but the cost of the chair does not give grace to the sitter; nor will gilding, bright colors, and French polish compensate the eye of taste for the absence of well-ordered space and harmonious outlines.

Nor were the interiors of these old houses lacking in the charm of beautiful decorative detail, as the young draughtsman saw who sketched the entablature of a door in the house of the third mayor of New York. Among the city's most distinguished architects, there is not one who might not gladly own this chaste and elegant design.

The neighborhood of the Battery and the Bowling Green could not, even in the earlier days of New York, continue to afford house room to all its inhabitants who were able and desirous to live handsomely; and before the beginning of this century\* "fashion" had

\* I need hardly say that I am writing very generally. I have neither the intention nor the wish to be particular. As to dates, within a few years, I do not profess to be exact.

gone "up-town," even so far as Park Place, a short street (still bearing that name) which ran from Broadway, opposite the middle of the old City Hall Park, to the Columbia College Green. This very pleasant little street (the oldest of New York "Places"), with the obscure little street on the west side of the College Green called College Place, continued to be the residence of people of wealth and social importance as late as the year 1845. On the east side of Broadway, people of condition, after living even in the upper part of Broad street,\* in Wall street, in Pine and Cedar, in Maiden Lane, Gold, Cliff, and Fulton, seized upon Beekman street and filled it, from old St. George's to the City Hall Park, with houses in the best domestic style of London at that period. These houses were the homes of the most eminent merchants and professional men of the city. The street was quiet; it was not a thoroughfare for trade or any other purpose, on account of its nearness to Fulton street (the avenue to the Brooklyn Ferry) and the closure of the western end by the Park. Beekman street, like Park Place, retained its favor long. It was not until after 1845 that door-plates bearing some of the most honored names in New York's commerce and society disappeared from it: and no wonder; it was the embodiment of respectability and pleasant seclusion. I know this; for sleepy old St. George's, where my mother was married and I was baptized, was the first church in which my ears were fed with the music that I loved (it had a grand English organ and a famous English organist); and through Beekman street I went, some ten years later than the time of which I am writing, twice a day, as a school-boy, to and from Columbia College Grammar School. I observed those houses until I believe I knew every brick in the street. Their style and construction were distinctly different from those which prevailed around the Battery and the Bowling Green. Not less expressive of respectability and domesticity, they were less impressive and not so spacious. Already the crowding and flat-squeezing consequent upon uniform building plots of 25 feet by 100 had begun. But in some of the streets in this neighborhood such an arrangement was impossible.

Not far northward from Beekman street, and about a like distance eastward from the City Hall, is a little street, Rose street, the very name of which is probably not known to more than one in a thousand New Yorkers to-day. Filled now with beer-houses and

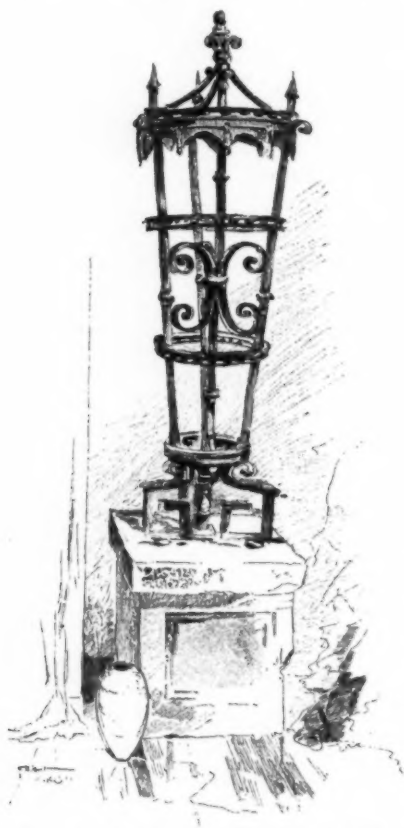


DOOR IN HOUSE CORNER OF REDFORD AND MORTON STREETS.

tenement-houses, and the cheapest of cheap German boarding-houses, with huge factories, vast printing-offices, and finally crushed by the viaduct of the Brooklyn Bridge, which has shouldered its huge bulk in among the other coarse usurpers, so that it seems strange that the little place can hold them all,—reduced to this condition now, this little street (also a quiet no-thoroughfare) was, so late as 1830-35, filled with residences handsome for their day. Nor need I thus qualify my record. There still stands in Rose street a house, with a full-bowed front, which cannot have been built later than 1820, and which would at this day hold its own with any of the "place" houses of like size on cross streets between Eighth street and Union Square. One peculiarity of this street was that its course and the consequent shape of the plots of ground were such that most of the houses were not built in a line with it. Their fronts, being built at right angles with their sides, left a right-angled triangle vacant before each one of them; and the line of the houses along the street was like that of a rip-saw. In a town which soon was ruled off into rectangular uniformity, this variation of line was not without its charm. In one of these Rose street houses, one of our artists, on his quest for such examples of the style of interior building as might remain, found another of those beautiful old mantel-pieces which I have already mentioned; this one in a paneled room. It was this that first allured me when I saw this collection of sketches; and it touched me close; for it was the first mantel-piece I ever saw; it being in the house my father occupied in Rose street in my early

\* Delmonico (the original) was early in business (if he did not begin) in a spacious and elegant old house, formerly a private dwelling, in Broad street, near Exchange Place.

boyhood. The artist supposes it to be a piece of colonial work, and has decorated his sketch with a chair of the period. Upon this point, however, I must venture to differ from him very decidedly—at my risk, I know; but I feel quite sure that those mantel-pieces did not come into vogue in America until about the beginning of this century, and that most of the very few existing examples of them date from 1790 to 1810. Another of them, and certainly not the least pleasing, was



NEWEL NOW IN THE STUDIO OF WILLIAM M. CHASE

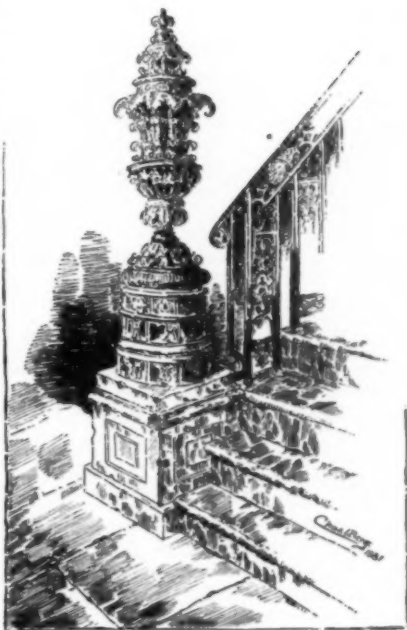
found in the back room of an old pawn-shop down-town. But in Rose street there was and is a colonial building, and one of some magnitude. It is the old prison-like stone structure (once, I believe, used as a prison) on the corner of Duane street, occupied by William Rhinelanders & Sons, sugar-bakers. According to New York custom, this grim old structure ought long ago to have been pulled down; but the current of domestic life

only eddied around it for a few years, and then flowed onward up-town; and thus the old sugar-house was left standing. It is now put to other uses, and is hardly visible from the street in which it was once a gloomy and unsightly, and I believe unsavory, object. A much more attractive one in this street, although equally plain and much less imposing, was the Friends' Meeting-house, which stood deeply recessed from the street in a large green plot on the western side, about halfway between the Rhinelanders sugar-house and Pearl street. It remained there many years after Rose street ceased to be regarded as a desirable place of residence by those who could afford to live elsewhere; and it had in its plain and well-preserved exterior and its neatly kept inclosure the very same expression of simplicity, comfort, and respectable stability that now appear in the new meeting-house and school on the western side of Stuyvesant Square, opposite St. George's Church. It is somewhat and not unpleasantly remarkable that these old neighbors, in moving more than two miles up-town, have kept so close together.

In the neighborhood of the Rose street meeting-house lived not a few of the most respectable and wealthy of the Society of Friends, at that time proportionately a very much larger and more influential body than they are now. The position of this place of worship doubtless had some influence in determining a movement which began among the wealthier of them soon after 1825; for the Rose street Meeting was the Grace Church, and the Brick Church, and the North Dutch of Quakerdom. This movement led to the establishment of a neighborhood of Friends in the streets leading from Chatham Square; but not quite so early as the date just mentioned; for this quarter was first filled by the overflow from the region around Park Place and Beekman street. It had then not been decided that the course of the development of New York "society" would be by movement on a narrow, straight line northward. Nor, indeed, was that determined until many years afterward. There were various doubtful feelers put out in several directions, and some half a dozen very strong attempts were made by land-owners to influence the direction of this movement. But every attempt to stop, to allure, or to divert it was in vain, and resulted only in the erection of fine houses that remained standing in a waste of squalor, lonely monuments of loss and folly. At the time that I speak of, all the Grinnells, Henry, Joseph, and Moses H., lived in Market street, which runs from Division street to the East River, in now one of the most obscure quar-

ters of the town. Here, however, I saw, only a few weeks ago, a house which expressed in a simple way the very perfection of comfort and respectability, and which was even not without the tokens of wealth. It was well kept up, too, everything about it being neat and orderly, even to the brick wall of its old-fashioned garden and its handsome brick stable. And yet that stable was built when there were fewer private carriages in New York than there now are locomotive engines. In this quarter, in Oliver street, which runs eastward from the unmentionable purlieu of Chatham Square, one of my artists found a very fine example of a beautiful entrance-door which came in about this time. It curved inward, the door itself being sometimes curved, and it was crowned with an elliptical arch, under which was an arched fan-light. The lintel and the posts were delicately decorated. I know of late years only this one specimen of this beautiful entrance-door, and am not sure, as I write, that this one still exists. A plainer one, somewhat in the same style, but without the alluring curve and the graceful decoration, attracted another pencil at the corner of Bedford and Morton streets. This is on the west side in old Greenwich, a village which New York has swallowed up, name and all; a place to which people fled from New York to escape the yellow fever in 1822 (and as to which I find some testimony of protection, quarantinewise, by means of a *board-fence* at that time), and which yet in 1830 began to be the residence of well-to-do merchants whose counting-houses were in Water street and in Front street.

Some readers of THE CENTURY who are interested in the subject of this article will, I am sure, have observed the railings and the open posts, or newels, of the beautiful entrance-door of Oliver street. These were of wrought iron, all worked out with the hammer; and as I looked through these sketches, I saw that luckily my architectural friends had preserved traces of the various stages of development and of degradation through which this feature of semi-architectural decoration passed. One, of a considerably later date than that of Oliver street, has such beauty and such character that an artist has removed it to his studio. Its date is probably about 1840, not later, and it is at once a relic of excellence and a token of coming deterioration. The latter appears, literally full-blown, in the much befoliated newel from the house in Bleeker street,—a bastard thing, both in design and in construction. From this the fashion seems to have passed to the shapeless cast-iron caricature which supports the cast-iron hand-rail of a house in East Fourth street,



NEWEL IN BLEEKER STREET.

near Washington Square, and which looks like a pine-apple smitten stark with death as it was trying to rise into a column. It suits its place, and it is one of the not rare tokens of the architectural blights that fell upon New York some forty or fifty years ago, of which that neighborhood at the present day preserves vestiges in all degrees.

The course of the up-town movement at first included Broadway; in which great central thoroughfare fine houses and the finest shops in the city were alternated in groups, sometimes in blocks, sometimes singly, making it both a pleasant and a brilliant promenade. No street now exists which takes the place of old Broadway in this respect. In the afternoons of spring and autumn, and on fair days in winter, it was thronged with elegantly dressed people, including those of acknowledged fashion and social position, who now use no place as a promenade, and when they do appear in the street on foot dressed in the soberest and most unobtrusive style. Very few houses in old Broadway had any beauty or made any architectural pretension. Only two or three had striking architectural character, and that was very bad — either oppressively ponderous and dull, or else extravagant. Of the latter sort there is one remaining, directly opposite

Washington Place—a white marble house twenty-five feet wide, with two monolith Ionic pillars standing between its no-roof and something which is neither a vestibule nor a balcony. It is one of two which were built together, presenting to the admiring eye four Ionic pillars big enough for a Greek temple. A more absurdly uncomfortable, un-homelike, incongruous structure for a dwelling-house was never built. One of these houses has been taken down. When they were built there stood nearly opposite to them a large, old-fashioned, wooden country-house in a garden. Such contrasts were then, and even afterward, not uncommon, owing to the rapid growth of the city. Only a few years ago, a large old house stood on the west side of the town, much below Fourth street, surrounded by narrow brick buildings, its ragged old garden and grass-plots occupying half the ground between four streets. Some of the pleasantest houses of later days were in Walker street and White street, west of Broadway. Most of them were what is called "basement houses," with drawing-rooms on the upper floor, and double staircases. They were spacious and comfortable, and, notwithstanding their extreme plainness, were unmistakably the residences of elegant people. Here lived some of the most gay and fashionable as well as respectable families of the city.

The first formation of a large fashionable quarter, after Park Place and the neighborhood of Columbia College became insufficient for the growing demands of the city in this respect, was around St. John's Park. This, like Gramercy Park, was a private pleasure-ground; keys to its gates being perquisites of houses which fronted upon it or were in its immediate neighborhood. St. John's Church and the Park, which was filled with fine trees, made this a delightful place of residence; but none of the houses had any beauty or character. Their only architectural merit was that they were unpretending, seemed comfortable, and were not built in monotonous rows.

The next center of fashionable residence was Bleeker street, on both sides of Broadway, and Bond street, which latter was filled with costly houses, most of which are still standing. Their contrast of red brick with white marble basements, steps, and door-ways, made them glare horribly under our blazing sun. They were entirely devoid of character. Some attempt in this direction had been made in Leroy Place, a section of Bleeker street between Mercer and Greene streets. The stone-work was in gray granite; two houses in the middle of the row had high steps, and those on either side were "basement houses,"



DOOR-WAY IN WASHINGTON SQUARE, EAST FOURTH STREET.

entered on a level with the street. Symmetry was thus obtained, and the place had an eminently respectable air; but on the whole the effect was rather depressing.

A great architectural effort was made about this time in Lafayette Place, which (as it was next to Broadway, and yet, by closure at both ends, secure against being a thoroughfare,) was thought to be eminently suitable for a place of elegant residence. Wherefore Colonnade Row, with its formidable array of Corinthian pillars, was built. A gloomier, more forbidding, more ridiculous structure for domestic purposes could hardly be found. But one house in this neighborhood deserves honorable mention, that on the western corner of Great Jones street and Lafayette Place, which was recently occupied by the Columbia College law school. It is slightly tinged with the Philistinism of its period; but it is spacious, handsome, and not without character. It looks like the residence of a man of wealth and culture. It is to be deplored that houses like this must be abandoned to public or to inferior uses. Generations ought to succeed each other in such homes. In London they have done so in plainer, if larger, houses on St. James's Park, where families have had their city residence for more than two cent-

uries. Stability and long association are essential elements of a true home, whether it be large or small, plain or costly.

A notable effort in this direction was made in the building of Depau Row: in Bleeker street, two streets west of Leroy Place: a row of large, massive houses, all alike, intended to be stately, each having a *porte cochère*, or carriage entrance, through which, only, admission could be had. The intention was that these houses should be occupied only by people of a certain and identical social standing, and that they should be hereditary family residences. Most of their first occupants were connected more or less nearly by marriage; and it was seriously debated whether one of the first surgeons in the world—a man of wealth and character as well as talent, and of notably fine manners—was in a sufficiently elevated position to be received in one as a tenant. He was indeed accepted; and although then a middle-aged man, he lived to see the famous Row deserted by his critical neighbors as well as by himself, and given up to basest uses. Probably no neighborhood in New York was ever occupied by a more abandoned and disreputable horde of tenants than Depau Row within twenty years of its building. The attempt failed partly because of the uncontrollable movement of the various currents of population; partly because its social design was incongruous with the spirit of the country. Architecturally, it was far from admirable. It was indeed gloomy and peculiar, but not grand,—as undomestic a looking pile of brick and mortar as was ever put together.

The row of houses on the north side of Washington Square was built just fifty years ago. These houses have no external beauty or character, but their situation is incomparably fine (unless we could go back to the Battery), and within they are models of comfort. Even at this day the two most

desirable houses in the city are those on the corners of Washington Square and the Fifth Avenue.

Nothing which could be brought within the limits of this article remains to be said about the older dwelling-houses of New York. From Washington Square upward began the endless succession of "places," and of houses in long, monotonous rows, and of that series of architectural horrors known as "brown-stone fronts." Thrift, and the desire to meet the multitudinous demands of vulgar taste for show, were the guiding motives of the builders who covered the upper part of New York with houses the memory of many of which is like a brick and stone nightmare. Pretension is united with vulgarity; and the product in many cases seems to have been the result of a notion that architectural beauty is to be attained by an indefinite repetition of ugliness.

But, within the last ten years, a new spirit has manifested itself in the domestic architecture of New York. Among the houses built within that time are some which, according to their size and quality, are worthy of any country and any period. The fantastic monstrosity in external form which prevailed throughout the previous thirty or forty years is giving place to a sober but attractive and thoroughly congruous elegance; while internal decoration unites comfort and domesticity with a beauty of form and a richness of color to which even our old colonial houses and those of the earlier years of this century did not attain. The rapid accumulation of wealth is at last accompanied by the appearance of a few gifted architects, who promise within the next ten years to relieve modern New York from the reproach of being at once one of the largest and richest and one of the ugliest cities in the world; unfortunately, they cannot help its being the noisiest and one of the most unclean.

*Richard Grant White.*

#### A PRAYER.

How glad the heart beats, though the world has graves!  
Ah, happy breath! in spite of care and strife!  
Though lacking much, this only thing I crave:—  
Make me love death, O Lord, as I love life!

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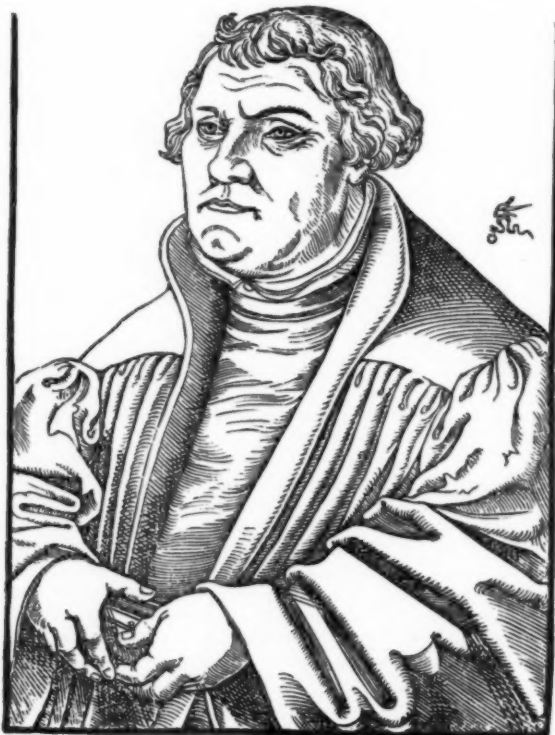
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MARTIN LUTHER, AFTER FOUR HUNDRED YEARS.



MARTIN LUTHER. (FROM A WOOD-CUT BY LUCAS CRANACH, ENGRAVED IN 1546.)

MARGARET LUTHER, the mother of Martin, told Melanchthon that she recollected the day of the month and the hour when her son was born, but not the year. But James Luther, his brother, whom Melanchthon pronounces an honest and upright man, told him that it was 1483. This brother was conversant with the family history. His testimony, not to speak of other evidence, establishes the fact that the "modern Hercules," whose heroic qualities, as well as his achievements in the reform of religion, were on a level with the fabled labors and spirit of the son of Zeus, drew his first breath on the night of the 10th of November,—it was after the hour of eleven,—four hundred years ago. No man ever showed himself to the world more unreservedly than this mighty leader of the Teutonic revolt against Rome. He abhorred concealment. He was really

incapable of disguise. He could not do otherwise than lay bare his heart and mind. His outspokenness was often a source of terror and anxiety to his friends, not less than of wrath to his enemies. If, on very rare occasions, he made the attempt to be shrewd and diplomatic, the effort was sure to be clumsy and abortive, and he was himself disgusted with the experiment. The secret fears and misgivings, from which even his clear and bold mind was not free, he had no inclination to hide. For example, we read in the "Table Talk": "A man must be plunged in bitter affliction when in his heart he means good and yet is not regarded. I can never get rid of these cogitations, wishing that I had never begun this business with the Pope. \* \* \* But 'tis the frailty of our nature to be thus discouraged." Is he for the moment struck with weariness at being misunderstood

and rejected? Like a child, he expresses the transient regret that he ever undertook to set the world right. Even the inward temptations of the flesh he does not hesitate, in the most simple way, to refer to. Witness his letters from the Wartburg, which depict his bodily infirmities and the evil thoughts that at times tormented him in his solitary hours. His unguarded freedom of speech respecting himself was connected with an equal freedom and candor in speaking of others. His writings are not only multitudinous; they were composed so rapidly, in quick response to emergencies, that they are a transparent mirror of his thought and feeling. His personality is in them all to an extent that is, perhaps, true of no other writer on religion since the Apostle Paul. His correspondence, stretching through many volumes, is an endless source of information respecting him and his ways. The object of boundless interest in his own time, attracting the intense admiration of a part of mankind, and provoking the violent antipathy of another part, it was inevitable that numberless reports of his sayings and doings should become current. Devoted companions treasured up fragments of his spontaneous talk as he sat at the table with them, and their notes were subsequently compiled in a volume, one of the most suggestive and entertaining in this species of literature. By this time we ought to know Luther well. It demonstrates the richness and depth of his nature that men do not grow tired of him. They may dislike the fierce dogmatism, which became more boisterous in the battles which he waged and in the days of ill health and advancing age. The coarseness and occasional indelicacy of his language may repel readers who are not over-fastidious. But the originality of thought and the virility of expression, the insight into the deep things of the spirit, the vein of humor that mingles itself unbidden with the most profound and serious reflection, the play of imagination,—these qualities that belong to the utterances of Luther constitute an unfailing charm. A poet, and no less a poet than Coleridge, has said of him: "He was a poet, indeed, as great a poet as ever lived in any age or country; but his poetic images were so vivid that they mastered the poet's own mind. He was possessed with them as with substances distinct from himself: Luther did not write, he acted, poems."

As the world has ample means of acquainting itself with the personal traits of Luther, so is it with the circumstances of his career. A few errors or apocryphal incidents still cling to the story. His parents were not at Eisleben to attend a fair on the occasion of his birth.

They had previously removed to that place from Möhra, a village in the Thuringian forest, not far from the spot where the English monk, Boniface, the apostle of Germany, first planted the Gospel among the Germanic tribes. Luther's progenitors, as he himself says, were all plain working people. His parents were quite poor; but they were self-respecting and religious, and set a proper value on intellectual and Christian training. John Luther, his father, became a magistrate in Mansfeld, the place to which he removed shortly after the Reformer's birth. Thanks to the filial regard of his son, John Luther passed his last days in comfort, and left behind him, for a man in his station, considerable property. It is characteristic of Luther that, in framing the form of marriage ceremony to be used by the clergy, he used the names of his father and mother, Hans and Gretha, to fill the blanks: "You, Hans, take Gretha," etc. There is no proof that, as commonly related, one of his friends was struck dead by lightning at his side. Melancthon speaks of the sudden death of one of his intimate friends by some accident, the nature of which was not known to the narrator. He was probably murdered, or killed in a duel. Luther, however, had a terrific experience of some sort in a thunder-storm, when the lightning struck near him. Incidents of this character were not without an influence in determining him to take the vows of a monk; but the main causes, of course, lay deeper, in the whole bent of his thoughts and in the profound religious anxieties which were independent in their origin of any casual occurrence. Fervent admirers of Luther, or zealous Protestants, have occasionally suppressed remarks, or passed silently over events, which they have imagined to reflect some discredit on their hero. One instance is a phrase in the description which was given of his person and manners by Petrus Mosellanus, who was Professor of Greek at Leipsic when Luther was there at the public disputation with Eck,—a description which it is worth while to notice, as having an interest apart from the point referred to. This was in 1519, two years after the posting of the Theses, when Luther was thirty-four years old. Mosellanus writes to Julius Pflug: "Martin is of middle stature, thin and worn with anxiety and study, so that one may count almost all his bones, but of manly and fresh age, and with a clear and loud voice. His knowledge of Scripture is so great that he has all at his fingers' ends. He is so conversant with Greek and Hebrew that he can judge of the fidelity of interpretations. He possesses, too, a great abundance and command of words and facts, but somewhat

lacks, perhaps, judgment and discretion in the use of them." These last words have been omitted by several of the Lutheran authorities. Mosellanus proceeds: "In his manners he is courteous and friendly, and has nothing stoical or supercilious about him; he can accommodate himself to all occasions. In society he is a lively and pleasant jester,"—this word "nugator" (trifler) has likewise been sometimes left out in citations of the passage,—"always of bright and joyous aspect, let his opponent threaten him never so fiercely; so that one can scarcely imagine this man to have undertaken such weighty matters without the aid of God. But the fault which almost all find with him is that he is somewhat imprudent in reprehension, and more biting than is safe in an innovator in religious matters, or decorous in a theologian." This was the impression which Luther made on the Leipzig Greek professor. A year before, Cardinal Cajetan had bluntly said of him: "I will converse no more with this beast, for he has deep-set eyes and wonderful speculations in his head." Those who are familiar with Cranach's portraits know that as Luther grew older he became stout. On his stern and rugged, yet not ungenial face, were stamped the mingled determination and sincerity that were native to his character.

It is vain to seek to account for a personality like that of Luther by his environment. There is a mysterious personal force which has an origin independent of circumstances,—a vast force brought into the current of human affairs to modify its direction. Yet the conditions of the emerging of this personal power are furnished by the contemporary and previous situation. A man, however great, must mold himself on his times. It would be impossible for such a man to be transferred from one age to another. Luther owed much to his family, lowly as was their condition of life. There lay back of him the Latin Church, with its varied and mighty influences, active during more than a thousand years for the shaping of mind and character. He advanced beyond the experience of a priest and a monk, but without that experience he would not have been Luther. There was a development of conscience under the mediæval system of religion in which Luther partook to the full. The blood of the German race flowed in his veins. It is more than a fancy to suppose that he may have sprung from the tall warriors and stalwart chieftains who confronted the legions of old Rome and remained unconquered.

Luther was a German of the Germans,—the "Ur-Deutscher," the typical German, as he has been called. He knew his people

thoroughly, and they recognized themselves in him. Foe as well as friend allows that no man ever did more for an entire nation or left a stronger mark upon it. The very language in which Germans have spoken and written since Luther is an indestructible monument of his influence. He created the language anew. He stands at the fountain-head of the modern literature of the "Fatherland." He has molded the minds of uncounted millions of his countrymen, on whom his image has been consciously or unconsciously impressed. His words have had a greater and more lasting effect on his countrymen than the words of any other man. When we look at the influence which has gone forth from his manuals of religious instruction, and from the hymns which have been sung in churches and households, and by armies on the march to battle, now for four centuries, the measure of his power is felt to be indeed incalculable. All this has been eloquently expressed by the ablest of the modern Roman Catholic theologians, Döllinger, who had spent a long life largely in withstanding Luther's doctrine. The failure, it may be here remarked, of the "Old Catholic movement," supported though it was by many scholars and by princes, brings out in stronger relief the gigantic power of the Reformer, who carried through what might appear to be an infinitely more formidable task.

Of all Luther's gifts to the German people, his translation of the Bible is, no doubt, the most valuable. In nothing are the resources of his intellect and the vigor of his character more manifest than in his ability, in the midst of a literary warfare with a hundred antagonists, to undertake most important works of a positive character, involving a great amount of thought and toil, for the upbuilding of the church. The translation of the Bible cost him a world of labor. He recognized the necessity of taking counsel in such a work. Besides the regular help of Melancthon, Jonas, and his other coadjutors, he would discuss words and phrases at his own table with the friends and guests who happened to be with him. Imbued himself with the vernacular of the people, he still did not neglect to inquire of common men in cases where he was doubtful as to the right term to be chosen, or as to the precise significance of a popular phrase. For he meant to make a translation which should come home to the understanding and heart of the common man. It should be a *German Bible* that he would give to the people. Not that he undervalued accuracy: he claimed that, in cases where precision was necessary, he had secured it, sparing no outlay of thought and inquiry to achieve this

end. Still, he was determined to issue, not a colorless version, or a version enervated by idiomatic peculiarities of the Hebrew and the Greek, or a pedantic version, intelligible and interesting only to the cultivated, but rather a translation which should make the Bible appear to have been written in German. He gives amusing accounts of the struggles it cost him to make the sacred writers "speak German." In dealing with Job, especially, his patience was well-nigh exhausted. No one could understand what it had cost him to make Job "*reden Deutsch*." But he succeeded. In his version, the apostles and prophets "*reden Deutsch*,"—the *Deutsch* of the shop, the market, and the hearthstone. Luther's Bible is a living book. If the recent English revision of the authorized version, admirable in various particulars, fails at any point, it is just here. There is a lack of freedom in the incorporation of English idioms; in a word, there is an undue servility. So far as a translation fails to give the force and beauty of the original, it is incorrect. Close adhesion to grammar and lexicon, in many instances, may be the cause of greater loss than gain. We must have the spirit as well as the letter of the text. If we cannot have both, then better the spirit than the letter. Our recent revisers make the frightened disciples who saw Jesus walking on the sea cry out, "It is an apparition" (Matt. xiv. 26). Would such a company of fishermen, in a state of alarm, use this word? If not, some other should have been substituted for it. The juicy language of Luther's version, its sinewy vigor, its racy idioms, and the rhythmical charm which it has in common with the authorized English version, are literary merits which it is impossible to estimate too highly.

Full of patriotic feeling, Luther shared in the national aversion to the Italian spirit and to Italian domination. There is a lively dramatic interest in certain memorable interviews in which he was brought face to face with Italian prelates. One of these was the conference with Cardinal Cajetan at Augsburg, to which we have referred. Luther found him, he wrote, "a complete Italian." The wary and accomplished Italian, liberal-minded, too, as he proved himself in his subsequent career, found the monk whom he expected to convert much more ready to debate than to be instructed. In reply to the question where he would stand if the Elector failed to protect him, Luther answered, "*Sub celo*" ("Under heaven"). Many years later, when the state of things had greatly altered, and Rome had learned that the Saxon insurrection was not easy to be suppressed, Vergerio, another trained and refined prelate, was

sent by Pope Paul III. to negotiate with the Lutherans on the matter of a projected council. He arrived at Wittenberg on Saturday, November 6, 1535. On Sunday morning Luther summoned his barber, and jocosely informed him that, being about to meet the Pope's nuncio, he wished to make his best appearance; "that I may," he added, "be taken for a younger man than I am, and so terrify my enemies with the threat of a long life." Clad in his best apparel, with an ornament of gold hung upon his neck, he stepped into the carriage, with his companion, Pomeranus, exclaiming, "Here go the German Pope and Cardinal Pomeranus!" Luther frankly declared to Vergerio his disbelief in the sincerity of the Pope, his jubilant confidence in the soundness of his doctrine, his readiness to go to a council anywhere, adding that he would bring his "neck along with him." His hilarity, his cheerful tone of defiance, as well as his barbarous colloquial Latin, made a somewhat unpleasing impression on the polished Italian. It is remarkable, however, that Vergerio himself afterward joined the Protestants. The checkered career of this man is a remarkable illustration of the changes of opinion and of fortune that were not unfrequent in that revolutionary age.

Luther might have limited himself to the work of a national reformer, and have put himself at the head of a movement having no other end than to emancipate the German church from subservience to Rome. The connection of Germany and Italy in the middle ages, after the Roman Empire was established in the German line, was attended with perpetual jealousy and conflict. One might be tempted to judge that it would have been better if the Empire, with the long investiture struggle and all the contests and suffering which the imperial idea involved, had not existed, and Germany and Italy had been kept apart. But, as Ranke has sagaciously remarked, the course of history is not marked out—it is well that it is not—after these preconceived notions. Without the union of Germany and Italy, prolific of evil though it was, the "evolution" of Christendom could not have taken place. The loss from isolation would have been greater than the gain. It is true, however, that a national antipathy, which had been the growth of ages, had been developed through the abuses of papal administration in relation to Germany, until the German nation at the beginning of the sixteenth century was ripe for a united movement that should lay an effectual curb upon papal domination, and redress the grievances which had so long been a theme of loud complaint. In the councils of Constance and of

Basel, in the fifteenth century, Germany had nearly succeeded in organizing a national movement to secure a fair measure of ecclesiastical autonomy. The failure, and the continuance of abuses, only made the discontent deeper. The Emperor Maximilian thought of getting himself chosen Pope in order to remedy the evils complained of. He had never known a Pope, he said, who had dealt truly and faithfully with him. "Eternal God!" he once exclaimed, "if it were not that Thou art watchful, how bad it would be with the world which we rule,—I a miserable hunter, and that drunken and rascally [Pope] Julius." In the classification of his writings which Luther made at the Diet of Worms, in response to the comprehensive demand that he should retract what he had written, he made emphatic mention of the wrongs of Germany. "The sufferings and complaints of all mankind," he said, "are my witnesses that, through the laws of the Pope and the doctrines of men, the consciences of the faithful have been ensnared, tortured, and torn in pieces, while at the same time their property and substance have been devoured by an incredible tyranny, and are still devoured without end and by degrading means, and that, too, most of all in this noble nation of Germany." The extortion of money from the poor, by such emissaries as Tetzels, was only one item in a long catalogue of measures adapted to rouse the indignation of the German people. If Luther had confined himself to abuses of administration and flagrant stretches of prerogative on the part of Rome, and, for the most part, had let doctrine alone, there is little doubt that all Germany might have been rallied to his cause. It is not given to man to forecast the future; but, as we imagine this course to have been taken, the vision arises of a united Germany gradually shaking off ecclesiastical tyranny and advancing in a peaceful career on the upward path of culture and civilization. Instead of this result, what do we behold? The nation divided, and ultimately torn in twain: first the war of Smalcald, then the Thirty Years' War, with its pitiless barbarities, destroying arts and industry, liberty and independence, and making Germany for generations a prey to implacable factions and merciless foreign invaders.

The wisdom which reasons thus is plausible but shallow. Like remarks might be made respecting Christianity in its beginnings, and in its relation to the religion of the Jews and the gentile philosophy and worship. The Prince of Peace came "not to bring peace but a sword." It is the greatness of Luther that he was more than a German patriot; he

was more than a reformer of ecclesiastical and civil polity. The perceptions and convictions that possessed his soul were of a more universal character. Religion, and the truth of religion, were to his mind the supreme concern. Hence, he laid the axe at the root of the tree. He went back to the fundamental truth of Christianity, which lay at the foundation of the Church in the intention of its Founder. He planted himself on principles which have to do with man's essential relations to God and to the invisible world.

The Christianity which Luther, after prolonged struggle for light and peace, learned from the New Testament, brought him into mortal conflict with the Scholastic Theology, which had been elaborated, on the basis of the Fathers, by the mediæval doctors, notably Thomas Aquinas, and had been sealed and sanctioned by the Church and the Popes. The principle of faith; the idea of the immediate connection of the receptive and dependent soul with God and Christ, with no human priest to intervene; the doctrine of gratuitous forgiveness without works or merits in man,—were as clear to Luther as if they had been written in letters of fire on the sky. Thomas Aquinas was the oracle of the Dominican order. It was this order which had in charge the sale of indulgences, the scandal which first provoked the indignation of Luther. Against the theology of Aquinas and of his followers, and the doctrine of salvation which Rome required him to preach, he prosecuted an unrelenting crusade. It was a part of Luther's endeavor to break down the overweening authority of Aristotle. This philosopher had ruled in the schools for several centuries. First, his logical method had been adopted with eager enthusiasm by the Schoolmen. At length his other writings, including his "Ethics," gained an almost equal sway. He was considered to have exhausted the powers of unassisted human reason in the quest for moral and religious truth. To disparage Aristotle was little short of heresy. Luther, in common with the Humanists, early contended against the supremacy of the Stagirite. But what inflamed Luther's antagonism was the ethical doctrine that good works make the habit or principle. That the work derives all its worth from the principle out of which it springs, this principle being faith, was Luther's cardinal maxim. The scholastic doctrine of works had really not been drawn from Aristotle. It had arisen independently, and then welcome corroboration had been sought and found in the master of heathen wisdom. Luther's exasperation against the obnoxious doctrine included in it, however, an antagonism to the philosopher

who was thought to stand as its sponsor. Every student of Luther knows, or ought to know, how to make a proper discount from his vituperative language, which, by utterances in some other connection, is often neutralized or at least qualified. But certainly he is unsparing in the denunciation which, in various passages, he pours out on the head of the heretical philosopher. "It grieves me to the heart," he says, "that the damned, arrogant, rascally heathen with his false words has seduced and befooled so many of the best Christians."\* He reproaches his adversaries with having chosen for their master "a dead and damned heathen." (As the word "damned" is, in these places, a past participle and is literally meant, we give it a literal rendering.) This "dead heathen," he avers, "has well-nigh suppressed God's books." In the excess of his vehemence he asserts that even a potter knows more even of natural things than stands written in Aristotle's books. All this is sufficiently extravagant. It is merely one mode of indicating his extreme repugnance to a Pelagian theory of character, which makes a man merit his own salvation, and dispenses with God's help and grace in the building up of character, and with faith as the fountain of right conduct.

Luther could not make a distinct issue on doctrine with the Church without a direct collision with the Latin hierarchy, and with the Pope, their chief. This battle he did not seek. He would have been glad to avoid it. For a long time he had no idea that matters would be pushed to an extremity. He hoped that he would be allowed to believe and to preach what he read in St. John and St. Paul. More than once he refers to the long, anxious conflict in his own mind through which he passed before he could arrive at the resolve to take a stand against the Pope and the authoritative, traditional teaching of the Church. It was in no temper of foolishness, no spirit of bravado, from no impatience of just authority, from no conceit of his own wisdom, but from the deepest conviction that no other course was open to him, that he finally determined to throw off the yoke which it was impossible to wear longer with a good conscience. Long after the "Theses" were published, looking back to that time, he wrote: "What was I then! a poor, miserable little monk, more like a corpse than a man! for me to march against the majesty of the pontiff—of him whose nod was terrible not only to the princes of the earth, but, if I may so say, to heaven and hell! In what straits my soul was confined during the first and following year; to what

submissions, by no means feigned or false, I descended; nay, in what despair I was all but involved, can be little conceived," etc. To whatever he might think or say, the reply was at hand, "Hear the Church!" "Here was my severest struggle, here my greatest difficulties; but at length I did, notwithstanding, overcome the obstacle through the grace of Christ. Indeed, at that time I had a much stronger reverence for the pontifical Church, and a much deeper conviction that it was the true Church, than those perverse men who are now so loudly extolling it in opposition to me." He believed that the Pope taught, and required others to teach, false doctrine. "Wickliffe and Huss," he says, in the "Table Talk," "assailed the immoral conduct of papists; but I chiefly oppose and resist their doctrine; I affirm roundly and plainly that they preach not the truth. To this I am called; I take the goose by the neck and set the knife to its throat." "Well, on in God's name; seeing I am come into the lists, I will fight it out. I know my quarrel and cause are upright and just." Luther has done more than any other man ever did to emancipate the human mind from usurped authority. But this was not his proximate aim. It was the indirect consequence of the movement which he originated. It was the second step which he took,—a step which he was compelled to take, which he took reluctantly but resolutely when the right moment came, although at first it had been far from his thoughts.

The fact that the religious interest was nearest Luther's heart determined his position in relation to "Humanism," and to the renowned leader in the world of letters, Erasmus. Luther was in cordial sympathy with the great literary movement which had already done so much to break down the sway of Scholasticism and the monkish type of piety. He was fond of the ancient classics; he was a student and admirer of Cicero; he took Virgil and Plautus into the cloister with him. Melancthon, in the preface to the Wittenberg edition of Luther's writings, remarks that, if he had found at Erfurt competent teachers, he would have experienced more the softening influence of the philosophers and other authors of antiquity. As it was, he took a good rank among the Humanists, and partly on this account was made by the Elector professor at Wittenberg. He understood the great service which Erasmus had done in exposing superstition and in bringing forward the classical authors and the New Testament writings, as well as the fathers. But when it came to an open rupture with Rome, their ways parted. Not to dwell on the circum-

\* "Works," Walch's ed., xxi. 345.

stance that, when Luther nailed his Theses to the church door and braved the Pope's bull, Erasmus had passed middle life, his temperament and taste were all at variance with everything that involved a direct conflict with ecclesiastical authority. He would do for reform what could be done by diffusing literature, by fostering the study of the Scriptures, and by clever satires on the vices of the clergy and the follies of monks. He dreaded a commotion. He dreaded theological war and division. This would interfere with the quiet pursuit of literary studies and the progress of intellectual enlightenment from which he hoped so much. He was right in this vaticination. The first effect of the Lutheran debate was to turn men's minds to distinctively religious and theological themes. The immediate consequence was not favorable to the literary culture which had gained so promising a start. No one can doubt that the cause of literature and science, in the long run, profited incalculably by the Saxon reform. No one can believe that Germany would have accomplished in this field what it has achieved had the Pope's dominion been kept up. But we are now adverting to the effect of the theological strife which immediately followed. The issue between Luther and Erasmus is a plain one. Here were abuses, like the hawking of indulgences. Erasmus would ridicule them; he would seriously argue against them; but he would go no further. If he were bidden to keep silent on pain of excommunication, he would obey, thinking it better to wait for the gradual effect of better influences. To Luther such practices were a damnable imposture. The victims appeared to him like lambs who were given up to be torn in pieces by wolves. He would not keep silent. He would speak out, be the consequences what they might. Luther believed in his inmost heart that the interpretation of the Gospel which he and the rest of the clergy were required to give to the people was false. Christ and the apostles had taught otherwise. The current teaching robbed Christian people of the comfort which Christ came to give, and to a large extent paralyzed the efficiency of the Gospel as a practical system. Erasmus partially, though not wholly, agreed with him. Could Erasmus have regulated the teaching of the Church, it would have been essentially altered, and in the same direction in which Luther altered it,—although Luther, he judged, made extravagant assertions relative to the bondage of the will under evil. But in doctrine Erasmus would have no rupture of Church ties, no division, no revolt against the councils and popes. On the other hand, Luther, filled to the center of his being with the conviction

that religion is the supreme interest of man, and that it is a base wickedness to conceal the truth on the subject, could not do otherwise than declare war against the ecclesiastical authorities which commanded him to retract and enjoined on him silence. The verdict of history is on the side of Luther. Erasmus, with all his gifts and virtues, lacked the heroic element. We cannot deny him sincerity; but his beliefs did not take so strong a hold on him that it appeared to him worth while to proclaim them if the result was to be a mortal conflict and a division of the Church. There was truth in the saying that Erasmus laid the egg which Luther hatched. The answer of Erasmus was that the egg laid was the egg of a hen, and the product something quite different. Luther and Erasmus always interest us from the contrast which they present. The fine, sharply-cut features of Erasmus, as seen in Holbein's portrait, show us the face of the critic and keen iconoclast. He is the leader of the sappers and miners. The rougher outline of Luther's bold countenance shows us the pioneer whose vigorous arm breaks through the path from which a less courageous spirit would recoil in dismay. In the combat into which the two fell, it is doubtful which is the more effective weapon, the sledge-hammer of Luther or the rapier of Erasmus. Luther's advice to the chief of the literary school, that he should remain a spectator of a conflict in which he was evidently not fitted to be an actor, must have stung him to the quick. On the contrary, Erasmus was a master in retort. In answer to Luther's remark that some of his interpretations might fairly be thought to countenance Arianism, coming, as they did, from a "suspected person," Erasmus replied that it was diverting to hear Dr. Martin, who was denounced throughout Europe as a heretic, talk about "suspected persons."

Among the statues which surround that of Luther in the great monument at Worms, is that of another eminent Humanist, Reuchlin. Reuchlin was an older man than Erasmus. Born in 1455, he was fifty-two years old when Luther attacked the sale of indulgences. The long war from which this noble and venerable scholar had emerged successfully—the war with Pfefferkorn and Hoogstraten and their followers, who were incensed at his unwillingness to have all the writings of the Jews except the Bible burned—made him value repose. It was a satisfaction to him that the monks would be kept so busy with Luther as to let him alone. He never separated from the Catholic Church; but he gave his grand-nephew, Melancthon, to the Wittenberg reformers. Ulrich von Hutten, and the

band who, by the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, and by the dread of the carnal weapons which the knights were ready to wield in Reuchlin's defense, had helped on his cause, enlisted in behalf of Luther. Reuchlin died in 1522, having done a great service in the promotion of good learning, and in weakening the prestige of the Dominican inquisitors against whom Luther had to wage his battle.

Melanchthon was only twenty-one years old when he joined Luther as teacher of Greek in the Saxon university. For many years the relation of the two was like that of father and son. But in theology, as in ecclesiastical reform, Melanchthon's caution and moderation naturally inclined him to a middle path. In signing the Smalcald Articles, in 1531, he had the courage to append to his signature the statement that, if the Pope would allow the Gospel, he would, for the sake of peace and unity, concede to him, as a matter of human, not divine right, a superiority over the bishops of those Christians who might choose to live under his jurisdiction. This statement, occasioned by Luther's unstinted denunciations of the Papacy, indicates the leaning of Melanchthon to a more conciliatory course. In matters of ceremony, he would go far in his toleration of the old rites. In truth, at a later day, he was ready to carry his concessions to a dangerous extreme. In theology, he recoiled more and more from the assertions which he had himself made of the absolute control of the human will by the divine power. The arguments of Erasmus impressed him strongly. On the Lord's Supper, he could not sympathize with Luther's violence against the Zwinglians, and himself adopted a middle view closely akin to that of Calvin. As Luther grew old, his physical infirmities increased; he was tortured with ailments which heightened the natural vehemence and obstinacy of his temper. To live near him was like dwelling close to the crater of a volcano, which at any moment might burst forth in flames and streams of lava. His intolerance was quickened by fanatical admirers, who copied his faults without even appreciating his virtues. Consequently, the closeness of the tie between him and the younger associate whom he had so loved and cherished was in a degree loosened; yet not in such a degree that he ceased to love Melanchthon, or that Melanchthon ceased to hold in the highest esteem the noble qualities which had cast a spell over him in his youth. The wonder is that two men, so unlike each other in their mental and moral traits, could live together and cooperate in such a work as that in which they were engaged, with no greater disturbance of mutual confidence and esteem. Melanchthon

was the "Preceptor of Germany." It was he who cemented the alliance of the religious reform and the new learning. His inaugural address, in his early youth, foreshadowed the work in behalf of learning which he so effectively performed.

Luther and Calvin never met. Calvin and Melanchthon had passed days together, and stood in relations of intimacy. Calvin was eight years old when Luther began his war on the Papacy. He appreciated the greatness of the Saxon leader, different as Luther was from him in the cast of his mind and in some of his theological opinions. Luther, to the generality of men who have no special interest in the controversies of theology, is much more engaging and attractive than the Genevan reformer. Luther's vocabulary of condemnation and abuse is more copious, and is stored with coarser material, than that of Calvin. But it is somehow felt that, in the case of Luther, to use a homely adage, "his bark is worse than his bite." In Luther, the deep wells of tenderness, the versatility of genius, the sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men constitute an inexhaustible charm. I have in my hand an old German book called "Dr. Martin Luther's Pastimes," or "Zeitverkürzungen." It is arranged methodically in fifteen chapters. Among them the quaint writer includes one bearing the title, "Luther burns the papal bulls and books." This is embraced in the catalogue of pastimes by which the reformer drove away dull care. Under the head of Luther's fondness for literature, including ballads and fables, mention is made of his translation of *Æsop*, made in the midst of pressing cares, at Coburg, while the Diet of Augsburg was in session. Luther himself composed fables. For "Reynard the Fox," and stories of that class, he had a cordial relish. Erasmus's "Praise of Folly" delighted him. He was eager to get a copy of More's "Utopia" when he heard of its appearance. On his journeys, he made up humorous poems and riddles. Many of his letters are in a vein of pleasantry. In music Luther had an unfailing source of pleasure. "Music," he says, "is a gift and present of God, and not of man. It drives away the devil and makes people joyous. Through it one forgets all wrath, impurity, superciliousness, and other vices. After theology, I give to music the next place and the highest honor." When weary with work, he would sing after supper or during the meal, and thus banish anxious thought. At times he would busy himself with joiners' tools. He writes for a lathe and other things of the sort to Nuremberg, where they were best made. Still more did he make his garden a refuge from the worry and vexation of brain-toil.

He liked to till the ground and watch the coming out of the blossoms. His favorite game was chess. This predilection he had in common with his contemporaries Leo X. and Charles V. John Frederic, the Elector of Saxony, was playing chess when the messenger brought him the sentence of death which the Emperor had pronounced; but the noble prince did not suffer the announcement to interrupt the game. Fortunately, the sentence was never carried out. In social and domestic life, Luther was an entertaining companion, mingling mirth and wisdom in a stream of talk of which no one ever grew weary. His marriage to a runaway nun was as bold a step as the burning of the papal bull. He followed his own judgment, letting his friends recover from their consternation as they might, and disregarding the invectives and scoffs of his enemies, which he considered to be inspired by the devil. To the German people he gave an example of domestic life which they could ill spare. His letters to his "Katy"—his "Doctress Katy," as he was apt to style her—form a diverting portion of his correspondence. When he was bereaved of a child, his heart was broken with sorrow. He could endure public calamities, he said, better than Philip, but not private afflictions of this sort. One of his letters to his children is of special interest,—that in which he pictures heaven as "a lovely and smiling garden, full of children dressed in robes of gold, who play under the trees with beautiful apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and prunes." There, he adds, are beautiful ponies, with golden bridles; musical instruments; the children dance and play with the cross-bow. It is all for good boys who pray and learn well. He has been told that his little son, John Luther, may come into this garden, and bring his sister Madeline. Such a picture, addressed to the imagination of a child, it is doubtful whether another divine of that age, trained to the study of Occam and Gerson, would have thought of painting.

To many who have never looked at the Commentary on the Galatians and the other writings in which the doctrine of Luther is presented in a continuous discussion, he is known through the "Table Talk." This compilation contains some things that Luther never said. Like nearly all similar publications, it requires to be critically sifted. Few Boswells are possessed of the accuracy of the biographer of Johnson. But, as it stands, the "Table Talk" of Luther discovers his peculiar genius on almost every page. His greatness and his limitations, his strong faith, and the superstitions, connected especially with demoniac agency, which he had inherited and which his vivid imagination kept alive, are

fully and artlessly disclosed. There is a wonderful religious power in his expressions. In one place he says: "If I thoroughly appreciated the first words of the Lord's Prayer, *Our Father which art in Heaven*, and really believed that God, who made heaven and earth and all creatures, and has all things in his hand, was my Father, then should I certainly conclude with myself that I also am a lord of heaven and earth, that Christ is my brother, Gabriel my servant, Raphael my coachman, and all the angels my attendants at need, given unto me by my heavenly Father, to keep me in the path, that unawares I knock not my foot against a stone." Luther's egotism is seldom offensive. He speaks of himself as if he were a third person. There is so much in him that, when he touches on himself, the subject is always interesting. "Daniel and Isaiah," he said, "are most excellent prophets. I am Isaiah—he is spoken with humility—to the advancement of God's honor, whose work alone it is, and to spite the devil. Philip Melanchthon is Jeremiah: that prophet stood always in fear; even so it is with Melanchthon." As Goethe could claim to be a better poet than Tieck without any lack of modesty, seeing that he did not make himself, so Luther did not hesitate to rate himself at something like his proper value. Of the wholesome effect of anger, he remarked, in a familiar passage: "I never work better than when I am inspired by anger; when I am angry I can write, pray, and preach well, for then my whole temperament is quickened, my understanding sharpened, and all mundane vexations and temptations depart." No man ever felt more deeply the power of the Bible. "In it," he says, "thou findest the swaddling clothes and the manger whither the angels directed the poor simple shepherds; they seem poor and mean, but dear and precious is the treasure that lies therein." In his simplicity, he indulged the hope that, with the completion and diffusion of his version of the Bible, there would be very little need or call for other books, and was quite willing to have his own writings cast aside. Wherever Luther deals with his great doctrine of justification by faith, he is at his best. "But here one may say: 'The sins which we daily commit offend and anger God; how then can we be holy?' Answer: A mother's love to her child is much stronger than the distaste of the scurf upon the child's head. Even so God's love toward us is far stronger than our uncleanness. Therefore, though we be sinners, yet we lose not thereby our childhood, neither do we fall from grace by reason of our sins." The prayers of Luther are the spontaneous out-

pouring of his heart. Their familiarity of language has been censured; but, in this respect, they are on the level of the Psalms; and there was no lack of real reverence. "Prayer in Popedom," he exclaims, "is mere tongue-threshing; not prayer, but a work of obedience. Thence a confused din of *Hore Canonica*, the howling and babbling in cells and monasteries, where they read and sing the psalms and collects, without any spiritual devotion, understanding neither the words, sentences, nor meaning." When he was a monk, he tells us, he used to lock himself up in his cell on Saturdays and make up the omitted prayers for the week. Luther confesses that he could not moderate his language. He had not the gift of Melancthon. The impetuous flood of thought and emotion broke through all barriers. So his native bluntness and roughness he could not, and, it must be allowed, he did not much seek to, soften down. "Some one sent to know whether it was permissible to use warm water in baptism. The doctor replied: 'Tell the blockhead that water, warm or cold, is water.'" For moving eloquence in the pulpit no one excelled Luther. He not only knew how to preach, but he could tell the secret to others. One defect, he observes, may eclipse numerous gifts in a preacher. "Dr. Justus Jonas has all the good virtues and qualities a man may have; yet merely because he hums and spits, the people cannot bear that good and honest man." Let a preacher stick to his text, and not ramble: "A preacher that will speak everything that comes in his mind is like a maid that goes to market, and, meeting another maid, makes a stand, and they hold a goose-market." He despised the hunger for applause: "Ambition is the rankest poison to the Church, when it possesses preachers." "Cursed are all preachers that in the Church aim at high and loud things, and, neglecting the saving health of the poor, unlearned people, seek their own honor and praise, and therewith to please one or two ambitious persons. When I preach, I sink myself deep down. I regard neither doctors nor magistrates, of whom are here in this church above forty; but I have an eye to the multitude of young people, children, and servants, of whom are more than two thousand. I preach to these, directing myself to them that have need thereof. Will not the rest hear me? The door stands open unto them; they may begone." "An upright, godly, and true preacher should direct his preaching to the poor, simple sort of people, like a mother that stills her child, dandles, and plays with it," etc. "When they come to me, to Melancthon, to Dr. Pommer, etc., let

them show their cunning, how learned they be; they shall be well put to their trumps. But to sprinkle out Hebrew, Greek, and Latin in their public sermons, savors merely of show," etc. It is needless to say how large a place Satan filled in Luther's thoughts. On his last journey to Eisleben, the rivers were swollen by a freshet. He spoke in a letter of the delight it would give the Pope and the devil—two personages whom he often coupled together—if he and Dr. Jonas were to be drowned in the Saale. The tradition connected with the ink-spot at the Wartburg is in keeping with Luther's habitual ideas of Satanic interference and of the proper way to meet it. It is remarkable that Luther did not share with Melancthon his faith in astrology. He ridiculed the pretensions of the star-gazers.

The large and comprehensive genius of Luther is more manifest as time goes on. His profound and absorbing reverence for the Word of God did not make him a slave to the letter. The freedom of his comments and criticisms has given rise to the imputation of "Rationalism." Against this aspersion, which was rashly sanctioned by Sir William Hamilton, Luther was triumphantly defended by Julius Hare. If Rationalism signifies a usurpation of the understanding, with disregard of the moral and spiritual function of our being, or if it implies incredulity as regards the Supernatural and Revelation, no one could be at a greater remove from the Rationalistic temper than Luther. But his insight into the treasure of truth in the Scriptures gave him a certain liberty and sense of safety in the treatment of incidental and less material elements in them. We even read in the "Table Talk": "Forsheim said that the first of the five books of Moses was not written by Moses himself. Dr. Luther replied: 'What matters it, even though Moses did not write it? It is, nevertheless, Moses's book, wherein is exactly related the creation of the world.'" Now that the period of Protestant Scholasticism that followed the first age of the Reformation is passing away, the spirit of Luther, even as a Biblical critic, whatever may be thought of the soundness of particular utterances of his, is more justly appreciated. He stands in closer sympathy with the Church of to-day, in its effort to recognize and define the human as well as the divine factor in the books of the Bible, than do the array of Protestant theologians in the century or two that followed him, whose orthodoxy was largely molded by the polemical interest, especially by antagonism to the creed of Trent.

George P. Fisher.

## A FOREIGNER IN FLORENCE.\*

ONE summer, at La Spezia, I met a lady well known throughout Europe,—I mean the great beauty, Countess Castiglione. She lived in Paris, but at the time I became acquainted with her she was visiting her mother. Madame Castiglione was certainly an exceptionally beautiful woman, a blonde, but not of the lightest type. The dictionary defines vanity as "an inflation of mind upon slight grounds"; therefore, she was not vain, for her grounds were strong, but her self-appreciation was enormous, and her frankness in regard to her beauty most amusing. She would receive in the evening, reclining on a sofa, in a graceful pose, very elaborately dressed, and in such a way as to show her neck and arms to the best advantage. A lamp was so placed near her as to throw the proper lights and shadows. Admiring guests would be seated in a row at a little distance, to gaze in respectful admiration. From time to time she would select one from this abject crowd, and signify, by a languid movement of her beautifully shaped hand, that he might be allowed to approach and gaze upon this loveliness from a nearer point of view. The honored one would reverentially advance, make a profound bow, kiss her hand, tell her how beautiful she looked, and then retire to his seat—but by another route!—taking a turn around the sofa, that he might see her from every point of view and in every light. When she entered a ball-room, the guests would crowd around the door to such an extent that many would stand on chairs to see her come in. These demonstrations never disturbed her equanimity,—she was so accustomed to adulation that she would probably have been more embarrassed by the lack of them.

After her return from England, where she went on a short visit, some one asked her if she had seen many handsome women. Her reply was of the briefest, and quite to the point: "None more beautiful than myself." I have heard it said that, on her way to the beach for her morning bath, she was so followed and looked at that she finally was obliged to send her maid to the door, to make sure that the road was clear, before she ventured out. But this I consider an improbable story, as she was accustomed to be stared at, and enjoyed it.

Her husband was in the marriage *cortège* of Maria Vittoria, Prince Amadeo's bride, and fell dead at her side, which unhappy event was attributed by the Italians to the "evil eye."

This curious superstition prevails in every class, and the unfortunate possessor of the disagreeable quality is avoided and disliked. They believe that misfortune follows the footsteps of the evil-eyed one, which can only be averted, when in his or her presence, by holding the first and little fingers stiffly pointed, while the other fingers and thumb are closed. This is the origin of the little coral charm so often seen, shaped like a hand in the position I have described. The Italians believe that the wearing of any kind of coral keeps one safe from the effects of the *jettatura*.

A servant who had been with me for a number of years, and who was above the average in education, was quite unhappy because I disregarded her repeated warnings. She implored me to put a coral necklace on my youngest child, of whom she had the especial charge, being firmly persuaded that the effects of the evil eye would otherwise overtake him. She had so exalted his personal appearance, in her affectionate heart, that she was sure there must be some one amongst the crowd staring at his beauty, as he toddled along the street at her side, who might injure him for life by a look.

One day he had a slight cold, at which she was almost distracted, being thoroughly convinced that the evil eye had caught him at last. She had a way of finding out, she said, and at the same time of convincing me, and I was actually made to assist in this most absurd ceremony. The child was seated in a high chair, while she held over his head for a few moments a tumbler of water into which three drops of olive-oil had been poured. Then this mixture was thrown out and the ceremony repeated twice again. If the drops of oil remained floating about on the top of the water, each one distinct and separate, everything was favorable; but if, alas! they blended, it was all over with the poor child, and his fate was sealed. I tried to look anxious and interested while this was going on, but I was so struck, suddenly, with my own absurdity, that I was seized with a fit of internal laughter which made it extremely difficult to keep up

\* The present article (describing life in Florence many years ago from the point of view of an American resident) is by the author of the article on the same subject in this magazine for June, 1880.—Ed.

the agonized expression I had adopted as suitable to the occasion. Dear old Bettina! She did it all in good faith, and I believe that, had the verdict proved unfavorable, she would have cried her eyes out.

Hers was the strong, passionate love which belongs to her race, and she lavished it in its intensity on the family she had lived with for seven years. Our parting was truly tragic, and such as would never be seen in this part of the world, where all demonstration of feeling is carefully suppressed—the more's the pity! What kindly feelings might oftener be stirred, what warm, life-long friendships be cemented, if we could read a little clearer into each other's hearts, and let out a little of nature's warmth, instead of toning our manners down to the cool polish of a bland propriety! The child-like expression of feeling in the Italians is their most lovable trait, and the irrepressible glow of their warm hearts reflects a heat even into our colder natures.

I am quite sure that I was as dramatic as my poor Bettina when we parted, she so wrought upon me. She literally tore her hair—at any rate, she gave several decidedly hard pulls at it; she fell on her knees, and actually kissed the hem of my garment; she screamed; she covered my hands with kisses. Then, seizing the child, she moaned and sobbed over him, while pressing him tightly in her arms, and refusing to give him up. All the other servants in the house were present, and all in the depths of gloom, crying with sympathy, until I felt that I was taking a powerful part in the last act of an elaborate opera, surrounded by my chorus.

Before leaving my good Bettina, I will relate a remark of hers about sea voyages, as a specimen of the ignorance of her class. Thinking, at one time, that I would take her to America with me, I asked her if she thought she would be sick on the ocean.

"No, no, *signora*," she said, with the air of one who has traveled. "I was once on the Arno in a boat, and was not sick at all"—the Arno being what we would consider rather a stream than a river. In fact, in summer it is often only a bed where the stream ought to be.

I was about to say, when I fell upon the recital of Bettina's sayings and doings, that the reputation of the evil eye always stuck to poor Maria Vittoria. Whether it first arose from the death of Castiglione, or whether she had had it before, I do not know; but everything terrible that happened after that was put down to her account. The burning of a theater, a few evenings after she had been there, was one of the plagues attributed to that poor, persecuted princess; also, the destruction of a small town by earthquake, in less than twenty-four hours after she had left it. The

fainting of a lady, upon whom she turned her fatal gaze as she entered a ball-room, was another; and so the report grew and spread until, at last, people dreaded the sight of her. The only redeeming point of this horrible gift is the unconsciousness of its possessor. The magical arrangement of the hand, therefore, is done with dire secrecy behind the back, or under a table. To point the fingers openly would be the greatest insult.

Although the Tuscans are a peaceable, good-humored race, if once aroused, their temper is uncontrollable; but only for a few minutes—just long enough, perhaps, to get out a knife and stick it into you. When you are dead they are very sorry, and bemoan their hastiness.

They are very prone to jealousy, which is the chief cause of quarrels that end so disastrously. An exciting scene took place in the house of a friend. She was sitting quietly at dinner, when her maid rushed wildly in, shrieking for help and protection. Before my friend had well collected her ideas, a former butler, whom she had dismissed, came dashing furiously into the room, pushed past Mrs. K——, nearly knocking her down, snatched up the carving-knife, and made for the maid. Fortunately, before he reached her, Mr. K—— succeeded in seizing him and pinioning him against the wall, while the police were sent for. So easy, however, is the law, *for natives*, that he was only locked up in the station-house half an hour.

"Mercy tempered with justice," and very slightly tempered, is the idea upon which the law acts in the punishment of Italian offenders. For the poor unfortunate foreigners, it is another thing.

I never got any satisfaction from the law but once, and that was owing to a sharp reprimand which I administered to the judge. But thereby hangs a tale: One summer, at Viareggio, I had a watch and chain stolen from my room. By a lucky concatenation of circumstances we were able to trace the chain to a pawnbroker's in Pisa,—only a few miles distant,—and shortly after, the thief was found and arrested, tried and condemned. At that point, I thought it time to get back the chain, as I had identified it and sworn to my ownership many and many a weary time. The Italians are a slow people and cautious, and very wearing at times to one's spirits and temper. I waited a week; then, no chain appearing, I sent to our lawyer for it; and to my amazement, he came to me with this surprising proposal: "I would like you to identify it." I suggested to him that I had done that thing, on a hasty calculation, say ten times. He calmly but

firmly stuck to his purpose, saying that I was to sign a paper, swearing it to be mine. Necessity knowing no law (I wish it knew no lawyers), I did as requested. I waited several weeks, but still no chain. Then I went to him, and we repeated the same ceremony, and I signed another paper. More months of waiting, still no chain; and I went again, this time taking two or three members of my family with me, in hopes of their being able to fathom the mystery. But this only complicated matters, and they were all made to sign a paper and swear to the chain; and we were told such a long and involved history about the process as regarded restoration of stolen property, that we fled from the office in dismay and utter despair, and our last hope of getting that chain vanished forever. Some years after that, one of my servants stole some pearls from me. He was also caught, and the pearls delivered into the Hands of the Law. As the trial was not to come off for some months, the judge came to my house for my deposition and identification of the pearls! I must explain here that judges of the criminal courts in Italy do not hold the high position they do in this country, ranking only a little above a tradesman, and with no social position, or my readers might be amazed at the fact of this promiscuous sort of visit from one so high in authority. When I swore to the pearls, I gave them a last long look, being persuaded that I should never see them again.

I made up my mind, however, that I would make a fight for them. Accordingly, when I saw this "grave and reverend signor" carefully tucking them away into his pocket, I said, mildly: "What are you going to do with those pearls?"

"Keep them to show at the trial, *signora*."

"Then," said I, with the sweetest smile, and a most polite inclination of the head,— "then I will bid good-bye to my pearls. I shall never see them again, for I know by bitter experience that what goes into a lawyer's pocket never comes out again."

Startled, he turned upon me, and said:

"What does the *signora* mean by that?"

Upon which, drawing myself up with regal dignity, I replied:

"Exactly what I say, sir. I lost a chain many years ago at Viareggio, and have sworn to it, and written about it, and signed quires of paper, but have never seen it since! And it is still in the hands of the lawyers!"

Upon this he started, and asked me how many years ago it was and the name of the thief, and, when I told him, he put on an immense show of astonishment, and said:

"Why, *signora*, I was the judge who con-

demned him! And do you mean to say that you never have had the chain restored to you?"

And I answered, "Never!"

Then he took out a note-book, made several elaborate entries therein, said he would inquire into the business, and, with a low bow, handed me my pearls!

But the chain I have never seen to this day.

Physicians have, like judges of the criminal courts, no social position, and no knowledge of medicine, according to our ideas. They are, as a rule, far behind the age. They still cling blindly to bleeding,—unless they have changed during the last few years,—and weaken their patients by the old system of dieting. I have seen cases conducted with such ignorance of the commonest laws of nature as would make any of our physicians faint with horror. Heat, starvation, and dirt are their general remedies for almost everything. In cases of scarlet fever,—which are not common, however,—they order the doors and windows to be carefully shut, that no breath of air may get to the patient—absolutely drawing the bed-curtains around them; forbid washing of any description, even to the hands and face, and no change of bed or body linen during the entire illness.

There is one malady prevalent in Italy which I sincerely believe to be produced, nine times out of ten, by their doctors, and that is miliary fever. Unless a patient's symptoms in the beginning of an illness indicate the disease very clearly, the doctor, on the principle of "when in doubt play trumps," pronounces it "miliary"; but there being no eruption, which is an evidence of that disease, they regard it as suppressed, and so, very dangerous. They then proceed to produce a rash by covering the poor sufferer with as many blankets as he can bear, excluding every breath of air from the room (canning him, so to speak), and then forbidding any nourishment saving the weakest of weak broths. Now, as this special fever is usually brought on by overheating, and consequently should be treated by a cooling system, they succeed in producing the disease in its full glory, rash and all, and they then set about curing it, which, of course, becomes a doubtful undertaking, so weak is the patient from heat and fasting.

A friend of mine, spending a few weeks in Florence, was taken ill with what proved afterward to be an internal cancer. She sent for Doctor Z—, one of the most noted of the Florentine doctors. It was August and very hot, and his orders were not only to shut out the air and cover herself with blankets, but to remain entirely immovable—not to stir hand or foot. She carried his wishes

out faithfully for twenty-four hours,—not even raising her hand to brush a fly away,—and then, becoming nearly crazy with nervousness and weakness, she sent for an English physician. If you had seen his look of horror when he came into the room!

"Open the window," he almost shouted; "take off those coverings; get right up, and lie on the sofa. In a week you will be able to go on to Paris."

And in a week she did go on to Paris.

The Italians love medicine, and have the greatest faith in it. They take it not only for every little ailment, but after a fit of anger or grief.

From medical treatment we naturally and easily glide to the dead and dying—toward whom they show little or no respect, as we look upon it. But so differently are our ideas formed by custom and education, that they think us heartless and cold-blooded in the extreme for remaining with dying persons. As soon as all hope is over, every near relation of the poor creature rushes from the room, leaving only nurses and priests to witness his death-struggles and administer consolation.

A friend once described a scene she had witnessed herself, which she said was perfectly heart-breaking. It was the death of a young American, who had been married only a year to an Italian whom she devotedly loved. They said it was pitiful to see her wistful looks, and to hear her implore some one to make her husband come to her—"Only to bid him good-bye, and to give him her wedding-ring." Her friends at last succeeded in forcing him into the room by dint of persistent and earnest entreaties; but he was almost dragged to her bedside. After all, it was most unsatisfactory, as he would not look at her, covering his face with his hands, and behaving like a frightened child. Their conduct under such circumstances is partly owing to fear, but partly to their dread of being forced to realize the dark side of life. They are a gay and light-hearted people, living only in the present, thrusting aside everything gloomy and depressing.

The dead are carried to their last resting-place at night. No one must be shocked during the day, while in the midst of sunshine, and light, and gayety, by a reminder of our inevitable doom—by a thought of how some day there will be no sunshine or gayety for us in this bright world.

A funeral in Florence is one of the saddest of sad spectacles, with its procession of priests and boys in draggled gowns that once were white, carrying large candles, which drip their waxen tears along the road—or would do so, if they were not caught as they

fall in little cups, carried by more boys and priests, chanting, or rather whining monotonously, as they step briskly along, with a most indifferent air. One can judge somewhat of the wealth of the departed by the number of candles furnished. The shorter the purse, the fewer the candles, until at last the very poor are thrown into a cart, carried outside the gates of the city, and shuffled into a pit, one on top of the other—a sight to make the angels weep!

One of the most grievous characteristics, to me, of a Florentine funeral is the absence of any relative or friend of the deceased. Not one creature who loved or cared for him to follow him to his journey's end, or to shed one tear over the grave of a lost companion; left, to be almost thrown into the ground by a few priests, who sometimes, it is to be feared, look upon the ceremony as a disagreeable, though profitable task, to be got over as soon as possible.

To be enveloped in a cloud of beggars during one's morning walk is not conducive to tranquillity of mind, but such, many years ago, was a daily trial. Of late years, begging in the streets has been forbidden, and the police are very strict and vigilant. A curious scene occurred soon after this law was made. A favorite resort of beggars was the hill leading to Fiesole, where a slow walk was the only means of getting to the top, and they could cling persistently to the weary traveler until, half-way up, he would almost, in desperation, fling to them his coat, hat,—anything,—to get rid of their importuning.

Now, one day, a detective in plain clothes sauntered carelessly along, humming a little gentle song of joy, as he thought of what was coming. The poor, unconscious beggars clustered about him, imploring his charity, showing him their crippled limbs, their blind eyes, and all their numerous ailments; but he strolled on, ever humming his little song. Still they grew in numbers as he ascended the hill; still they entreated, and swore to heaven they were all dying of hunger, or disease, or something. But the indifferent stranger rambled on, and the song continued. At last, the procession having become large and long, they reached the top of the hill, where was a very ominous omnibus, out of which stepped several *gens-d'armes* ready to pounce upon these indigent gentlemen. The sudden way in which the lame not only walked, but ran, the blind saw, the deaf heard, and the dumb spoke, and the amount of muscle developed by the consumptives, was a thing to strike the feeble mind of man with amazement and wonder. They scattered to the four winds of heaven, but those breezes declining to bear them far

on their way, they were captured, hustled ignominiously into the prison-wagon, and carried off under the surveillance of the tuneful stroller.

Nothing can startle the Italians out of their politeness. Not even the wild mistakes made in their language by the foreigner. I have seen a servant, when told to order "the spoon to harness the horses," receive his instructions as if spoons harnessing horses was a sight he had been accustomed to from childhood.

This sort of mistake is very commonly made by strangers, as coachman and spoon, in Italian, are words much alike. So, also, are "cabbage" and "horse," "hair" and "hats." But tell your coachman to harness the cabbage, or your valet to hang up your hair, and they would bow, and retire to carry out your absurd orders—which they perfectly understand, however—with most decorous solemnity. They would never presume to disagree with you, or openly to hold a contrary opinion, though I have known them very firm in the pursuance of their own views.

I once had a cook whose aversion to cats was as great as my fondness for them. I knew nothing, however, of this dislike for a long time, as he always agreed with me that they were most delightful animals, and charming to have about the house. At the same time, I used to notice that I never could keep one long. Not more than a week after the advent of each kitten, it would mysteriously disappear, which always threw Serafino into the depths of despair. It had either got run over, or had strayed away, or was "killed by a dog."

Almost anything amuses and interests this child-like people. Their excitement over the merest trifle is ludicrous.

All Florence was roused to a state bordering on frenzy, during one winter, because three sisters appeared always dressed alike, and with such close resemblance of feature that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. They always drove together and went to the opera together, and no fourth person was ever seen with them. They seemed to know no one, nor wish to do so, and were rarely seen speaking to one another. All that was known of them was the fact that they were from Peru, and so they came to be known all over the city as "the three Peruvians." They could not stop for an instant at a shop-door without having their carriage instantly surrounded closely by men, who would stare into their faces in the most unblushing manner. Caricatures of them appeared in shop-windows, and, in fact, they were the sensation of the season.

Amusements are so cheap that the lower classes need never be without recreation. One of their favorite entertainments is the

"Stenterello," a diversion not usually known by passing tourists. It is chiefly for the lower classes that this delightful person figures upon the stage, as his jokes are fashioned to their understanding. I can scarcely translate the word "Stenterello," but I think the nearest approach to it would be "clown." Whatever part he may take in the play, certain characteristics in his "get up" mark him as "Stenterello." Besides a very exaggerated vest or coat, he invariably appears to be minus one front tooth, and plus a long, curling cue at the back of his head. Even were he representing the most elegant and refined of men, the pig-tail must be there and the tooth must not. Of course, as my readers may infer, he is extremely comic, but always the protector of virtue and the triumphant annihilator of vice.

The gay season for the upper class is from Christmas to Lent, when balls and dinners fill up the evenings; but the real fun for rich and poor alike begins three weeks before Ash-Wednesday, when the streets and theaters are one wild, continuous scene of merriment. An American who has never had the good fortune to see an Italian masked-ball can form no idea of one from what he sees here. In this country they are stiff and spiritless, and every one is ill at ease, not knowing what is expected of him—wishing to be funny, and yet afraid of saying or doing more than is quite proper. Then the true enjoyment of mystification, in keeping some one ignorant of your name, while astonishing him by a real or pretended knowledge of all his actions, revealed by little facts that you have half-guessed at, perhaps, or really known, is lost here by the masking of both ladies and gentlemen. In Florence, men do not wear masks, but wait to be attacked and bewildered by the fair sex, and even made love to, which, under such circumstances, is not considered improper, it being only a part of the regular performances.

I knew an American lady who succeeded in deceiving her brother so completely, making him really believe that she had been violently in love with him for some time, although prevented by the usage of society from showing her affection, that he not only corresponded during the whole year with his *innamorata*, but, not being well acquainted with Italian, he actually made a confidante of his sister and got her to write his love-letters, addressing them with the name and direction she had given him when masked.

The craziness of the scene, as one enters a *veglione* (mask-ball), is beyond all description. The one high nasal note which all adopt as a disguise to the voice, and which is like no

other sound on earth,—a sort of combination of Punch and Judy and a parrot; the music crashing; the whirling, jumping, rushing mass of gayly dressed men and women; the creeping, stealthy step and manner of the black dominos, threading their way in and out, bent upon their mysterious plots,—all make it one of the most extraordinary, fantastic, bewildering sights in the world! One of the funniest of its many wild scenes is the bonneting of some unhappy wretch, who has had the audacity to wear one of those abominations of the fashionable world—a high beaver hat. In this guise he becomes fair game, and he knows no rest in body or mind until every vestige of his hat is scattered far and wide. A party of maskers will combine together, join hands around him, dancing, hooting, crushing his hat over his eyes! There is no escape for him. He remains the center figure of these whirling demons until his hat is in shreds. Through all this he must be perfectly good-natured, it being one of the inexorable laws of the *veglione* that no one must ever show vexation or rudeness to a masker. They are allowed perfect liberty, of a good-natured sort. Woe be to the hatted one should he attempt to resent their actions, or speak sharply to them! They would hustle him unmercifully, and perhaps push him out of the place altogether, and he would have no protectors. All the sympathy would be with the maskers. Another very amusing thing, in a different way, is to see the guileless, middle-aged Englishman or American enjoying his first masked ball in Florence. He is not to be mistaken in this mad jumble, as he stands surrounded by his family, motionless and dumb with astonishment and bewilderment, gazing on the shifting, screaming crowds around him, not quite sure that all this is entirely proper, and determined to protect his innocent daughters, should they be spoken to, at the risk of his life.

The last *veglione* takes place on the night of Shrove-Tuesday, ending at midnight, that the sacredness of Ash-Wednesday may not be broken; but into those few hours is crowded a concentrated pandemonium impossible to describe.

It is difficult to understand why tourists should always rush to Rome for the Corsos, which are inferior in many ways to the really beautiful ones in Florence. Instead of *confetti*, which hurt and sting, people throw bouquets and *bonbonnières* to one another. The ladies dress exquisitely for these occasions, and drive in their handsomest carriages, their horses

gayly decorated with flowers and ribbons, coachmen and footmen in their most gorgeous liveries. Young men often dress in costume, and act the characters they represent as they ride or drive through the streets. One sees, for instance, a large boat on wheels, filled with sailors dropping *bonbons* and flowers from the ends of their fishing rods and lines into the ladies' carriages as they pass; or a long procession passes, representing an English hunting party, red-coated, some on horseback, some in dog-carts with their hounds, and others in wagons, with their trophies of game hanging around high poles. Children, too, are often dressed in character, and the prettiest sight I ever saw was a sweet little fair-haired couple dressed as bouquets, smothered to the chin in roses and lilies—their fresh young faces, prettier than any flower that ever grew, rising from the center of this sweet nosegay.

A frequent amusement during the last gay days of the Carnival is visiting a friend's house in mask. A party of six or eight, perhaps, will go together at night, rush into somebody's house, make themselves perfectly at home, dancing and hooting in a circle around the poor puzzled hostess, or sitting about the room, staring at her in grim silence, like so many horrible black fiends, embarrassing her to the last degree; or conduct themselves in any other pleasant fashion conducive to making their visit an agreeable one. In fact, at this season, the city is a large nursery of wild, gay, grown-up children, ripe for any mischief or sport, until Ash-Wednesday enters, in her solemn garb and with warning, uplifted finger, and brings the unruly establishment to order.

During the fifteen years that I was in Florence, I saw many changes and many interesting political events. The marriage entry of the Archduke Ferdinando, the abdication of the Grand Duke, the entrance of Victor Emanuel, the marriage procession of Prince Humbert and the sweet Princess Marguerite, and, finally, the departure of the King to take possession of Rome.

Through every change and at all times, Florence was Florence still, with its brightness and sunshine, its gay, pleasure-loving people, with their warm hearts and their good-natured faces, and their trick of drifting happily with the great tide of life, in easy disregard of coming clouds or shipwrecked hopes; cheerful and light-hearted always, in sickness, or adversity, or poverty,—enjoying the time that is, and letting the time that is to come take care of itself.

L. L. L.

## THE PUPILS OF THOMAS BEWICK.

### I.

WRITING to Mr. George Lawford in 1828, not many months before his death, and speaking of the first series of Northcote's "Fables," Bewick says: "Little did I think, while I was sitting whistling at my work-bench, that wood-engraving would be brought so conspicuously forward, and that I should have pupils to take the lead in that branch of the art in the great metropolis. Old as I am," he continues, "and tottering on the downhill of life, my ardor is not a bit abated, and I hope those who have succeeded me will pursue that department of engraving still further toward perfection." The accent of satisfaction in these words is not unnatural, and the progress of wood-engraving since they were penned has certainly been greater than Bewick ever anticipated. Still, it would be a mistake to suppose that its progress down to 1828, and, indeed, for some years subsequently, was either very rapid or very remarkable. Since the publication of the second volume of the "Birds," in 1804, Bewick himself had done nothing of importance, with the exception of "Æsop's Fables." Johnson and John Bewick had long been dead. Charlton Nesbit, the most distinguished of the elder pupils as an engraver pure and simple, had retired to his native village, and might practically be regarded as forgotten. Luke Clennell, the genius of the group, had been insane since 1817, and for some time before had transferred his energies to painting; while Harvey, Bewick's favorite, was fast acquiring a reputation as a designer. A few professed draughtsmen upon wood and half a dozen engravers seem to have sufficed to the demand. "The professors of wood-engraving [in Bewick's time]," says Fairholt, "might be counted by units." "There were not more than three masters in London who had sufficient business to employ, even occasionally, an assistant, and to keep an apprentice or two," says another writer. If we turn from these authorities to such treatises as Landseer's and Craig's "Lectures," the record of wood-engraving is meager and apologetic, and it is easy to see that it was scarcely regarded as a formidable rival to engraving upon metal. But its hour was not the less at hand in 1828. The publications of the recently established "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" were already offering it a field which promised to be extensive. Then, in 1832, came the "Penny Magazine"

and the "Saturday Magazine," which, aided by the improvements in stereotype founding, gave an extraordinary impetus to wood-engraving, and the names of Jackson and Branstons and Landells, of the two Whympers and Sears, of Bonner, Baxter, Lee, began to be familiar. As with the decline of the "Annuals," engraving on steel and copper, for purposes of book illustration, gradually fell into disuse, engraving on wood increased in scope and popularity, and its advance since that time has been continuous and unchecked.

From what has been said above it will be gathered that Bewick had no "school," in the sense in which that word is used by those who inherit the manner and the methods of some individual artist. The pupils who quitted him to seek their fortunes in London, either made their way with difficulty or turned to other pursuits, and the real popularization of wood-engraving did not take place until some years after his death. Still, the careers of his principal apprentices are not wholly without interest; and, as a necessary supplement to the paper on Bewick, published in *THE CENTURY* for September, 1882, we propose to give some brief account of such of them as survived their venerable master.

### II.

CHARLTON NESBIT, who comes first in order, has this in particular, that, unlike Harvey and Clennell, he lived and died an engraver. He was a draughtsman, as a matter of course; but we have found no record that he either painted or designed, at all events to any extent. Accident, moreover, appears to have favored this limitation of his functions, for the acquirement of sufficient independent means in middle life made it unnecessary for him to follow up very pertinaciously what, about 1810, was apparently a precarious calling, still less to turn to other departments of art for a subsistence. Little is known respecting his life that is unconnected with his work. He was the son of a keelman at Swalwell, a town in Durham, on the banks of the Tyne, and was born in 1775. About 1789 he was apprenticed to Bewick and Beilby; and it is alleged that the bird's nest which figures above the preface to Vol. I. of the "Birds," as well as the majority of the vignettes and tail-pieces to the "Poems of Goldsmith and Parnell," were engraved by him during his pupilage. In 1798 he executed a block of St. Nicholas's Church,



THE COCK, THE DOG, AND THE FOX. (ENGRAVED BY CHARLTON NESBIT FOR NORTHCOTE'S "FABLES.")

after a water-color drawing by Robert Johnson, which is still in the possession of a Newcastle collector. For this he received, not the "gold palette," as stated by Mackenzie, nor "a medal," as stated by Jackson and Chatto, but the lesser silver palette of the "Society of Arts," to whom he presented an impression of the cut, at that time one of the largest ever engraved, as it measured, with the border, fifteen inches by twelve. About 1799 he came to London. In 1802 he obtained a silver medal from the Society of Arts for "Engravings on Wood," being then described as "Mr. C. Nesbit, of Fetter Lane." In 1815 he returned to his native place, where he lived in retirement, working at rare intervals for the London and Newcastle book-sellers. He visited London again in 1830, and died at

Queen's Elms, Brompton, in November, 1838.

The two principal designers upon the wood when Nesbit first came to London were John Thurston, originally a copper-plate engraver, and William Marshall Craig, a miniature painter, water-color painter, and artistic jack-of-all-trades. The former drew with exceptional skill, and thoroughly understood the requirements of his material; the latter, who designated himself "drawing-master to the Princess Charlotte of Wales," and in 1821 had acquired sufficient position to lecture before the "Royal Institution," was a person of greatly inferior abilities. From the fact that "Nesbit, sc." is to be found as early as 1800 upon the frontispiece of an edition of Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy," published by Vernor and Hood, it is clear that he must have been employed almost immediately upon the work of Thurston, by whom this particular illustration was designed; and his (Nesbit's) name is also included among the other engravers engaged by Craig for the commonplace "Scripture Illustrated" issued in 1806. Many of the cuts to Wallis and Scholey's "History of England" also bear Nesbit's signature. But his best work about this date is to be found in the "Religious Emblems" published by Ackermann in 1808. This, according to the preface, was intended by its projector "to draw into one focus all the talent of the day"; and, as a landmark in the history of wood-engraving in England, its position is a conspicuous one. The designs—and the fact is significant after the foregoing



THE DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM. (ENGRAVED BY NESBIT FOR "RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS.")



THE SELF-IMPORTANT. (ENGRAVED BY NESBIT FOR NORTHCOTE'S "FABLES.")

announcement—were without exception supplied by Thurston. Regarded from an art point of view, and as designs alone, it is impossible to praise these very highly. Compared with Adrian van der Venne's illustrations to the emblems of Jacob Cats, or even with the efforts of the late C. H. Bennett, they show a poverty of invention which at times is almost beggarly. The "Destruction of Death and Sin" is typified by two prostrate figures at the foot of a cross; "Fertilizing Rills" is a landscape that might stand for anything; "Fainting for the Living Waters" is a limp female figure hanging Mazeppa-like upon a wounded stag; and Death felling trees is the only thing which the artist could think of to symbolize pictorially the common fate of humanity. These, however, are the least successful plates, and, setting imagination aside, they are nearly all distinguished by considerable skill in composition and the arrangement of light and shade. Besides those by Nesbit, the cuts are engraved by Branston, Clennell, and Hole,—the last two being also pupils of Bewick. Hole's solitary "Seed Sown" is one of the best pieces of work in the book. Clennell and Branston are about equal in merit, but the honors belong to Nesbit. His "Hope Departing," "Joyful Retribution," and "Sinners Hiding in the Grave," the first especially, are almost faultless examples of patient and accomplished execution. "The World Weighed," the "Daughters of Jerusalem," and "Wounded in the Men-

tal Eye" are nearly as good; but as compositions they are less attractive than the others, and do not offer the same opportunities for the skillful opposition of black and white which seems specially to characterize Nesbit's manner. Yet, all things considered, they afford better examples of his abilities than either the large cut of "Rinaldo and Armida" or the illustrations—gems as some of them are—to Northcote's "Fables."

The "Rinaldo and Armida" is Nesbit's most ambitious block. It was engraved in 1818 for the "Practical Hints on Decoration and Design" of Savage, the printer, which, after long delays, was published in 1822. One feature of the book was to have been four highly-finished plates by the most eminent wood-engravers of the day. But Bewick (whose name appears on the list of subscribers) was too busy with "Æsop's Fables" to give any assistance; Clennell, who was to have engraved a drawing by Stothard, had already broken down; and Branston and Nesbit were the only contributors. They engraved three of Thurston's designs. Branston's subject was the "Cave of Despair," from Book I. of the "Faerie Queen," which ranks as one of the artist's most successful conceptions. Nesbit's were the "Female and Boy," of which an electrotype is given at page 69 of Linton's "Hints on Wood-Engraving," and "Rinaldo and Armida" in the enchanted garden, from the *Gerusalemme Liberata* of Tasso. As far as the execution of the background and accessories of the latter is concerned, we doubt if they could be excelled, even at this day; but the figures have a "dotted appearance," resulting from the fact that Thurston required the engraver to reduce the strength of the "lines, which were



IN THE STOCKS. (ENGRAVED BY NESBIT FOR BUTLER'S "HUMILIATIONS.")

originally continuous and distinct." Apart from this, however, the knight and enchantress are poorly and even unpleasantly conceived. The "soft breast" of Armida, which recurs so often in the fine old translation of

beautiful of modern wood-engravings. Besides the above-mentioned books, he also engraved illustrations for "Hudibras," Somerville's "Chase," and the numerous reprints of Sir Egerton Brydges. A cut to the memory



CALL TO VIGILANCE. (ENGRAVED BY LUKE CLENNELL FOR "RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS.")

Fairfax, has the hardness and polish of metal; while the figure of Rinaldo is marked by a reposeless and over-accented muscularity, which seems to have been one of Thurston's besetting sins. To give rarity to this block, it was defaced by criss-cross saw-marks, and impressions taken after it had been so treated are given in Savage's book as an evidence of good faith. As might have been predicted, the block was later carefully repaired, and copies of it are still to be found in the market as "original impressions." Such a one (bought, alas! in a too confiding moment) lies now before us; and it must be admitted that the traces of the merciless steel have been filled in with remarkable ingenuity, although they are easily detected by an instructed eye.

The "Rinaldo and Armida" must have been executed during Nesbit's seclusion at Swalwell. Besides an admirable likeness of Bewick after Nicholson, prefixed to the "Select Fables" of 1820, the blocks for which he repaired, the only other works of importance that belong to this date are those he contributed to the first series of Northcote's "Fables," a book to which we shall return more at length in speaking of Harvey. The best of these is the "Self-Important." After his return to London, in 1830, he was employed upon the second series, which contains some of his most finished workmanship. The cut of the "Hare and the Bramble," p. 127, is one of the most

of Robert Johnson, after Johnson's own design, is also much sought after by collectors.

Nesbit's fifteen years' absence from activity, and the relatively small number of his productions, make the record of his life of the briefest; and—as must be confessed—we have not been able, after considerable pains, to add largely to the facts already collected respecting him. But the excellence of his work as a wood-engraver will always demand a record in the story of the revival of the art. In this respect, he was the best of Bewick's pupils, and his achievement was in all probability greater than that of his fellows, because he was not tempted beyond the limits of his craft.

### III.

THE surname of Bewick's next pupil is a familiar one to Northumbrians. There is, in fact, a manor of Clennell on the east side of the river Alwine, not far from Alwinton; and there was even an actual Luke Clennell of that ilk who was high-sheriff of Northumberland in 1727. Whether the present Luke Clennell was in any way related to this family has not been chronicled. He was born at Ulgham, near Morpeth, on the 8th of April, 1781, being the son of a respectable farmer. After covering his slate with sketches instead of sums, an incident so persistently repeated in

artistic biography that it seems to be an almost indispensable preliminary to distinction, he began life, like Chodowiecki, as a grocer, or, as others say, as a tanner. Here, if tradition is to be believed, he got into trouble, owing to an ill-timed likeness of an unsympathetic customer rashly depicted *ad vivum* upon a convenient shop-door; and some of his other drawings having attracted attention, his uncle, Thomas Clennell of Morpeth, placed him

his initials, and they are to be found on the "Northumberland Life-Boat." Some of the remaining cuts are also signed, and many of the rest may be confidently attributed to him; but those above mentioned are among the best. The blocks for this series, it may be added, are in the possession of Mr. Robinson, of Pilgrim street, Newcastle.

Besides the engravings for the "Hive," he continued, after his apprenticeship was



ENGRAVED BY CLENNELL FOR FALCONER'S "SHIPWRECK."

with Bewick. This was in April, 1797. With Bewick he remained seven years, and during his apprenticeship is said to have transferred to the block, and afterward engraved, a number of Robert Johnson's designs, which were used as tail-pieces for the second volume of the "Birds." He speedily became an expert draughtsman and sketcher, and, like his master, was accustomed to make frequent excursions into the country in search of nature and the picturesque. His term of apprenticeship must have expired in April, 1804; and, either shortly before this date or immediately after it, he executed a number of cuts for the "Hive of Ancient and Modern Literature," a selection of essays, allegories, and "instructive compositions" in the "Blossoms of Morality" manner, made by Solomon Hodgson, Bewick's old partner in the "Quarupeds." The third edition of this was published in 1806, and, according to Hugo, contains fourteen cuts by Bewick. This would give the majority of the illustrations to Clennell, who presumably designed as well as engraved them. That to the first part of the "Story of Melissa," a pretty little cut, bears

concluded, to work for Bewick on the illustrations to Wallis and Scholey's "History of England," already referred to in our account of Nesbit. Finding, however, that Bewick received the greater part of the money, he put himself into direct communication with the proprietors, the result being that they invited him to London, where he arrived in the autumn of 1804; and one of the earliest indications of his residence in the metropolis is his receipt, in May, 1806, of the "gold palette" of the Society of Arts for "an engraving of a battle." Among other books upon which he was engaged were Craig's "Scripture Illustrated" and Beattie's "Minstrel," 1807, from the designs of the indispensable Thurston. Another volume belonging to this period was Falconer's "Shipwreck," 1808, which contains a well-known picture of a ship in a gale of wind, the manner of which is of itself almost sufficient to prove his authorship of some of the marine tail-pieces in Vol. II. of the "Birds." This cut was executed at Twickenham in September, 1807. In the same year as the "Shipwreck" appeared the "Religious Emblems," of which we have already given

a sufficient description. Clennell's best cuts in this are the "Call to Vigilance" and the "Soul Encaged," but the least successful of the series are also engraved by him.



DRAWN BY WILLIAM HARVEY FOR NORTHCOTE'S "FABLES."

Some time after his arrival in London, Clennell married; the exact date is not known. His wife was the eldest daughter of Charles Warren, the copper-plate engraver, a worthy rival of Abraham Raimbach, Finden, and the little knot of talented men who, at the beginning of the present century, emulated each other in producing the delicate book-embellishments issued by Sharpe, Du Rover, and others. Clennell's introduction to this society had, no doubt, an important influence over his future career. After Ackermann's "Emblems," his next work of importance was a large block for the diploma of the Highland Society. For this, in 1809, he received the gold medal of the Society of Arts. Benjamin West made the design, which consists of a circular frame containing an allegorical group, and flanked by two larger figures of a fisherman and a Highland soldier. Thurston copied the figures within the frame on the wood; Clennell himself drew the supporters. After he had worked upon it for a couple of months, the block, which was of box veneered upon beech, had the same fate that befell the "Chillingham Bull"; it split, but irremediably, and history relates that the chagrined artist, in a fit of disgust, flung the tea-things into the fire. In a few days, however, he procured a fresh block, induced Thurston to redraw the figures, and this time successfully completed his work, an example of which may be seen in the collection of wood-cuts at the South Kensington. It is thoroughly characteristic of his style—a style rather energetic than fine, and more spirited than minutely patient. Fortune (it should be added) was once more unfavorable to the block, which was burnt in a fire at the printing-office; but the subject was subsequently engraved by John Thompson.

Clennell's last work of any moment as a wood-engraver is the series of cuts which illustrate Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory, with Other Poems." Jackson and Chatto date this 1812; but the copy before us, which has Clennell's name as engraver upon its title-

page, bears the imprint of 1810. This little volume has an established reputation with collectors, and the excellence of the cuts as enlightened renderings of pen-and-ink sketches can scarcely be exaggerated. The touch and spirit of the originals is given with rare fidelity, thoroughly to appreciate which it is only necessary to contrast them with some of the later copies in the modern editions of Rogers. Many of the compositions have all the lucid charm of antique gems, and, as we have said elsewhere, may actually have been copies of them, since the "Marriage of Cupid and Psyche" is plainly intended for the famous sardonyx in the Marlborough collection.

Toward 1809 or 1810, and probably owing to the enlarged views of art acquired in his father-in-law's circle, Clennell seems virtually to have relinquished engraving for painting and designing. He had, in all likelihood, been preludeing in this latter direction for some time, as there is an engraving by Mantin in the British Museum after one of his designs which dates as far back as 1803, and he made many of the sketches for Scott's "Border Antiquities." In the Kensington Museum there is a water-color drawing called the "Sawpit," dated 1810, which was shown at the Exhibition of 1862; and in the Art Library of the same institution there is a highly interesting volume containing thirty compositions in water-color, of which the majority were prepared for a series of "British Novelists," published by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones in 1810-11. Many of these lightly-washed, slightly-worked sketches have a freedom and certainty of handling which were not retained when they were transferred to the copper, while the situations selected are often realized with considerable insight. It is true that they have not the grace of Stothard, but they have greater vigor. Clennell's men and women are a strong generation; and in his hands Tom Jones becomes a broad-shouldered, north-country fox-hunter, and Pickle's Emilia a bouncing



HEAD-PIECE. (ENGRAVED BY CLENNELL FOR ROGERS'S "THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY." DRAWN BY T. STOTHARD, R. A.)

Tyneside lass. But they have at least one advantage, the lack of which is a common charge against most modern book-illustration,—they generally tell a story of some kind. "Trim in the Kitchen after Master Bobby's

in 1878. Others have been exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery and elsewhere.

But there are two pictures, not included in the above, which have special interest in the story of Clennell's career: one was his mas-



HEAD-PIECE. (DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY HARVEY FOR "HISTORY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN WINES.")

Death," from "Tristram Shandy," a subject which has exercised almost as many interpreters with the pencil as "Donec gratus eram" has found translators, is freshly treated, and can scarcely be said to fall much behind Stothard. This book of sketches contains some other drawings, and a few biographical particulars of which we shall hereafter make use.

In 1812 Clennell was living at 9 Constitution Row, Gray's Inn Road, and he exhibited at the Royal Academy a lively picture of "Fox-hunters Regaling after the Pleasures of the Chace," which was engraved by his father-in-law, and later, in mezzotint, by T. Lupton. From this time forth he continued to exhibit drawings and paintings at the Academy, the British Institution, and the Exhibition of Painters in Water-colors at the "Great Room, Spring Gardens," to which last he sent the largest number of contributions. The "Baggage Waggon in a Thunder-Storm," exhibited in 1816 at the first-named place, and "The Day after the Fair," exhibited in 1818 at the British Institution, are notable examples of his work. Among the pictures which he sent to the water-color gallery were several clever marine subjects, some fishing scenes especially. One of these, the "Arrival of the Mackarel-Boat," is held to be among his best productions. A few of his sketches, the property of a Newcastle collector, were exhibited at the Arts Association of that town

terpiece as a painter, and the other has a tragic connection with the terrible misfortune of his later years. In March, 1815, the British Institution set apart 1000 guineas to be awarded in premiums for the best finished sketches in oil of subjects illustrating the British successes in the Peninsula. Clennell gained one of these premiums with a sketch, full of dash and fiery movement, representing the decisive charge at Waterloo. This was exhibited at the British Institution in 1816. The remaining picture was a commission from the Earl of Bridgewater to paint the "Banquet of the Allied Sovereigns in the Guildhall." When Clennell set to work upon this,—which it must be assumed he did after he had completed the aforementioned charge,—having grouped and lighted his composition, he took apartments in the west end of the town (his latest residence appears to have been in Pentonville), and waited patiently for the distinguished sitters who were to grace his board. But in this part of his task he experienced so much vexation, suspense, and fatigue, that, by the time he had obtained the necessary sketches and had commenced the picture in earnest, his intellectual powers, probably already strained to their utmost by his previous efforts, seem to have suddenly given way. This must have been early in 1817. The following account of the first indications of his malady, as related by one of his friends, is contained in a letter to Mr. Chatto.



DRAWN BY HARVEY FOR "HISTORY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN WINES."

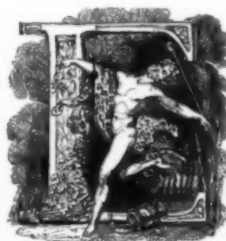


"I regret to say I was the cause of the first discovery of his mind being affected. \* \* \* I was on very friendly terms with the family of his father-in-law, Charles Warren, the engraver, as fine a hearted man as ever breathed. I was consequently well acquainted with Clennell, and frequently visited him at his house in Pentonville. I have sat for hours beside him whilst he was engaged in painting that fatal picture. One night, a large party of young folks had assembled at Mr. Warren's,—a very frequent occurrence, for everybody went there when they wished to be happy,—and we had spent a long night in junketting, and play, and games of all sorts, twirling the trencher being, as I well remember, one of them, and at last had gathered in a large circle round the fire. Clennell was seated next the fire on one side, and I sat next to him. I had remarked that for at least half an hour before he had been looking vacantly under the grate, paying no attention to the fun that was going on. In order to rouse him, I gave him a hearty slap on the thigh, and said: 'Why, Clennell, you are in a brown study!' He gave a faint laugh, and said, 'Indeed, I think I am.' He did not, however, become so much roused as to pay any attention to the *milieu* of waggery that was going on. We broke up about one o'clock; and on my calling at Mr. Warren's next afternoon, I was shocked to hear from him that he feared Clennell's mind was affected; for that, about three in the morning, after having gone home with his wife and retired to bed, he started up and dressed himself, telling his wife that he was going to her father's on a very important affair. As his wife could not prevail on him to defer his visit to a more seasonable hour, she determined to accompany him. On arriving at Gray's Inn Road, he knocked violently, and on being let in by Mr. Warren, he said that he had been grossly insulted by me, and that he was determined on having immediate satisfaction. All Mr. Warren's arguments as to the impossibility of my having intended to insult him were met with positive assertions to the contrary. He said that he knew better; 'I had been placed next him on purpose, and it was a preconcerted thing.' Mr. Warren at last seeing how it was with him, humored him so far as to say that he would go with him, and have an explanation, an apology, or satisfaction! They accordingly set out for my house; but Mr. Warren, being now quite sensible on the subject, instead of proceeding toward my house, took a very different direction, and led him about till he became tired; he was at that time anything but strong. He also by degrees quieted his mind towards me by speaking of my friendship for him and my love of art; and by daylight he got him home and to bed. I need hardly say what exquisite pain this account gave me, for I really loved Clennell: he was always so mild, so amiable—in short, such a GOOD fellow."

Shortly after this, becoming mischievous, Clennell was placed in an asylum in London. Under the pressure of misfortune, his wife's mind also gave way, and she died, leaving three children. By the exertions of Sir John Swin-

burne (grandfather of the poet) and other benevolent persons, the Waterloo charge was engraved, in 1819, by W. Bromley. It was published by the committee of the Artists' Fund, to which institution Clennell had belonged, and the proceeds were vested in trustees for the benefit of himself and his family. The same body, says Pye, protected him to the day of his death, which took place in 1840.

During the long period which intervened between 1817 and 1840, Clennell never wholly recovered, though hopes appear to have been entertained that his reason might be restored. For some years he remained in London, but he was subsequently transferred to the care of his relations in the North. When Mackenzie wrote his "History of Newcastle," in 1827, he was living in this way at Tritlington; later, he was at St. Peter's Quay. Once he called upon Bewick and asked him for a block to engrave, but when, to humor him, he had been supplied with one, his efforts resembled those of an unskilled first beginner. His faculty for drawing appears to have less declined. We have now before us a bullfinch and a group of carnations, which he is stated to have drawn during his insanity; and, except that they are slightly exaggerated in size, the handling is unflinching and effective. In his earlier days he had been acquainted with Burns, whose songs he sang; and one of the amusements of his vacant hours consisted in composing strange and half-articulate fragments of verse, a few specimens of which are reproduced in the "History of Wood Engraving." In the "Athenæum" for March

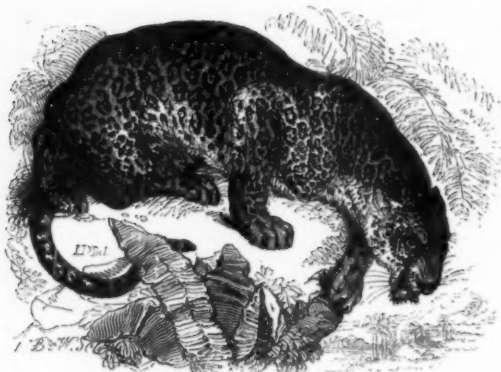


DRAWN BY HARVEY FOR "HISTORY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN WINES."

7, 1840, there are three more,—"Soliman," "A Floweret," and "The Lady upon her Palfrey Grey,"—and others have been published elsewhere. The following, which, as far as can be ascertained, have not appeared in any type save that of the rare leaflet on which they were first printed, are here given chiefly for that reason, and not for any special merit they possess as poetry:

## A BALLAD.

THE hill it was high  
As the maiden did climb,  
And O she wished for her true love nigh,  
And dearly she wished for the time  
That she might be by  
Her own true love of the azure sky.



THE JAGUAR. (DRAWN BY HARVEY FOR "THE TOWER MENAGERIE.")

The hill it was fair,  
And sweet was the air,  
But her true love was not nigh;  
The cowslips look gay,  
Her love is on his way,  
And they meet on the hill of the sky.

## AN EPIC UPON WINTER.

In January or November's cold,  
When stern winter his scepter doth hold  
By farm, or common side, or village lane,  
Or where the sturdy peasant  
Doth drive a drain,  
Cutting his way  
Oft through the frozen clay;  
Sometimes dressing a hedge,  
Lopping away the cumbrous sedge —  
There the fendifair, in numerous wing,  
To taste, now fresh, the oozing spring,  
And flock in the copse or on the bough,  
In winter's merriment to dow.  
Perhaps, near a gravel-pit,  
Where doth the swiller boy  
To carry sand his time employ,  
The little sandybird doth sit  
Upon a twig,  
In expectation big —  
Or robin or blackbird in haste  
The new brown atom to taste,  
And pick their welcome cheer,  
In winter's month so often dear.

To attach any undue importance to these irregular verses would be absurd; but the inborn love of nature is still discernible in the disjointed imagery and the poor rudderless words. Both pieces bear the author's initials, "L. C.," and are dated from "St. Peters."

While at St. Peters, Clennell appears to have been harmless; but in 1831 he again became unmanageable, and was placed in an asylum, where he remained until he died. In 1844 a monumental tablet by R. Davies, a local sculptor,

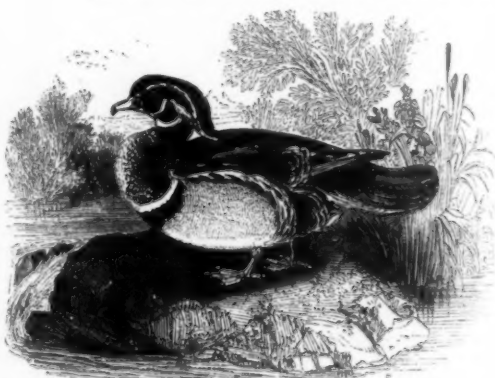
was erected to his memory in St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle.

It is difficult to determine the precise limits of talents so fatally interrupted, or to decide definitely whether their possessor should or should not be included among "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown." When attacked by his malady he was six-and-thirty; and if there be any truth in the axiom of Joseph le Maistre, that "he who has not conquered at thirty will never conquer," Clennell had already passed that critical stage. But we do not place much faith in the utterance in question; and, setting speculation aside, it may fairly be affirmed of him that he was, after Nesbit, the best engraver

among Bewick's pupils; and that when his mind gave way he was beginning to show powers of a higher kind as an artist, particularly in the line of landscape and rustic scenes. His distinguishing qualities are breadth, spirit, and rapidity of handling, rather than finish and minuteness; and the former characteristics are usually held to be superior to the latter. His unfortunate story invests them with an additional interest.

## IV.

WILLIAM HARVEY, the third of Bewick's pupils who attained to any distinction, is known chiefly as a designer on wood, and for a considerable period held the foremost place in the profession. In these days, when artists of this class are so numerous, it is difficult to understand how one man could completely command the field; and yet it seems certain that, about 1830-'40, Harvey was the sole person to whom engravers could apply for an



THE SUMMER DUCK. (DRAWN BY HARVEY FOR "THE GARDENS AND THE MENAGERIE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.")

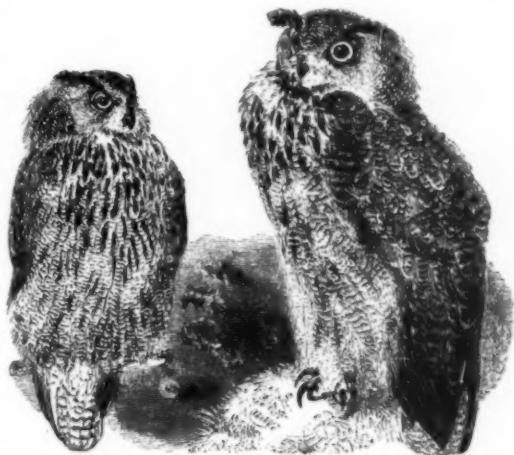
original design with security, and who devoted himself exclusively to the preparation of such designs. "The history of wood-engraving," says a writer in the "Art-Union" for 1839, "for some years past is almost a record of the works of his (Harvey's) pencil." It was the custom to say that he produced more than Stothard or Chodowiecki; but it would be more appropriate to compare his unflagging fertility to that of Doré or Gilbert.

He was born at Westgate, July 13, 1796, his father being keeper of the Newcastle baths. At fourteen he was apprenticed to Bewick, with whom he became a great favorite, as may be gathered from the well-known parental letter, printed in Jackson and Chatto, which Bewick addressed to him in 1815. Harvey worked with Temple, another pupil, upon the "Fables" of 1818, and, it is alleged, transferred many of Johnson's sketches to the wood. In September, 1817, he removed to London. Here he studied drawing under B. R. Haydon and anatomy under Sir Charles Bell. While with Haydon (where he had Eastlake, Lance, and Landseer for fellow-pupils), he engraved the well-known block after that artist's "Assassination of Dentatus"—that ambitious attempt to unite color, expression,

handling, light, shadow, and heroic form, of which, if report is to be believed, the proximate destination was a packing-case in Lord Mulgrave's stable. A section of Harvey's engraving was given in this magazine for April, 1880. It is, as Mr. De Vinne there says, "probably the largest, certainly the most labored, block that had then been cut in England"; but its manifest and misguided rivalry of copper-plate makes it impossible to praise it as highly as its exceedingly skillful technique would seem to warrant. As a work upon wood, it must be regarded as more ingenious than admirable.

Toward 1824, Harvey seems wholly to have abandoned engraving for design, his decision in this direction being apparently determined by the success of the illustrations he drew and in part cut for Henderson's "History of Ancient and Modern Wines." These are some of his most pleasing performances. As engravings, they are excellent; as designs, they have but little of the unpleasant mannerism which afterward grew upon him and disfigured his later work. To give an account of his labors as a designer subsequent to this time would be unnecessary, as well as tedious. About 1830 he had become prominently popular in this

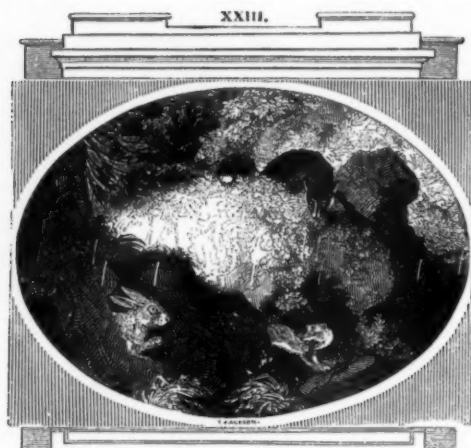
way; he was at the height of his reputation in 1840, and when he died, six-and-twenty years later, his work was still in request. His designs for the "Tower Menageries," 1828; "Zoological Gardens," 1830-31; "Children in the Wood," 1831; "Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," 1832; "Story without an End," "Pictorial Prayer Book," "Bible," "Shakspeare," \* and a hundred other issues from Charles Knight's untiring press, attest his industry and versa-



THE GREAT EAGLE-OWL. (DRAWN BY HARVEY FOR "THE GARDENS AND THE MENAGERIE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.")

tility. Those who desire to study him to advantage, however, will do so in the two series of Northcote's "Fables," 1828 and 1833, to which we have already referred; and in Lane's "Thousand and One Nights," 1838-40. Northcote, indeed, takes credit for the illustrations in the former case; but from the accounts which exist of the way in which he prepared the merely indicatory sketches that Harvey subsequently elaborated and transferred to the block, and from the admission in the preface to Vol. I., that many of the designs have been "improved by his (Harvey's) skill," it is probable that most of the honors of the undertaking really belong to Harvey, though he again, no doubt, profited in some degree by having Northcote's first ideas to energize upon. The ornamental letters and vignettes were entirely his own. Taken as a whole, these two volumes are among the most interesting examples of wood-cut art in England. They were a labor of love to their projector, whose dying regret it was that he had not lived to see the publication of the second series; and some of the happiest work of Nesbit, Jackson, Thompson, and Williams

\* Bogue's Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," engraved by the Dalziels, is also one of Harvey's better efforts.



THE FOX, THE WEASEL, THE RABBIT. (ENGRAVED BY JOHN JACKSON FOR NORTHCOTE'S "FABLES.")

—that is to say, of the most successful wood-engravers of the day—is to be found in their pages.

In the "Arabian Nights," which is regarded as Harvey's masterpiece, he is free from any charges of collaboration, beyond the fact that he worked under the eye of Mr. Lane, who assisted him with minute indications of costume and accessories. In the life of Lane by his nephew, Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, it is stated that the former did not attach much importance to these pictorial embellishments, and even thought that they might well be dispensed with. Some allowance must be made in this case for Mr. Lane's unique position as a critic. A Roman of the time of Augustus would doubtless find anachronisms in the works of Gérôme or Alma Tadema; and no designer would have been likely to entirely satisfy the erudite Egyptologist, who had himself sat cross-legged in the ancient

Arab city of Cairo, and who began each day's task with a pious dedication to Allah. That Lane's disciple, relative, and biographer should, under the circumstances, speak of Harvey's drawings as the "least excellent part of the book," and damn them with the faint praise of "in some slight degree catching the Oriental spirit of the tales," is perhaps to be anticipated; but the fact remains that the artist reached his highest point in these volumes, and the public of Charles Knight's time probably ranked them far above the text in importance. A certain florid and exuberant facility, which in Harvey's ordinary designs is monotonous or ill-timed, seems almost in keeping with Eastern subjects, and many of the head-pieces and vignettes, set tastefully in intricate arabesques, and beautifully engraved by Jackson and his colleagues, are gems of minute and deli-



TAJ EL-MOLOOK HUNTING. (DRAWN BY HARVEY FOR "THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS," BY PERMISSION OF CHATTO AND WINDUS.)



"PARTY QUARRELS." SECOND SERIES. (ENGRAVED BY JACKSON FOR NORTHCOTE'S "FABLES.")

cate invention. Speaking generally, the decorative and topographical examples, the glimpses of bazaar and street, of mosque and turreted gate and "latticed meshrebeeyeh," are superior to the picturesquely grouped but expressionless figure subjects. In drawing animals, Harvey was often singularly fortunate, although here, as always, his peculiar mannerism mars his work.

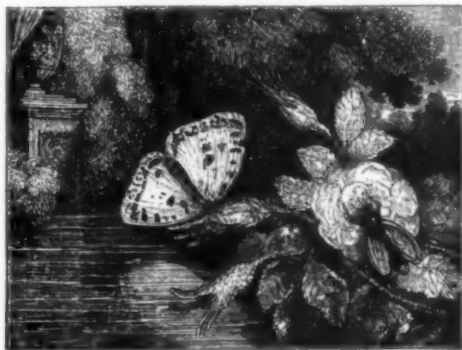
At his death, in 1866, he was Bewick's only surviving pupil. Beyond the fact that he was a thoroughly amiable and unpretentious man, and an unwearied worker, little of interest has been recorded respecting him. A new race of draughtsmen has sprung up since he laid down the pencil, but his name will always deserve to be remembered in the annals of his craft. He lies buried in the cemetery at Richmond.

V.

In addition to the pupils already mentioned, there were a few others, who either did not attain to celebrity, or whose relationship to Bewick was of a more incidental kind. Foremost among these comes John Jackson, who was born at Ovingham in 1811, and died in 1848. Redgrave says that he was a pupil of Armstrong (which is indefinite), and afterward of Bewick. With the latter he had some obscure disagreement which prematurely terminated their connection, Bewick, it is alleged, going even so far as to cut his own and his son's names out of the unexpired indentures. Jackson then moved to London, and worked for a time under Harvey, many of whose designs he subsequently engraved. He did, or superintended, much of the work on the "Penny Magazine" and other of Charles Knight's various enterprises; and between 1830

and 1840 was the busiest and best employed of London wood-engravers. His work for the two series of Northcote's "Fables" and Lane's "Arabian Nights" has already been mentioned. As an engraver, he was careful and painstaking, without any special show of genius. His name has, however, acquired more prominence than it perhaps actually deserves, from its connection with a book to which we have frequently made reference, and to which no student of wood-engraving can fail to be indebted, namely, the "History" of that art, currently known as "Jackson and Chatto." When this book first appeared, in 1839, an angry controversy arose as to the relative claims of the engraver and his colleague to the honors

of authorship. We do not propose to stir the ashes of this ancient dispute. Still, it may be stated that Mr. Chatto appears to have had but scant justice done to him in the matter, for, with a few reservations, the composition and preparation of the book were entirely his. Indeed, Jackson was in no sense "literary," and could not possibly have undertaken it; and although he provided and paid for the illustrations, the attributing of them *en masse* to him personally is manifestly an error, as the major part of the fac-similes of old wood-cuts were the work of the late Mr. Fairholt, and were chiefly engraved by a young pupil of Jackson's named Stephen Rimbault. Others were executed by J. W. Whymper. Of the blocks actually from the graver of Jackson himself, the best are the "Partridge" and the "Woodcock," after Bewick, which are favorable specimens of his powers. Jackson's true position with regard to the whole book seems to have been rather that of contractor than of author; and it is satisfactory to know that in the third edition, which has been recently issued, due prominence has



THE VAIN BUTTERFLY. (ENGRAVED BY EBENEZER LANDRELLS FOR NORTHCOTE'S "FABLES.")

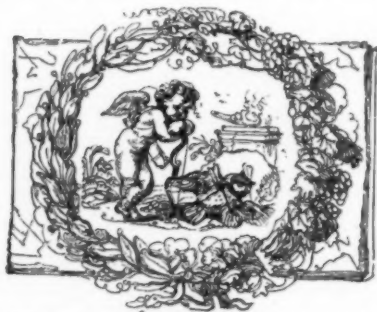


SEED-SOWER. (ENGRAVED BY H. F. F. W. HOLE FOR "RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS.")

been given on the title-page to the hitherto insufficiently recognized labors of Mr. Chatto.

With the exception of Ebenezer Landells, the remaining pupils of Bewick are little more than names. Landells was an excellent engraver, who did good work on the "Illustrated London News" and "Punch," and succeeded admirably in rendering the animals

of Thomas Landseer. He died in 1860. Hole, already referred to in connection with Ackermann's "Religious Emblems," and whose full name was Henry Fulke Plantagenet Woollicombe Hole, was the son of a captain in the Lancashire militia. He practiced as an engraver at Liverpool, but ultimately gave up the profession on succeeding to an estate in Devonshire. He did some of the cuts in the "British Birds." W. W. Temple, who assisted Harvey in "Bewick's Fables" of 1818, became a draper at the end of his apprenticeship. Henry White, who engraved Thurston's designs to Burns, as well as many of Cruikshank's squibs for Hone, and some of the best of the cuts in Yarrell's "Fishes," was an exceedingly clever workman. Of John Johnson, Robert Johnson's cousin, who designed the cut of the "Hermit" in Goldsmith's and Parnell's "Poems," we have no material particulars. Isaac Nicholson, Anderson, Willis, and the rest, may be dismissed without further mention.



TAIL-PIECE. (DRAWN BY HARVEY FOR NORTHCOTE'S "FABLES.")

NOTE.—With the exception of the Head-piece for Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," which is printed from an electrotype of the original, all the foregoing illustrations were reproduced by the photo-engraving process from early editions of the books for which they were made.—E.D. C. M.

Austin Dobson.

## THE BREAD-WINNERS.

### IX.

#### A DRAMA WITH TWO SPECTATORS.

THE words of Bott lingered obstinately in Maud Matchin's mind. She gave herself no rest from dwelling on them. Her imagination was full, day after day, of glowing pictures of herself and Farnham in tête-à-tête; she would seek in a thousand ways to tell her love—but she could never quite arrange her avowal in a satisfactory manner. Long before she came to the decisive words which were to kindle his heart to flame in the imaginary dialogue, he would himself take fire by spontaneous combustion, and, falling on his knees, would offer his hand, his heart, and his fortune to her in words taken from "The Earl's Daughter" or the "Heir of Ashby."

"Oh, pshaw! that's the way it ought to be," she would say to herself. "But if he wont—I wonder whether I ever could have the brass to do it? I don't know why I shouldn't. We are both human. Bott wouldn't have said that if there was nothing in it, and he's a mighty smart man."

The night usually gave her courage. Gazing into her glass, she saw enough to inspire her with an idea of her own invincibility; and after she had grown warm in bed she would doze away, resolving with a stout heart that she would try her fate in the morning. But when day came, the enterprise no longer seemed so simple. Her scanty wardrobe struck her with cowardice as she surveyed it. The broad daylight made everything in the house seem poor and shabby. When she went down-stairs, her heart sank within her as she entered the kitchen to help her mother, and when she sat with the family at the breakfast-table, she had no faith left in her dreams of the rosy midnight. This alternation of feeling bred in her, in the course of a few days, a sort of fever, which lent a singular beauty to her face, and a petulant tang to her speech. She rose one morning, after a sleepless night, in a state of anger and excitement in which she had little difficulty in charging upon Farnham all responsibility for her trouble of mind.

"I wont stand it any longer," she said aloud in her chamber. "I shall go to him this day and have it out. I shall ask him what he means by treating me so."

She sat down by her bureau and began to

bang and crimp her hair with grim resolution. Her mother came and knocked at her door. "I'm not coming to breakfast, I've got a headache," she said, and added to herself, "I sha'n't go down and get the smell of bacon on me this morning."

She continued her work of personal adornment for two hours, going several times over her whole modest arsenal of harness, before she was ready for the fray. She then went down in her street costume, and made a hasty meal of bread and butter, standing by the pantry. Her mother came in and found her there.

"Why, Mattie, how's your head?"

"I'm going to take a walk and see what that will do."

As she walked rapidly out of Dean street, the great clock of the cathedral was striking the half hour after nine.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, "that's too early to call on a gentleman. What shall I do?"

She concluded to spend the time of waiting in the library, and walked rapidly in that direction, the fresh air flushing her cheeks, and blowing the frizzed hair prettily about her temples. She went straight to the reference rooms, and sat down to read a magazine. The girl who had prompted her to apply for a place was there on duty. She gave a little cry of delight when Maud came in, and said: "I was just crazy to see you. I have got a great secret for you. I'm engaged!"

The girls kissed each other with giggles and little screams, and the young woman told who *he* was—in the lightning-rod business in Kalamazoo, and doing very well; they were to be married almost immediately.

"You never saw such a fellow, he just wont wait;" and consequently her place in the library would be vacant. "Now, you must have it, Maud! I haven't told a soul. Even the Doctor don't know it yet."

Maud left the library and walked up the avenue with an easier mind. She had an excuse for her visit now, and need not broach, unless she liked, the tremendous subject that made her turn hot and cold to think of. She went rustling up the wide thoroughfare at a quick pace; but before arriving at Farnham's, moved by a momentary whim, she turned down a side street leading to Bishop's Lane. She said to herself, "I will go in by that little

gate once, if I never do again." As she drew near, she thought, "I hope Sam isn't there."

Sam was there, just finishing his work upon the greenhouse. Farnham was there also; he had come down to inspect the job, and he and Sleeney were chatting near the gate as Maud opened it and came in. Farnham stepped forward to meet her. The unexpected rencounter made her shy, and she neither spoke to Sam nor looked toward him, which filled him with a dull jealousy.

"Could I have a few moments' conversation with you, sir?" she asked, with stiff formality.

"Certainly," said Farnham, smiling. "Shall we go into the house?"

"Thank you, sir," she rejoined, severely decorous.

They walked up the garden-path together, and Sam looked after them with an unquiet heart.

She was walking beside Farnham with a stately step, in spite of the scabbard-like narrowness of the dress she wore. She was nearly as tall as he, and as graceful as a young pine blown to and fro by soft winds. The carpenter, with his heart heavy with love and longing, felt a bitter sense that she was too fine for him. They passed into the house, and he turned to his work with a sigh, often dropping his busy hands and looking toward the house with a dumb questioning in his eyes. After a half hour which seemed endless to him, they re-appeared and walked slowly down the lawn. There was trouble and agitation in the girl's face, and Farnham was serious also. As they came by the rose-house, Maud paused and looked up with a sorrowful smile and a question. Farnham nodded, and they walked to the open door of the long, low building. He led the way in, and Maud, looking hastily around, closed the door behind them.

"He's goin' to give her some more of them roses," said Sam, explaining the matter to himself. But he worked for some time with his blonde beard on his shoulder in his impatience to see them come out. At last, he could resist no longer. He knew a point where he could look through the glass and see whatever was taking place among the roses. He walked swiftly across the turf to that point. He looked in and saw Maud, whose back was turned toward him, talking as if she were pleading for her life, while Farnham listened with a clouded brow. Sleeney stood staring with stupid wonder while Maud laid her hand upon Farnham's shoulder. At that moment he heard footsteps on the gravel walk at some distance from him, and he looked up and saw Mrs. Belding approach-

ing. Confused at his attitude of espionage, he walked away from his post, and, as he passed her, Mrs. Belding asked him if he knew where Mr. Farnham was.

"Yes," he answered, "he's in there. Walk right in;" and in the midst of his trouble of spirit he could hardly help chuckling at his own cleverness as he walked, in his amazement, back to the conservatory.

While she was in the house, Maud had confined herself to the subject of the vacancy in the library. She rushed at it, as a hunter at a hedge, to get away from the other matter which had tormented her for a week. When she found herself alone with Farnham she saw that it would be "horrid" to say what she had so long been rehearsing. "Now I can get that place, if you will help me. No earthly soul knows anything about it, and Minnie said she would give me a good chance before she let it out."

Farnham tried to show her the difficulties in the way. He was led by her eagerness into a more detailed account of his differences with the rest of the board than he had ever given to any one, a fuller narrative than was perhaps consistent with entire prudence. Whenever he paused, she would insist with a woman's disconcerting directness:

"But they don't know anything about it this time—they can't combine on anybody. You can certainly get one of them."

Farnham still argued against her sanguine hopes, till he at last affected her own spirits, and she grew silent and despondent. As she rose to go, he also took his hat to return to the garden, where he had left Sleeney, and they walked over the lawn together. As they approached the rose-house, she thought of her former visit and asked to repeat it. The warm breath of the flowers saluted her as she crossed the threshold, bringing so vivid a reminiscence of the enchantment of that other day, that there came with it a sudden and poignant desire to try there, in that bewitched atmosphere, the desperate experiment which would decide her fate. There was no longer any struggle in her mind. She could not, for her life, have kept silent now. She walked slowly beside him to the place where the pots of roses stood ranged on their frames, filling the air with dense fragrance. Her hands were icy cold and quick flushes passed through her, while her face reddened and paled like a horizon smitten by heat-lightning in a sultry night of summer. She looked at the moist brick pavement at her feet, her eyelids seemed too heavy to lift, and the long lashes nearly touched her cheeks.

"What sort will you have?" said Farnham, reaching for the gardener's shears.

"Never mind the roses," she said, in a dry voice which she hardly recognized as her own. "I have something to say to you."

He turned and looked at her with surprise. She raised her eyes to his with a great effort, and then, blushing fiery red, she said, in a clear, low voice, "I love you."

Like many another daughter and son of Eve, she was startled at the effect of these momentous words upon herself. Of all forms of speech, these three words are the most powerful, the most wonder-working upon the being who utters them. It was the first time they had ever passed her lips, and they exalted and inebriated her. She was suddenly set free from the bashful constraint which had held her, and with a leaping pulse and free tongue she poured out her heart to the astonished and scandalized young man.

"Yes, I love you. You think it's horrid that I should say so, don't you? But I don't care, I love you. I loved you the first time I saw you, though you made me so angry about my glasses. But you were my master, and I knew it, and I never put them on again. And I thought of you day and night, and I longed for the day to come when I might see you once more, and I was glad when I did not get that place, so that I could come again and see you and talk with you. I can tell you over again every word you ever said to me. You were not like other men. You are the first real man I ever knew. I was silly and wild when I wanted to be your secretary. Of course, that wouldn't do. If I am not to be your wife, I must never see you again; you know that, don't you?" and, carried away by her own reckless words, she laid her hand on his shoulder. His frown of amazement and displeasure shook her composure somewhat. She turned pale and trembled, her eyes fell, and it seemed for an instant as if she would sink to the floor at his feet. He put his arm around her, to keep her from falling and pressed her closely to him. She threw her head back upon his shoulder and lifted her face to him. He looked down on her, and the frown passed from his brow as he surveyed her flushed cheeks, her red full lips parted in breathless eagerness; her dark eyes were wide open, the iris flecked with golden sparks and the white as clear and blue-tinged as in the eyes of a vigorous infant; her head lay on his shoulder in perfect content, and she put up her mouth to him as simply and as sure of a response as a pretty child. He was entirely aware of the ridiculousness of his position, but he stooped and kissed her with hearty good-will.

Her work seemed all done; but her satis-

faction lasted only a second. Her face broke into happy smiles.

"You do love me, do you not?" she asked.

"I certainly do not," he answered; and at that instant the door opened and Mrs. Belding saw this pretty group of apparent lovers on a rich background of Jacqueminot roses.

Startled more at the words of Farnham than at the entry of Mrs. Belding, Maud had started up, like Vivien, "stiff as a viper frozen." Her first thought was whether she had crushed her hat on his shoulder, and her hands flew instinctively to her head-gear. She then walked tempestuously past the astonished lady out into the garden and brushed roughly by Sleeney, who tried to detain her.

"Hold your tongue, Sam! I hate you and all men"; and with this general denunciation, she passed out of the place, flaming with rage and shame.

Mrs. Belding stood for a moment speechless, and then resorted to the use of that hard-worked and useful monosyllable,

"Well!" with a sharp, falling inflection.

"Well!" returned Farnham, with an easy, rising accent; and then both of them relieved the strained situation with a nervous laugh.

"Come, now," said the good-natured woman, "I am a sort of guardian of yours. Give an account of yourself."

"That is easily given," said Farnham. "A young woman, whose name I hardly know, came to me in the garden this morning to ask for help to get some lady-like work to do. After discussing that subject threadbare, she came in here for a rose, and, apropos of nothing, made me a declaration and a proposal of honorable wedlock, *dans toutes les formes*."

"The forms were evident as I entered," said Mrs. Belding, dryly.

"I could not let her drop on the damp floor," said Farnham, who was astonished to find himself positively blushing under the amused scrutiny of his mother-confessor. "Consider, if you please, my dear madam, that this is the first offer I have ever received, and I was naturally somewhat awkward about declining it. We shall learn better manners as we go along."

"You did decline, then?" said Mrs. Belding, easily persuaded of the substantial truth of the story, and naturally inclined, as is the way of woman, to the man's side. Then, laughing at Arthur's discomfiture, she added, "I was about to congratulate you."

"I deserve only your commiseration."

"I must look about and dispose of you in some way. You are evidently too rich and too fascinating. But I came over to-day to

ask you what I ought to do about my Lake View farm. I have two offers for it; if I had but one, I would take either—well, you know what I mean;” and the conversation became practical. After that matter was disposed of, she said, with a keen side-glance at Farnham, “That was a very pretty girl. I hope you will not be exposed to such another attack; I might not be so near the next time.”

“That danger, thanks to you, is over; Mademoiselle will never return,” he answered, with an air of conviction.

Mrs. Belding went home with no impression left of the scene she had witnessed but one of amusement. She thought of it only as “a good joke on Arthur Farnham.” She kept chuckling to herself over it all day, and if she had had any especial gossip in the town, she would have put on her hat and hurried off to tell it. But she was a woman who lived very much at home, and, in fact, cared little for tattling. She was several times on the point of sharing the fun of it with her daughter, but was prevented by an instinctive feeling that it was hardly the sort of story to tell a young girl about a personal acquaintance. So she restrained herself, though the solitary enjoyment of it irritated her.

They were sitting on the wide porch which ran around two sides of the house just as twilight was falling. The air was full of drowsy calls and twitters from the grass and the trees. The two ladies had been sitting ever since dinner, enjoying the warm air of the early summer, talking very little, and dropping often into long and contented silences. Mrs. Belding had condescended to grenadine in consideration of the weather, and so looked less funereal than usual. Alice was dressed in a soft and vapory fabric of creamy bunting, in the midst of which her long figure lay reclined in an easy chair of Japanese bamboo; she might have posed for a statue of graceful and luxurious repose. There was light enough from the rising moon and the risen stars to show the clear beauty of her face and the yellow luster of her hair; and her mother cast upon her from time to time a glance of pride and fondness, as if she were a recovered treasure to which the attraction of novelty had just been added anew.

“They say she looks as I did at her age,” thought the candid lady; “but they must flatter me. My nose was never so straight as that: her nose is Belding all over. I wonder whom she will care about here? Mr. Furrey is a nice young man, but she is hardly polite to him. There he is now.”

The young man came briskly up the walk, and ran up the steps so quickly that he

tripped on the last one and dropped his hat. He cleverly recovered it, however, and made very careful bows to both the ladies, hoping that he found them quite well. Mrs. Belding bustled about to give him a chair, at which Alice knitted her pretty brows a little. She had scarcely moved her eyelashes to greet her visitor; but when Mrs. Belding placed a light chair near her daughter and invited Mr. Furrey to take it, the young lady rose from her reclining attitude and sat bolt upright with a look of freezing dignity. The youth was not at all abashed, but took his seat, with his hat held lightly by the brim in both hands. He was elegantly dressed, in as faithful and reverent an imitation as home talent could produce of the costume of the gentlemen who that year were driving coaches in New York. His collar was as stiff as tin; he had a white scarf, with an elaborate pin constructed of whips and spurs and horseshoes. He wore dog-skin gloves, very tight and red. His hair was parted in the middle with rigorous impartiality and shed rather rank fragrance on the night. He began conversation with an easy air, in which there was something of pleasurable excitement mixed.

“I come to receive your congratulations, ladies!”

“What, you are engaged?” said Mrs. Belding, and even the placid face of Miss Alice brightened with a look of pleased inquiry.

“Oh, dear, no; how could you think so?” he protested, with an arch look at Alice which turned her to marble again. “I mean I have this day been appointed assistant cashier of our bank!” Napoleon, informing Madame de Beauharnais\* that he was to command the army of Italy, probably made less ado about it.

Mrs. Belding made haste to murmur her congratulations. “Very gratifying, I am sure,—at your age;” to which Alice responded like a chorus, but without any initiative warmth, “Very gratifying, I am sure.”

Furrey went on at some length to detail all the circumstances of the event: how Mr. Lathers, the president of the bank, had sent for him, and how he complimented him; how he had asked him where he learned to write such a good hand; and how he had replied that it came sort of natural to him to write well, that he could make the American eagle with pen and ink before he was fifteen, all but the tail-feathers, and how he discovered a year later that the tail-feathers had to be made by holding the pen between the first and

\* Perhaps Josephine told Napoleon herself, but I think she was clever enough to let him imagine he owed the appointment to his merits.

second fingers; with much more to the like innocent purpose, to which Mrs. Belding listened with nods and murmurs of approval. This was all the amiable young man needed to encourage him to indefinite prattle. He told them all about the men in the bank, their habits and their loves and their personal relations to him, and how he seemed somehow to be a general favorite among them all. Miss Alice sat very still and straight in her chair, with an occasional smile when the giggling of Mr. Furrey seemed to require it, but with her eyes turned to the moonlit night in vagrant reverie, and her mind in those distant and sacred regions where we cannot follow the minds of pure and happy girls.

"Now, you would hardly understand, if I did not tell you," said Mr. Furrey, "how it is that I have gained the confidence——"

At this moment Alice, who had been glancing over Mr. Furrey's shoulder for a moment with a look of interest in her eyes, which he thought was the legitimate result of his entertaining story, cried:

"Why, there comes Mr. Farnham, mamma."

"So it is," said her mother. "I suppose he wants to see me. Don't move, Mr. Furrey. Mr. Farnham and I will go into the house."

"By no means," said that gentleman, who by this time had mounted the steps. "I was sitting all alone on my porch and saw by the moon that yours was inhabited; and so I came over to improve my mind and manners in your society."

"I will get a chair for you," said Mrs. Belding.

"No, thank you; this balustrade will bear my weight, and my ashes will drop harmless on the flower-bed, if you will let me finish my cigar." And he seated himself between the chair of Furrey and the willow fabric in which Alice had resumed her place. This addition to the company was not at all to the taste of the assistant cashier, who soon took his leave, shaking hands with the ladies, with his best bow.

"After all, I do prefer a chair," said Farnham, getting down from his balustrade, and throwing away his *Reina Victoria*, half smoked.

He sat with his back to the moonlight. On his left was Alice, who, as soon as Furrey took his departure, settled back in her willow chair in her former attitude of graceful ease. On the right was Mrs. Belding, in her thin, cool dress of gauzy black. Farnham looked from one to the other as they talked, and that curious exercise, so common to young men in such circumstances, went through his mind. He tried to fancy how Mrs. Belding

looked at nineteen, and how Miss Belding would look at fifty, and the thought gave him singular pleasure. His eyes rested with satisfaction on the wholesome and handsome face of the widow, her fine shoulders and arms, and comfortable form, and then, turning to the pure and exquisite features of the tall girl, who was smiling so freshly and honestly on him, his mind leaped forward through coming years, and he said to himself: "What a wealth of the woman there is there—for somebody." An aggressive feeling of disapproval of young Furrey took possession of him, and he said, sharply:

"What a very agreeable young man Mr. Furrey is?"

Mrs. Belding assented, and Miss Alice laughed heartily, and his mind was set at rest for the moment.

They passed a long time together. At first Mrs. Belding and Arthur "made the expenses" of the conversation; but she soon dropped away, and Alice, under the influence of the night and the moonlight and Farnham's frank and gentle provocation, soon found herself talking with as much freedom and energy as if it were a girls' breakfast. With far more, indeed,—for nature takes care of such matters, and no girl can talk to another as she can to a man, under favoring stars. The conversation finally took a personal turn, and Alice, to her own amazement, began to talk of her life at school, and with sweet and loving earnestness sang the praises of Madame de Veaudrey.

"I wish you could know her," she said to Farnham, with a sudden impulse of sympathy. He was listening to her intently, and enjoying her eager, ingenuous speech as much as her superb beauty, as the moon shone full on her young face, so vital and so pure at once, and played, as if glad of the privilege, about the curved lips, the flashing teeth, the soft eyes under their long lashes, and the hair over the white forehead, gleaming as crisply brilliant as fine-spun wire of gold.

"By her fruits I know her, and I admire her very much," he said, and was sorry for it the moment afterward, for it checked the course of the young girl's enthusiasm and brought a slight blush to her cheek.

"I ought to have known better," he said to himself with real penitence, "than to utter a stupid commonplace to such a girl when she was talking so earnestly." And he tried to make amends, and succeeded in winning back her attention and her slow unconscious smiles by talking to her of things a thousand miles away. The moon was silvering the tops of the linden-trees at the gates before they thought of the flight of time, and they had

quite forgotten the presence of Mrs. Belding when her audible repose broke in upon their talk. They looked at each other, and burst into a frank laugh, full of confidence and comradeship, which the good lady heard in her dreams and waked, saying, "What are you laughing at? I did not catch that last witticism."

The young people rose from their chairs. "I can't repeat my own mots," said Arthur; "Miss Belding will tell you."

"Indeed I shall not," replied Alice. "It was not one of his best, mamma."

She gave him her hand as he said "Good-night," and it lay in his firm grasp a moment without reserve or tremor.

"You are a funny girl, Alice," said Mrs. Belding, as they walked into the drawing-room through the open window. "You put on your stiffest company manners for Mr. Furrey, and you seem entirely at ease with Mr. Farnham, who is much older and cleverer, and is noted for his sarcastic criticisms."

"I do not know why it is, mamma, but I do feel very much at home with Mr. Farnham, and I do not want Mr. Furrey to feel at home with me."

Upon this, Mrs. Belding laughed aloud. Alice turned in surprise, and her mother said, "It is too good to keep. I must tell you. It is such a joke on Arthur;" and, sitting in a low arm-chair, while Alice stood before her leaning upon the back of another, she told the whole story of the scene of the morning in the rose-house. She gave it in the fullest detail, interrupting herself here and there for soft cachinnations, unmindful of the stern, unsmiling silence with which her daughter listened.

She finished, with a loud flourish of merriment, and then asked: "Did you ever hear anything so funny in your life?"

The young lady was turning white and red in an ominous manner, and was biting her nether lip. Her answer to her mother's question was swift and brief:

"I never heard anything so horrid," and she moved majestically away without another word.

Mrs. Belding sat for a moment abashed. "There!" she said to herself, "I knew very well I ought not to tell her. But it was too good to keep, and I had nobody else to tell." She went to bed, feeling rather ill-used. As she passed her daughter's door, she said, "Good-night, Alice!" and a voice not quite so sweet as usual replied, "Good-night, mamma," but the door was not opened.

Alice turned down her light and sat upon a cushioned seat in the embrasure of her open window. She looked up at the stars,

which swam and glittered in her angry tears. With trembling lips and clinched hands she communed with herself. "Why, why, why did mamma tell me that horrid story? To think there should be such women in the world! To take such a liberty with him, of all men! She could not have done it without some encouragement—and he could not have encouraged her. He is not that kind of a vulgar flirt at all. But what do I know about men? They may all be—but I did not think—what business have I thinking about it? I had better go to bed. I have spent all the evening talking to a man who—Oh! I wish mamma had not told me that wretched story. I shall never speak to him again. It is a pity, too, for we are such near neighbors, and he is so nice, if he were not—But I don't care how nice he is, she has *spoiled* him. I wonder who she was. Pretty, was she? I don't believe a word of it—some bold-faced, brazen creature. Oh! I shall hate myself if I cry;" but that was past praying for, and she closed her lattice and went to bed for fear the stars should witness her unwelcome tears.

X.

#### A WORD OUT OF SEASON.

ARTHUR FARNHAM awoke the next day with a flight of sweet hopes and fancies singing in his heart and brain. He felt cheerfully and kindly toward the whole human race. As he walked down into the city to transact some business he had there with his lawyer, he went out of his way to speak to little children. He gave all his acquaintances a heartier "Good-morning" than usual. He even whistled at passing dogs. The twitter of the sparrows in the trees, their fierce contentions on the grass, amused him. He leaned over the railing of the fountain in the square with the idlers, and took a deep interest in the turtles, who were baking their frescoed backs in the warm sun, as they floated about on pine boards, amid the bubbles of the clear water.

As he passed by the library building, Dr. Buchlieber was standing in the door. "Good luck," he said; "I was just wishing to see you. One of our young women resigned this morning, and I think there may be a chance for our handsome friend. The meeting, you remember, is this afternoon."

Farnham hardly recalled the name of the young lady in whose success he had been so interested, although recent intimate occurrences might have been expected to fix it somewhat

permanently in his remembrance. But all female images except one had become rather vague in his memory. He assented, however, to what the doctor proposed, and going away congratulated himself on the possibility of doing Maud a service and ridding himself of the faintest tinge of remorse. He was not fatuous or conceited. He did not for a moment imagine that the girl was in love with him. He attributed her demonstration in the rose-house to her "congenital bad breeding," and thought it only one degree worse than other match-making maneuvers of which he had been the object in the different worlds he had frequented. He gave himself no serious thought about it, and yet he was glad to find an apparent opportunity to be of use to her. She was poor and pretty. He had taken an interest in her welfare. It had not turned out very well. She had flung herself into his arms and been heartily kissed. He could not help feeling there was a balance against him.

As he turned the corner of the street which led to the attorney's office where he was going, he saw a man standing by the wall with his hat off, bowing to him. He returned the unusual salutation and passed on; it was some moments before he remembered that it was one of his colleagues on the Library Board. He regretted not having stopped and made the effort to engage his vote for Maud; but, on second thought, he reflected that it would be as well to rely upon the surprise of the three to prevent a combination at the meeting. When he reached the entrance of the building where his lawyer's offices were, he turned, with a sense of being pursued by a shuffling footstep which had hastened its speed the last few paces, and saw his colleague coming up the steps after him with a perspiring but resolute face.

"Hold on, Cap," he said, coming into the shade of the passage. "I was thinkin' o' comin' to see you, when I sighted you comin' round the corner."

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Pennybaker," said Arthur, taking the clumsy hand which was held out to him.

"Gettin' pretty hot, aint it?" said Pennybaker, wiping his brow with his forefinger and dexterously sprinkling the floor with the proceeds of the action.

"No danger of frost, I think," Arthur assented, admiring the dexterity of Pennybaker, but congratulating himself that the shake-hands was disposed of.

"You bet your life. We're going to have it just sizzling from now on."

"Were you wishing to see me about anything in particular?" asked Farnham, who

saw no other way of putting an end to a meteorological discussion which did not interest him.

"Well, yes," answered Pennybaker, getting around beside Farnham, and gazing at the wall opposite. "I heard this mornin' that Minnie Bell was goin' to get married. My daughter is doing some sewing for her, and it slipped out that way. She was trying to keep it secret. Some girls is mighty funny that way. They will do anything to get engaged, and then they will lie like Sam Hill to make believe they aint. Well, that makes a vacancy." He did not turn his head, but he cast a quick glance sideways at Farnham, who made no answer, and Pennybaker resumed: "So I thought I would come to you, honor bright, and see if we couldn't agree what to do. That's me. I'm open and square, like a bottle of bitters."

Farnham gave no indication of his surprise at this burst of candor, but asked:

"What do you propose?"

"That's it," said Pennybaker, promptly. "I don't propose nothing—I expose. You hear me—I expose." He said this with great mystery, one eye being shut fast and the other only half open. He perceived that he had puzzled Farnham, and enjoyed it for a moment by repeating his mot with a chuckle that did not move a muscle of his face. "I'll tell you the whole thing. There's no use, between gentlemen, of playing the thing too fine." He took his knife from one pocket and from another a twist of tobacco, and, cutting off a mouthful, began his story:

"You see, me and Bud Merritt and Joe Dorman have most generally agreed on paternage, and that was all right. You are well fixed. You don't want the bother of them little giblets of paternage. We've 'tended to 'em for what there was in 'em and for the good of the party. Now Bud he wants to be auditor, and he's got Joe to go in with him, because, if he gits there, Joe's brother-in-law, Tim Dolan, will be his debbit. Bud is weak in the Third Ward, and he knows it, and he knows that Jake Runckel can swing that ward like a dead cat; and so they have fixed it all up to give the next vacancy to Jake for his sister. She's been turned out of the school for some skylarking, and weighs pretty heavy on Jake's hands. Very well. That's the game, and I'm a-kickin'! Do you hear me? I'm a-kickin'!"

Pennybaker pushed up his hat and looked Farnham fairly in the face. The assertion of his independence seemed to give him great gratification. He said once more, slowly closing one eye and settling back in his former attitude against the wall, while he aimed a

deluge of tobacco-juice at the base of the wall before him: "I'm a-kickin' like a Texas steer."

He waited a moment to allow these impressive words to have their full effect, while Farnham preserved a serious and attentive face.

"Well, this bein' the case," continued Pennybaker, "I comes to you, as one gentleman to another, and I asks whether we can't agree against this selfish and corrupt game of Merritt and Dorman. For, you see, I don't get a smell out of what they're doin'. I'm out in the cold if their slate goes through."

"I don't see that I can be of any service to you, Mr. Pennybaker. If I have any influence in the matter, it shall be given to Miss Matchin, whom I proposed once before."

"Exactly! Now you're talkin'. Miss Matchin shall have it, on one little proviso that won't hurt you nor me nor nobody. Say the word, and it's a whack."

And he lifted up his hand to strike the bargain.

"What is it?" asked Farnham, in a tone which was severe and contemptuous, in spite of him.

"Namely, just this," answered Pennybaker. "You aint on the make; you're fixed. You don't care about these d—— little things except to help a friend once 'n awhile," he said, in a large and generous way. "But I aint that kind yet. I've got to look out for myself—pretty lively, too. Now, I'll tell you what's my racket. You let me perpose Miss Matchin's name and then go and tell her father that I put it through, and it'll be done slick as a whistle. That's all solid, aint it?"

Farnham's brow clouded. He did not answer at once. Pennybaker repeated his question a little anxiously:

"That's all solid, aint it?"

"You will excuse me, Mr. Pennybaker, if I do not quite understand your racket, as you call it. I do not see how you make anything out of this. Matchin is a poor man. You surely do not intend——"

"To strike Saul for a divvy? Nothing of the sort," said Pennybaker, without the least offense. "The whole thing lies just here. Among gentlemen there's no use being shy about it. My brother wants to be assessor in Saul Matchin's ward. Saul's got a lot of influence among the boys in the planing-mills, and I want his help. You see?"

Farnham thought he saw, and, after assenting to Pennybaker's eager demand, "That's all solid?" he walked away, too much relieved by the thought that Maud was provided for to question too closely the morality of the proceeding which the sordid rascal had exposed to him.

In the afternoon, at the meeting of the board, the programme agreed upon was strictly carried out. Pennybaker proposed Miss Matchin's name as soon as the vacancy was announced, to the amazement of his late confederates. They moved a postponement, but to no purpose; Maud was elected; and the angry politicians had no better revenge than to say spitefully to Pennybaker on the stairs, as they went away, "How much did the Captain give you for that sell-out?"—a jeer which he met by a smile of conscious rectitude and a request to be informed the next time they organized a freeze-out against him. It must be said, however, that he lost no time in going to Matchin, informing him that he had succeeded in carrying Maud in by unheard-of exertions, and demanding and receiving on the spot five per cent. of her year's salary, which he called "the usual commission."

Saul announced the appointment that evening at supper. Maud flushed crimson, and the tears started to her eyes. She was about to declare she would not have it, when her father's next words put a different face on the matter. "And it's no thanks to Cap'n Farnham, neither. He tried it onct, and couldn't make the rifle. But me and Joel Pennybaker got together and done it. And now I hope, Mattie, you'll behave yourself and save money. It's like a fortun' comin' to you, if you're smart."

Maud found no reply ready. She could not wholly believe her father's story. She still fancied the appointment came from Farnham, and there was a certain bitterness in it; but, on the whole, she received it not without a secret complacency. Mrs. Matchin's pleasure was checked by her daughter's morose confusion. Sam made no pretense of being pleased, but sat, unmoved by Matchin's speech, in scowling silence, and soon went out without a word of comment. The scene he had witnessed in the rose-house had poisoned his mind; yet, whenever he looked at Maud, or tried to speak to her, he was met with an air of such fierce and beautiful defiance, that his eyes fell and his voice stuck in his throat. So the piece of good fortune, so anxiously awaited in the household, brought little delight when it came. Maud reported for duty next day, and soon learned the routine of her work; but she grew more and more silent at home, and Saul's hope of a wedding in the family died away.

Arthur Farnham walked away from the meeting with the feeling of a school-boy who has finished a difficult task and who thinks he deserves some compensating pleasure. The day had been fine and warm, but the breeze of the late afternoon was already blowing in from the lake, lending freshness and life to

the air. The sky was filled with soft gray clouds, which sailed along at a leisurely rate, evidently on very good terms with the breeze. As Farnham walked up the avenue, he cast about in his mind for the sort of dissipation with which he would reward himself for the day's work and he decided for a ride.

But as he was drawing on his boots, it occurred to him, for the first time in his life, that it was a churlish and unneighborly proceeding for him to go riding alone day after day, and that he would be doing no more than his duty to offer his escort to Miss Belding. He said Miss Belding to his own thought—making it as formal and respectful as possible. So, sending an order to his groom to keep his horse at the stable for a moment, he walked over the lawn to the Belding cottage and asked for the ladies.

"I believe they are upstairs, sir. Walk into the drawing-room, and I will see," said the neat house-maid, smiling at Farnham, as indeed was the general custom of women. He took his seat in the cool and darkened room facing the door-way, which commanded a view of the stairs. He sat in a large willow chair very much at his ease, looking about the pretty salon, enjoying its pictures and ornaments and the fragrance of the roses in the vases, as if he had a personal interest in them. The maid came back and said the ladies would be down in a moment.

She had announced Farnham to Mrs. Belding, who had replied, "Tell him, in a moment." She was in the summer afternoon condition which the ladies call "dressing-sack," and after an inspection at the glass, which seemed unsatisfactory, she walked across the hall to her daughter's room. She found Alice standing by the window, looking out upon the lake.

"There, I am glad you are all dressed. Arthur Farnham has called, and you must go down and excuse me. I said I would come, but it will take me so long to dress, he will get tired of waiting. You run down and see him. I suppose there is nothing particular."

"Oh, mamma," said Alice, "I don't want to see him, and especially not alone."

Mrs. Belding made large eyes in her surprise. "Why, Alice, what has got into you?"

Alice blushed and cast down her eyes. "Mamma," she said, in a low voice, "do not ask me to go down. You know what you told me last night."

"There, that will do," said the mother, with a tone of authority. "Perhaps I was foolish to tell you that silly little story, but I am the judge of who shall visit this house. You are too young to decide these questions for me,

and I insist that what I told you shall make no difference in your treatment of Mr. Farnham. You think too much of your own part in the matter. He has come to see me, and not you, and I wish you to go down and make my excuses for keeping him waiting. Will you go?"

"Yes, I will go," said the young girl. The blush had left her cheek and she had become a trifle pale. She had not raised her eyes from the floor during her mother's little speech; and when it was over and her mother had gone back to her room, Alice cast one glance at her mirror, and with a firm face walked down the stairs to the drawing-room. Farnham heard the rustle of her dress with a beating of the heart which filled him with a delicious surprise. "I am not past it, then," was the thought that came instantly to his mind, and in that one second was a singular joy. When she came in sight on the stairs, it was like a sudden enchantment to him. Her beautiful head, crowned with its masses of hair drawn back into a simple Greek knot; her tall, strong figure, draped in some light and clinging stuff which imposed no check on her natural grace and dignity, formed a charming picture as she came down the long stairs; and Farnham's eyes fastened eagerly upon her white hand as it glided along the dark walnut baluster. His heart went out to meet her. He confessed to himself, with a lover's instantaneous conviction, that there was nothing in the world so utterly desirable as that tall and fair-haired girl slowly descending the stairs. In the midst of his tumultuous feeling a trivial thought occurred to him: "I am shot through the heart by the blind archer," he said to himself; and he no longer laughed at the old-fashioned symbol of the sudden and fatal power of love.

But with all this tumult of joy in the senses waking up to their allegiance, there came a certain reserve. The goddess-like creature who had so suddenly become the mistress of his soul was a very serious personage to confront in her new majesty. He did not follow the impulse of his heart and rush forward as she entered the room. He merely rose and bowed. She made the faintest possible salutation, and, without taking a seat, conveyed her mother's excuses in a tone of such studied coldness that it amused Farnham, who took it as a school-girl's assumption of a grand and ceremonious manner suitable to a tête-à-tête with man.

"Thank you," he said, "but I did not come especially to see your mother. You were more the object of my quest." She did not smile or reply, and he went on, with a slight sensation of chill coming upon him from this

stony dignity, which, the more he observed it, seemed less and less amusing and not at all artificial. "I came to ask if you would not like to go to ride this afternoon. It is just gray enough for comfort."

"I thank you very much for being so kind as to think of me," she replied, "but it will not be convenient for me to go."

"Perhaps the morning will suit better. I will come to-morrow at any hour you say."

"I shall not be able to go to-morrow either, I think."

Even while exchanging these few words, Alice felt herself growing slightly embarrassed, and it filled her with dismay. "I am a poor creature," she thought, "if I cannot get this self-satisfied gentleman out of the house without breaking down. I can't stand here forever though," and so she took a seat, and, as Arthur resumed his willow chair with an air of content, she could not but feel that as yet the skirmish was not in her favor. She called her angry spirit to her aid, and nerved herself to say something which would promptly close the interview.

His next words gave her the opportunity.

"But you surely do not intend to give up riding altogether?"

"Certainly not. I hope to ride a good deal. Andrews will go with me."

"Ah! Your objection to me as a groom is entirely personal, then."

"Now for it!" she thought to herself, and she said firmly, "Yes."

But the effort was too great, and after the word was launched her mouth broke up into a nervous smile, for which she despised herself, but which she could not control for her life.

Farnham was so pleased with the smile that he cared nothing for the word, and so he continued in a tone of anxious and coaxing good-nature, every word increasing her trouble:

"You are wrong as you can be. I am a much better groom than Andrews. He has rather more style, I admit, on account of his Scotch accent and his rheumatism. But I might acquire these. I will be very attentive and respectful. I will ride at a proper distance behind you, if you will occasionally throw a word and a smile over your shoulder at me."

As he spoke, a quick vision flashed upon him of the loveliness of the head and shoulder, and the coil of fair hair which he should have before him if he rode after her, and the illumination of the smile and the word which would occasionally be thrown back to him from these perfect lips and teeth and eyes. His voice trembled with love and eagerness as he pleaded for the privilege of taking her

servant's place. Alice no longer dared to interrupt him, and hardly ventured to lift her eyes from the floor. She had come down with the firm purpose of saying something to him which would put an end to all intimacy, and here, before she had been five minutes in his presence, he was talking to her in a way that delighted her ears and her heart. He went rattling on as if fearful that a pause might bring a change of mood. As she rarely looked up, he could feast his eyes upon her face, where now the color was coming and going, and on her shapely hands, which were clasped in her lap. He talked of Colorado as if it were settled that they were to go there together, and they must certainly have some preliminary training in rough riding; and then, merely to make conversation, he spoke of other places that should only be visited on horseback, always claiming in all of them his post of groom. Alice felt her trouble and confusion of spirit passing away as the light stream of talk rippled on. She took little part in it at first, but from monosyllables of assent she passed on to a word of reply from time to time; and before she knew how it happened she was engaged in a frank and hearty interchange of thoughts and fancies, which brought her best faculties into play and made her content with herself, in spite of the occasional intrusion of the idea that she had not been true to herself in letting her just anger die so quickly away.

If Farnham could have seen into the proud and honest heart of the young girl he was talking to, he would have rested on the field he had won, and not tempted a further adventure. Her anger against him had been dissipated by the very effort she had made to give it effect, and she had fallen insensibly into the old relation of good neighborhood and unreserved admiration with which she had always regarded him. She had silenced her scruples by the thought that in talking pleasantly with him she was obeying her mother, and that after all it was not her business to judge him. If he could have known his own best interest, he would have left her then, when her voice and her smile had become gay and unembarrassed according to their wont, with her conscience at ease about his faults, and her mind filled with a pleasant memory of his visit.

But such wisdom was beyond his reach. He had felt suddenly, and once for all, in the last hour, the power and visible presence of his love. He had never in his life been so moved by any passion as he was by the joy that stirred his heart when he heard the rustle of her dress in the hall and saw her white hand resting lightly on the dark wood of

the stairs. As she walked into the parlor, from her face and her hair, from every movement of her limbs, from every flutter of her soft and gauzy garments, there came to him an assertion of her power over him that filled him with a delicious awe. She represented to him, as he had never felt it before, the embodied mystery and majesty of womanhood. During all the long conversation that had followed, he had been conscious of a sort of dual operation of his mind, like that familiar to the eaters of *hasheesh*. With one part of him he had been carrying on a light and shallow conversation, as an excuse to remain in her presence and to keep his eyes upon her, and with all the more active energies of his being he had been giving himself up to an act of passionate adoration of her. The thoughts that uttered themselves to him, as he chatted about all sorts of indifferent things, were something like these: How can it have ever happened that such beauty, such dignity, such physical perfection could come together in one person, and the best and sweetest heart have met them there? If she knew her value, her pride would ruin her. In her there is everything, and everything else beside: Galatea, the statue, with a Christian soul. She is the best that could fall to any man, but better for me than for any one else. Anybody who sees her must love her, but I was made for nothing else but to love her. This is what mythologies meant. She is Venus: she loves laughter, and her teeth and lips are divine. She is Diana: she makes the night beautiful; she has the eye and the arm of an athlete goddess. But she is a woman: she is Mrs. Belding's daughter Alice. Thank heaven, she lives here. I can call and see her. Tomorrow, I shall ride with her. She will love and marry some day like other women. Who is the man who shall ever kiss her between those straight brows? And fancies more audacious and extravagant fed the fever of his heart as he talked deliberate small talk, still holding his hat and whip in his hand.

He knew it was time he should go, but could not leave the joy of his eyes and ears. At last his thoughts, like a vase too full, ran over into speech. It was without premeditation, almost without conscious intention. The under-tone simply became dominant and overwhelmed the frivolous surface talk. She had been talking of her mother's plans of summer travel, and he suddenly interrupted her by saying in the most natural tone in the world: "I must see your mother before she decides. I hope you will make no plans without me. I shall go where you go. I shall never be away from you again, if I can help it. No,

no, do not frown about it. I must tell you. I love you; my whole life is yours."

She felt terribly shocked and alarmed, not so much at his words as at her own agitation. She feared for a moment she could not rise from her seat, but she did so with an effort. He rose and approached her, evidently daunted by her inflexible face; for the crisis had brought a momentary self-control with it, and she looked formidable with her knit brows and closed lips.

"Do not go," he pleaded. "Do not think I have been wanting in respect and consideration. I could not help saying what I did. I cannot live without you any more than I can without light and sunshine. I ought to have waited and not startled you. But I have only begun to live since I loved you, and I feel I must not waste time."

She was deeply disturbed at these wild and whirling words, but still bore herself bravely. She felt her heart touched by the vibration of his ardent speech, but her maiden instinct of self-defense enabled her to stand on her guard. Though beaten by the storm of his devotion, she said to herself that she could get away if she could keep from crying or sobbing, and one thought which came to her with the swiftness of lightning gave her strength to resist. It was this: "If I cry, he will take me in his arms, and we shall repeat the tableau mamma saw in the rose-house."

Strong in that stimulating thought, she said: "I am too sorry to hear you say these things. You know how much we have always thought of you. If you forget all this, and never repeat it, we may still be friends. But if you renew this subject, I will never speak to you again alone, as long as I live."

He began to protest; but she insisted, with the calm cruelty of a woman who sees her advantage over the man she loves. "If you say another word, it is the end of our acquaintance, and perhaps it is best that it should end. We can hardly be again as we were."

Farnham was speechless, like one waked in the cold air out of a tropical dream. He had been carried on for the last hour in a whirlwind of emotion, and now he had met an obstacle against which it seemed that nothing could be done. If he had planned his avowal, he might have been prepared for rejection; but he had been hurried into it with no thought of what the result would be, and he was equally unprovided for either issue. In face of the unwavering voice and bearing of Alice, who seemed ten times more beautiful than ever as she stood before him as steady and unresponsive as a young Fate, his hot speech seemed suddenly smitten powerless. He only said:

"It shall be as you wish. If I ever offend you again, I will take my punishment upon myself and get out of your way."

She did not dare to say another word, for fear it would be too kind. She gave him her hand; it was soft and warm as he pressed it; and if he had only known how much softer and warmer her heart was, he would have covered her hand with a thousand kisses. But he bowed and took his leave, and she stood by the lattice and saw him go away, with eyes full of tears and a breast filled with the tenderest ruth and pity—for him and for herself.

## XI.

## THE SANTA RITA SHERRY.

FARNHAM walked down the path to the gate, then turned to go to his own house, with no very definite idea of what direction he was taking. The interview he had just had was still powerfully affecting his senses. He was conscious of no depression from the prompt and decided refusal he had received. He was like a soldier in his first battle who has got a sharp wound which does not immediately cripple him, the perception of which is lost in the enjoyment of a new, keen, and enthralling experience. His thoughts were full of his own avowal, of the beauty of his young mistress, rather than of her coldness. Seeing his riding-whip in his hand, he stared at it an instant, and then at his boots, with a sudden recollection that he had intended to ride. He walked rapidly to the stable, where his horse was still waiting, and rode at a brisk trot out of the avenue for a few blocks, and then struck off into a sandy path that led to the woods by the river-side.

As he rode, his thoughts were at first more of himself than of Alice. He exulted over the discovery that he was in love as if some great and unimagined good fortune had happened to him. "I am not past it, then," he said to himself, repeating the phrase which had leaped from his heart when he saw Alice descending the stairs. "I hardly thought that such a thing could ever happen to me. She is the only one." His thoughts ran back to a night in Heidelberg, when he sat in the shadow of the castle wall with a German student of his acquaintance, and looked far over the valley at the lights of the town and the rippling waves of the Neckar, silvered by the soft radiance of the summer moon.

"Poor Hammerstein! How he raved that night about little Bertha von Eichholz. He called her *Die Einzige* something like a thousand times. It seemed an absurd thing

to say; I knew dozens just like her, with blue eyes and Gretchen braids. But Hammerstein meant it, for he shot himself the week after her wedding with the assessor. But mine is the Only One—though she is not mine. I would rather love her without hope than be loved by any other woman in the world."

A few days before, he had been made happy by the thought that she was no longer a child; now he took infinite pleasure in the thought of her youth; he filled his mind and his senses with the image of her freshness, her clear, pure color, the outline of her face and form. "She is young and fragrant as spring; she has every bloom and charm of body and soul," he said to himself, as he galloped over the shady woodland road. In his exalted mood, he had almost forgotten how he had left her presence. He delighted in his own roused and wakened passion, as a devotee in his devotions, without considering what was to come of it all. The blood was surging through his veins. He was too strong, his love was too new and wonderful to him, to leave any chance for despair. It was not that he did not consider himself dismissed. He felt that he had played a great stake foolishly, and lost. But the love was there, and it warmed and cheered his heart, like a fire in a great hall, making even the gloom noble.

He was threading a bridle-path which led up a gentle ascent to a hill overlooking the river, when his horse suddenly started back with a snort of terror as two men emerged from the thicket and grasped at his rein. He raised his whip to strike one of them down; the man dodged, and his companion said, "None o' that, or I'll shoot your horse." The sun had set, but it was yet light, and he saw that the fellow had a cocked revolver in his hand.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"I want you to stop where you are and go back," said the man, sullenly.

"Why should I go back? My road lies the other way. You step aside and let me pass."

"You can't pass this way. Go back, or I'll make you," the man growled, shifting his pistol to his left hand and seizing Farnham's rein with his right. His intention evidently was to turn the horse around and start him down the path by which he had come. Farnham saw his opportunity and struck the hand that held the pistol a smart blow. The weapon dropped, but went off with a loud noise as it fell. The horse reared and plunged, but the man held firmly to the rein. His companion, joined by two or three other rough-looking men who rushed from the thicket, seized the

horse and held him firmly, and pulled Farnham from the saddle. They attempted no violence and no robbery. The man who had held the pistol, a black-visaged fellow with a red face and dyed mustache, after rubbing his knuckles a moment, said: "Let's take it out of the — whelp!" But another, to whom the rest seemed to look as a leader, said: "Go slow, Mr. Bowersox; we want no trouble here."

Farnham at this addressed the last speaker and said, "Can you tell me what all this means? You don't seem to be murderers. Are you horse-thieves?"

"Nothing of the kind," said the man. "We are Reformers."

Farnham gazed at him with amazement. He was a dirty-looking man, young and sinewy, with long and oily hair and threadbare clothes, shiny and unctuous. His eyes were red and furtive, and he had a trick of passing his hand over his mouth while he spoke. His mates stood around him, listening rather stupidly to the conversation. They seemed of the lower class of laboring men. Their appearance was so grotesque, in connection with the lofty title their chief had given them, that Farnham could not help smiling, in spite of his anger.

"What is your special line of reform?" he asked,—"spelling, or civil service?"

"We are Labor Reformers," said the spokesman. "We represent the toiling millions against the bloated capitalists and grinding monopolies; we believe that man is better——"

"Yes, no doubt," interrupted Farnham; "but how are you going to help the toiling millions by stopping my horse on the highway?"

"We was holding a meeting which was kep' secret for reasons satisfactory to ourselves. These two gentlemen was posted here to keep out intruders from the lodge. If you had 'a' spoke civil to them, there would have been no harm done. None will be done now if you want to go."

Farnham at once mounted his horse. "I would take it as a great favor," he said, "if you would give me your name and that of the gentleman with the pistol. Where is he, by the way?" he continued. The man they called Bowersox had disappeared from the group around the spokesman. Farnham turned and saw him a little distance away directly behind him. He had repossessed himself of his pistol and held it cocked in his hand.

"What do you want of our names?" the spokesman asked.

Farnham did not again lose sight of Bowersox. It occurred to him that the interview

might as well be closed. He therefore said, carelessly, without turning:

"A man has a natural curiosity to know the names of new acquaintances. But no matter, I suppose the police know you."

As he walked his horse away from the group, he came so near to Bowersox, who stood at the right of the path, that he almost touched him. He could not resist the temptation of striking his hand again with his clubbed whip. The weapon dropped and went off harmlessly as before, and Bowersox leaped to pick it up, cursing with rage and pain. But in an instant Farnham was out of sight in the thickly wooded path.

Bowersox turned to Offitt in his baffled fury. "Why in — did you let him go? I could have knocked his head off and nobody knowed it."

"Yes," said Offitt, coolly, "and got hung for it."

"It would have been self-defense," said Bowersox. "He hit me first."

"Well, gentlemen," said Offitt, "that closes up Greenwood Lodge. We can't meet in this grass any more. I don't suppose he knows any of us by sight, or he'd have us up to-morrow."

"It was a piece of — nonsense, comin' out here, anyhow," growled Bowersox, unwilling to be placated. "You haven't done a — thing but lay around on the grass and eat peanuts and hear Bott chin."

"Brother Bott has delivered a splendid address on 'The Religion of Nature,' and he couldn't have had a better hall than the Canopy to give it under," said Offitt. "And now, gentlemen, we'd better get back our own way."

As Farnham rode home he was not much puzzled by his adventure in the woods. He remembered having belonged, when he was a child of ten, to a weird and mysterious confraternity called "Early Druids," which met in the depths of groves, with ill-defined purposes, and devoted the hours of meeting principally to the consumption of confectionery. He had heard for the past few months of the existence of secret organizations of working-men, and guessed at once that he had disturbed a lodge of one of these clubs. His resentment did not last very long at the treatment to which he had been subjected; but still he thought it was not a matter of jest to have the roads obstructed by ruffians with theories in their heads and revolvers in their hands, neither of which they knew how to use. He therefore promised himself to consult with the chief of police the next morning in regard to the matter.

As he rode along, thinking of the occurrence, he was dimly conscious of a pleasant suggestion in something he had seen among

the hazel brush, and searching tenaciously in his recollection of the affair, it all at once occurred to him that, among the faces of the men who came out of the thicket in the scuffle, was that of the blonde-bearded, blue-eyed young carpenter who had been at work in his library the day Mrs. Belding and Alice lunched with him. He was pleased to find that the pleasant association led him to memories of his love, but for a moment a cloud passed over him at the thought of so frank and hearty a fellow and such a good workman being in such company. "I must see if I cannot get him out of it," he said to himself, and then reverted again to thoughts of Alice.

Twilight was falling, and its melancholy influence was beginning to affect him. He thought less and less of the joy of his love and more of its hopelessness. By the time he reached his house he had begun to confront the possibility of a life of renunciation, and, after the manner of Americans of fortune who have no special ties, his mind turned naturally to Europe. "I cannot stay here to annoy her," he thought, and so began to plot for the summer and winter, and, in fancy, was at the second cataract of the Nile before his horse's hoofs, ringing on the asphalt of the stable-yard, recalled him to himself.

The next day, he was compelled to go to New York to attend to some matters of business. Before taking the train, he laid his complaint of being stopped on the road before the chief of police, who promised to make vigorous inquiry. Farnham remained ten days in New York, and on his return, one warm, bright evening, he found his table prepared and the grave Budsey waiting behind his chair.

He ate his dinner hastily and in silence, with no great zest. "You have not forgot, sir," said Budsey, who was his external conscience in social matters, "that you are going this evening to Mrs. Temple's?"

"I think I shall not go."

"Mr. Temple was here this afternoon, sir, which he said it was most particular. I asked him would he call again. He said no, he was sure of seeing you to-night. But it was most particular, he said."

Budsey spoke in the tone of solemn and respectful tyranny which he always assumed when reminding Farnham of his social duties, and which conveyed a sort of impression to his master that, if he did not do what was befitting, his butler was quite capable of picking him up and deferentially carrying him to the scene of festivity, and depositing him on the door-step.

"What could Temple want to see me about 'most particular'?" Farnham asked himself.

"After all, I may as well pass the evening there as anywhere."

Mr. Temple was one of the leading citizens of Buffland. He was the vice-president of the great rolling-mill company, whose smoke darkened the air by day and lighted up the skies at night as with the flames of the nether pit. He was very tall and very slender, with reddish-brown hair, eyes, and mustache. Though a man of middle age, his trim figure, his fashionable dress, and his clean-shaven cheek and chin gave him an appearance of youth. He was president of the local jockey club, and the joy of his life was to take his place in the judges' stand, and sway the destinies of the lean, keen-faced trainers who drove the trotting horses. He had the eye of a lynx for the detection of any crookedness in driving, and his voice would ring out over the track like the trump of doom, conveying fines and penalties to the luckless trickster who was trying to get some unfair advantage in the start. His voice, a deep basso, rarely was heard, in fact, anywhere else. Though excessively social, he was also extremely silent. He gave delightful dinner-parties and a great many of them, but rarely spoke, except to recommend an especially desirable wine to a favored guest. When he did speak, however, his profanity was phenomenal. Every second word was an oath. To those who were not shocked by it there was nothing more droll and incongruous than to hear this quiet, reserved, well-dressed, gentleman-like person pouring out, on the rare occasions when he talked freely, in a deep, measured, monotonous tone, a flood of imprecations which would have made a pirate hang his head. He had been, as a boy, clerk on a Mississippi River steam-boat, and a vacancy occurring in the office of mate, he had been promoted to that place. His youthful face and quiet speech did not sufficiently impose upon the rough deck-hands of that early day. They had been accustomed to harsher modes of address, and he saw his authority defied and in danger. So he set himself seriously to work to learn to swear; and though at first it made his heart shiver a little with horror and his cheek burn with shame, he persevered, as a matter of business, until his execrations amazed the roustabouts. When he had made a fortune, owned a line of steam-boats, and finally retired from the river, the habit had been fastened upon him, and oaths became to him the only form of emphatic speech. The hardest work he ever did in his life was, while courting his wife, a Miss Flora Ballston, of Cincinnati, to keep from mingling his ordinary forms of emphasis in his asseverations of

affection. But after he was married, and thrown more and more into the company of women, that additional sense, so remarkable in men of that mold, came to him, and he never lapsed, in their presence, into his natural way of speech. Perhaps this was the easier, as he rarely spoke at all when they were by—not that he was in the least shy or timid, but because they, as a rule, knew nothing about stocks, or pig-iron, or wine, or trotting horses,—the only subjects, in his opinion, which could interest any reasonable creature.

When Farnham arrived at his house, it was already pretty well filled with guests. Mr. and Mrs. Temple were at the door, shaking hands with their friends as they arrived, she with a pleasant smile and word from her black eyes and laughing mouth, and he in grave and speechless hospitality.

"Good evening, Mr. Farnham!" said the good-natured lady. "So glad to see you. I began to be alarmed. So did the young ladies. They were afraid you had not returned. Show yourself in the drawing-room and dispel their fears. Oh, Mr. Harrison, I am so glad you resolved to stay over."

Farnham gave way to the next comer, and said to Mr. Temple, who had pressed his hand in silence:

"Did you want to see me for anything special to-day?"

Mrs. Temple looked up at the word, and her husband said:

"No; I merely wanted you to take a drive with me."

Another arrival claimed Mrs. Temple's attention, and as Farnham moved away Temple half-whispered in his ear, "Don't go away till I get a chance to speak to you. There is merry and particular bloom of — to pay."

The phrase, while vivid, was not descriptive, and Farnham could not guess what it meant. Perhaps something had gone wrong in the jockey club; perhaps Goldsmith Maid was off her feed; perhaps pig-iron had gone up or down a dollar a ton. These were all subjects of profound interest to Temple and much less to Farnham; so he waited patiently the hour of revelation, and looked about the drawing-room to see who was there.

It was the usual drawing-room of provincial cities. The sofas and chairs were mostly occupied by married women, who drew a scanty entertainment from gossip with each other, from watching the proceedings of the spinsters, and chiefly, perhaps, from a consciousness of good clothes. The married men stood grouped in corners and talked of their every-day affairs. The young people clus-

tered together in little knots governed more or less by natural selection—only the veterans of several seasons pairing off into the discreet retirement of stairs and hall angles. At the further end of the long drawing-room, Farnham's eyes at last lighted upon the object of his quest. Alice sat in the midst of a group of young girls who had intrenched themselves in a corner of the room, and defied all the efforts of skirmishing youths, intent upon flirtation, to dislodge them. They seemed to be amusing themselves very well together, and the correct young men in white cravats and pointed shoes came, chatted, and drifted away. They were the brightest and gayest young girls of the place; and it would have been hard to detect any local color in them. Young as they were, they had all had seasons in Paris and in Washington; some of them knew the life of that most foreign of all capitals, New York. They nearly all spoke French and German better than they did English, for their accent in those languages was very sweet and winning in its incorrectness, while their English was high-pitched and nasal and a little too loud in company. They were as pretty as girls are anywhere, and they wore dresses designed by Mr. Worth, or his New York rivals, Loque and Chiffon; but they occasionally looked across the room with candid and intelligent envy at maidens of less pretensions who were better dressed by the local artists.

Farnham was stopped at some distance from the pretty group by a buxom woman standing near the open window, cooling the vast spread of her bare shoulders in a current of air, which she assisted in its office with a red-and-gold Japanese fan.

"Captain Farnham," she said, "when are you going to give that lawn-tennis party you promised so long ago? My character for veracity depends on it. I have told everybody it would be soon, and I shall be disgraced if it is delayed much longer."

"That is the common lot of prophets, Mrs. Adipson," replied Farnham. "You know they say in Wall street that early and exclusive information will ruin any man. But tell me, how is your club getting on?" he continued disingenuously, for he had not the slightest interest in the club; but he knew that once fairly started on the subject, Mrs. Adipson would talk indefinitely, and he might stand there and torture his heart and delight his eyes with the beauty of Alice Belding.

He carried his abstraction a little too far, however, for the good lady soon perceived, from his wandering looks and vague replies, that she was not holding his attention. So she

pettishly released him, after following the direction of his eyes, and said, "There, I see you are crazy to go and talk to Miss Dallas. I won't detain you. She is awfully clever, I suppose, though she never took the trouble to be brilliant in my presence; and she is pretty when she wears her hair that way—I never liked those frizzes."

Farnham accepted his release with perhaps a little more gratitude than courtesy, and moved away to take a seat which had just been vacated beside Miss Dallas. He was filled with a boyish delight in Mrs. Adipson's error. "That she should think I was worshipping Miss Dallas from afar! Where do women keep their eyes? To think that anybody should look at Miss Dallas when Alice Belding was sitting beside her." It was pleasant to think, however, that the secret of his unhappy love was safe. Nobody was gossiping about it, and using the name of his beloved in idle conjectures. That was as it should be. His love was sacred from rude comment. He could go and sit by Miss Dallas, so near his beloved that he could see every breath move the lace on her bosom. He could watch the color come and go on her young cheek. He could hear every word her sweet voice uttered, and nobody would know he was conscious of her existence.

Full of this thought, he sat down by Miss Dallas, who greeted him warmly and turned her back upon her friends. By looking over her shining white shoulder, he could see the clear, pure profile of Alice just beyond, so near that he could have laid his hand on the crinkled gold of her hair. He then gave himself up to that duplex act to which all unavowed lovers are prone—the simultaneous secret worship of one woman and open devotion to another. It never occurred to him that there was anything unfair in this, or that it would be as reprehensible to throw the name of Miss Dallas into the arena of gossip as that of Miss Belding. That was not his affair; there was only one person in the universe to be considered by him. And for Miss Dallas's part, she was the last person in the world to suspect any one of being capable of the treason and bad taste of looking over her shoulder at another woman. She was, by common consent, the belle of Buffland. Her father was a widowed clergyman, of good estate, of literary tendencies, of enormous personal vanity, who had abandoned the pulpit in a quarrel with his session several years before, and now occupied himself in writing poems and sketches of an amorous and pietistic nature, which in his opinion embodied the best qualities of Swinburne and Chalmers combined, but which

the magazines had thus far steadily refused to print.

He felt himself infinitely superior to the society of Buffland,—with one exception,—and only remained there because his property was not easily negotiable and required his personal care. The one exception was his daughter Euphrasia. He had educated her after his own image. In fact, there was a remarkable physical likeness between them, and he had impressed upon her every trick of speech and manner and thought which characterized himself. This is the young lady who turns her bright, keen, beautiful face upon Farnham, with eyes eager to criticise, a tongue quick to flatter and to condemn, a head stuffed full of poetry and artificial passion, and a heart saved from all danger by its idolatry of her father and herself.

"So glad to see you—one sees so little of you—I can hardly believe my good fortune—how have I this honor?" All this in hard, rapid sentences, with a brilliant smile.

Farnham thought of the last words of Mrs. Adipson, and said, intrepidly, "Well, you know the poets better than I do, Miss Euphrasia, and there is somebody who says, 'Beauty draws us by the simple way she does her hair'—or something like it. That Greek knot was the first thing I saw as I entered the room, and *me voici!*'"

We have already said that the fault of Farnham's conversation with women was the soldier's fault of direct and indiscriminate compliment. But this was too much in Euphrasia's manner for her to object to it. She laughed and said, "You deserve a *pensum* of fifty lines for such a misquotation. But, *dites-le, monsieur*"—for French was one of her favorite affectations, and when she found a man to speak it with, she rode the occasion to death. There had been a crisis in the French ministry a few days before, and she now began a voluble conversation on the subject, ostensibly desiring Farnham's opinion on the crisis, but really seizing the opportunity of displaying her familiarity with the names of the new cabinet. She talked with great spirit and animation, sometimes using her fine eyes point-blank upon Farnham, sometimes glancing about to observe the effect she was creating; which gave Farnham his opportunity to sigh his soul away over her shoulder to where Alice was sweetly and placidly talking with her friends.

She had seen him come in, and her heart had stood still for a moment; but her feminine instinct sustained her, and she had not once glanced in his direction. But she was conscious of every look and action of his; and when he approached the corner where she was sitting, she felt as if a warm and em-

barrassing ray of sunshine was coming near her. She was at once relieved and disappointed when he sat down by Miss Dallas. She thought to herself: "Perhaps he will never speak to me again. It is all my fault. I threw him away. But it was not my fault. It was his—it was hers. I do not know what to think. He might have let me alone. I liked him so much. I have only been a month out of school. What shall I do if he never speaks to me again?" Yet such is the power which, for self-defense, is given to young maidens that, while these tumultuous thoughts were passing through her mind, she talked and laughed with the girls beside her, and exchanged an occasional word with the young men in pointed shoes, as if she had never known a grief or a care.

Mr. Furrey came up to say good-evening, with his most careful bow. Lowering his voice, he said:

"There's Miss Dallas and Captain Farnham flirting in Italian."

"Are you sure they are flirting?"

"Of course they are. Just look at them!"

"If you are sure they are flirting, I don't think it is right to look at them. Still, if you disapprove of it very much, you might speak to them about it," she suggested, in her sweet, low, serious voice.

"Oh, that would never do for a man of my age," replied Furrey, in good faith. He was very vain of his youth.

"What I wanted to speak to you about was this," he continued. "There is going to be a *Ree-gatta* on the river the day after tomorrow, and I hope you will grant me the favor of your company. The *Wissagewissametts* are to row with the *Chippagowaxems*, and it will be the finest race this year. Billy Raum, you know, is stroke of the —"

Her face was still turned to him, but she had ceased to listen. She was lost in contemplation of what seemed to her a strange and tragic situation. Farnham was so near that she could touch him, and yet so far away that he was lost to her forever. No human being knew, or ever would know, that a few days ago he had offered her his life, and she had refused the gift. Nobody in this room was surprised that he did not speak to her, or that she did not look at him. Nobody dreamed that he loved her, and she would die, she resolved deliberately, before she would let anybody know that she loved him. "For I do love him with my whole heart," she said to herself, with speechless energy which sent the blood up to her temples, and left her, in another instant, as pale as a lily.

Furrey at that moment had concluded his enticing account of the *regatta*, and she had

quietly declined to accompany him. He moved away, indignant at her refusal and puzzled by the blush which accompanied it.

"What did that mean?" he mused. "I guess it was because I said the crews rowed in short sleeves."

Farnham also saw the blush, in the midst of a disquisition which Miss Dallas was delivering upon a new poem of François Copée. He saw the clear, warm color rise and subside like the throbbing of an auroral light in a starry night. He thought he had never seen anything so lovely, but he wondered "what that oaf could have said to make her blush like that. Can it be possible that he—" His brow knitted with anger and contempt.

"*Mais, qu'est-ce que vous avez donc?*" asked Euphrasia.

Farnham was saved from the necessity of an explanation by Mr. Temple, who came up at that moment, and, laying a hand on Arthur's shoulder, said:

"Now we will go into my den and have a glass of that sherry. I know no less temptation than Tio Pepe could take you away from Miss Dallas."

"Thank you awfully," said the young lady. "Why should you not give Miss Dallas herself an opportunity to decline the Tio Pepe?"

"Miss Dallas shall have some champagne in a few minutes, which she will like very much better. Age and wickedness are required to appreciate sherry."

"Ah! I congratulate your sherry; it is about to be appreciated," said the deserted beauty, tartly, as the men moved away.

They entered the little room which Temple called his den, which was a litter of letter-books, stock-lists, and the advertising pamphlets of wine-merchants. The walls were covered with the portraits of trotting horses; a smell of perpetual tobacco was in the air. Temple unlocked a cupboard and took out a decanter and some glasses. He filled two, and gave one to Arthur and held the other under his nose.

"Farnham," he said, with profound solemnity, "if you don't call that the —" (I decline to follow him in the pyrotechnical combination of oaths with which he introduced the next words)—"best sherry you ever saw, then I'm a converted pacer with the ringbone."

Arthur drank his wine, and did not hesitate to admit all that its owner had claimed for it. He had often wondered how such a man as Temple had acquired such an unerring taste.

"Temple," he said, "how did you ever pick up this wine; and, if you will excuse the question, how did you know it when you got it?"

Temple smiled, evidently pleased with the question. "You've been in Spain, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Farnham.

"You know this is the genuine stuff, then?"

"No doubt of it."

"How do you know?"

"The usual way—by seeing and drinking it at the tables of men who know what they are about."

"Well, I have never been out of the United States, and yet I have learned about wine in just the same way. I commenced in New Orleans among the old Spanish and French creoles, and have kept it up since, here and there. I can see in five minutes whether a man knows anything about his wine. If he does, I remember every word he says—that is my strong point—head and tongue. I can't remember sermons and speeches, but I can remember every syllable that Sam Ward said one night at your grandfather's ten years ago; and if I have once tasted a good wine, I never forget its fashion of taking hold."

This is an expurgated edition of what he said; his profanity kept up a running accompaniment, like soft and distant rolling thunder.

"I got this wine at the sale of the Marquis of Santa Rita. I heard you speak of him, I don't know how long ago, and the minute I read in the paper that he had turned up his toes, I cabled the consul at Cadiz—you know him, a wild Irishman named Calpin—to go to the sale of his effects and get this wine. He cabled back, 'What shall I pay?' I answered, 'Read your dispatch again: Get means get!' Some men have got no sense. I did not mind the price of the wine, but it riled me to have to pay for the two cables."

He poured out another glass and drank it drop by drop, getting, as he said, "the worth of his money every time."

"Have some more?" he said to Farnham.

"No, thank you."

"Then I'll put it away. No use of giving it to men who would prefer sixty-cent whiskey."

Having done this, he turned again to Farnham, and said, "I told you the Old Boy was to pay. This is how. The labor unions have ordered a general strike; day not fixed; they are holding meetings all over town to-night. I'll know more about it after midnight."

"What will it amount to?" asked Farnham.

"Keen savey?" replied Temple, in his Mississippi River Spanish. "The first thing will be the closing of the mills, and putting anywhere from three thousand to ten thousand men on the streets. Then, if the strike gains the railroad men, we shall be embargoed. — boiling, and safety-valve riveted down."

Farnham had no thought of his imperiled interests. He began instantly to conjecture what possibility of danger there might be of a disturbance of public tranquillity, and to wish that the Beldings were out of town.

"How long have you known this?" he asked.

"Only certainly for a few hours. The thing has been talked about more or less for a month, but we have had our own men in the unions and did not believe it would come to an extremity. To-day, however, they brought ugly reports; and I ought to tell you that some of them concern you."

Farnham lifted his eyebrows inquiringly.

"We keep men to loaf with the tramps and sleep in the boozing dens. One of them told me to-day that at the first serious disturbance a lot of bad eggs among the strikers—not the unionists proper, but a lot of loose fish—intend to go through some of the principal houses on Algonquin Avenue, and they mentioned yours as one of them."

"Thank you. I will try to be ready for them," said Farnham. But, cool and tried as was his courage, he could not help remembering, with something like dread, that Mrs. Belding's house was next to his own, and that in case of riot the two might suffer together.

"There is one thing more I wanted to say," Mr. Temple continued, with a slight embarrassment. "If I can be of any service to you, in case of a row, I want to be allowed to help."

"As to that," Farnham said with a laugh, "you have your own house and stables to look after, which will probably be as much as you can manage."

"No," said Temple, earnestly, "that aint the case. I will have to explain to you"—and a positive blush came to his ruddy face. "They wont touch me or my property. They say a man who uses such good horses and such bad language as I do—that's just what they say—is one of them, and sha'n't be racketed. I aint very proud of my popularity, but I am willing to profit by it, and I'll come around and see you if anything more turns up. Now, we'll go and give Phrasy Dallas that glass of champagne."

(To be continued.)

## A WOMAN'S REASON.\*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

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### XX.

At first, Fenton's arrival on the island had seemed—like the breaking of the steamer's shaft, the storm, the shipwreck, the escape to the reef, and the voyage in the open boat—one step in a series in which there was no arrest, and in which there was at least the consolation of movement from point to point. But this consolation ceased with his last glimpse of the sail, in which all hope of escape faded and died; and it did not revisit him when he gathered courage to explore the fairy solitude of the atoll. It was so small as to have been abandoned even by the savages of those seas, who forsake their over-peopled islands and wander from reef to reef in search of other homes; and it would never be visited from the world to which he had belonged. The whalers that sometimes stop for water at the coral islands would not touch at this little point of land, lifted, like a flower among its thorns, above those perilous rocks. It had probably never been laid down on any chart; in a century which had explored every part of the globe, it must be a spot unknown to civilized men. The soil showed like snow through the vegetation that thinly covered it, and the perpetual green on white repeated itself in the trailing vines that overran the coral blocks, with narrow spaces of sea between, which Fenton leaped, in his round of the island, to find himself again and again on the white soil of the groves, through which the palm struck its roots and anchored itself fast to the reef. At the highest point, the land rose fifteen feet above the sea; at the widest place, it measured a hundred yards; and if he had fetched a compass of the whole, he would have walked less than two miles. They should not starve; the palms would yield them abundant fruit through the unvarying year; the sea, he knew, was full of fish. As he emerged from the grove at the point where he had started, Giffen called out to him, "What's that on the tree right by your shoulder?" Fenton looked round, and the bright blossom near him turned into a bird. He put out his hand; it did not move;

and when he lifted it from its perch, it rested fearlessly on his palm. He flung it from him with a sickening sensation, and Giffen came running toward him.

"Hallo! what's the matter?" demanded Fenton.

"I thought mebbe it was poison!"

"There's nothing to kill us here," Fenton replied. "Come, we must begin to live."

The sailors had left behind the remnant of the bag of flour and the peas and beans. Giffen had carried them up to the hut, and one day Fenton found that he had made a garden and planted it with them. They came up quickly, and then, as if the soil lacked vitality, they withered away, all but a vine sprung from a seed that Giffen found among the peas. He tenderly cherished this vine, which he hoped would prove a musk-melon, or at least a cucumber; in due time it turned out a gourd. "My luck," he said, and gathered his gourds for drinking-cups.

In the maze which had deepened upon Fenton, the whole situation had an unreality, as of something read long ago and half forgotten, and now slowly recalled, point by point; and there were moments of the illusion in which it was not he who was imprisoned there on that unknown island, but the hero of adventures whom he had envied and admired in boyhood, or known in some romance of later life. The gun and the cartridges which they treasured so carefully after they found traces of a former savage habitation; the tools which they had brought from the wreck, and which they used in shaping the timbers for their hut; the palm-leaves they plucked for its thatch; the nuts they gathered for their food and drink; the fishing-lines they twisted from the fiber of the cocoa-bark; the hooks they carved from the bones of the birds they ate; and the traps they set for game when the wild things, once so tame, began to grow wary; their miserable economies of clothing; the rude arts by which they fashioned plates from shells, and cooking utensils from the clay they found in sinking their well; the vats they made to evaporate the sea water for its salt,—all these things

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seemed the well-worn properties and stock experiences of the castaways of fiction; he himself the figment of some romancer's brain, with which the author was toying for the purposes of his plot, to be duly rescued and restored to the world when it should serve the exigency of the tale. Once, when this notion was whimsically repeating itself to Fenton in the silence and solitude, it brought a smile to his haggard face, and when Giffen asked him what the matter was, he told him.

"No," said Giffen, "it aint much like *us*."

That two modern men should be lost out of a world so knit together with telegraphs and railroads and steam-ships, that it seemed as if a whisper at any point must be audible at all others, was too grotesque a fact, too improbable for acceptance. It was not like them, and it was not like any one he could think of; and when he tried to imagine some contemporary and acquaintance in his case, it became even more impossible than when he supposed it of himself.

There were ironical moods in which he amused himself with the carefully ascertained science of the story-tellers as he recalled it, and in which he had a fantastic interest in noting how near and yet how far from the truth their study came. But there were other times when the dreary sense of the hackneyed character of the situation overpowered him, and he dropped his work and lay with his face in the sand, helpless and hopeless, for hours, sick of the repetition of such stale inventions. There was no greater reality in it all when he recalled the narratives of men actually cast away on desert islands, though there were moments when the sum of what they had suffered seemed to accumulate itself upon his soul, and his heart and hand were heavy with their sorrows.

Yet, in spite of all, the simple and wholesome conditions of his life were restoring him to physical health, which reacted upon his mind at last; and one morning he woke with a formless, joyful expectation that was like a hope. It was merely the habit of hope, reviving from a worn-out despair, but he sprang to his feet with a buoyancy of soul that he had not known since the storm first began to close round the *Meteor*.

Hitherto, the thought of Helen had been fruitless torment, which he banished when he could; but now, all at once, he found it an inspiration and an incentive; he thought of her gladly; she seemed to call him.

He left Giffen to kindle the fire for their breakfast, and ran down to the lagoon for a morning bath. The sun shone on a long black object that stretched across the main channel from the sea, and swimming out to

it, he found it the trunk of a tree which had drifted to their island. With Giffen's help he got it inside the reef and floated it to their beach, and he could not rest till they had dragged it up out of the water. It was a message from the world they had lost and the promise of rescue and return to it. At the bottom of his heart, he knew that it might have drifted a thousand miles before it reached them, but it was as easy to believe that it came from land within a day's sail. It was of a timber unknown to the atolls; the pebbles that it held in the net-work of its roots were from shores where there were hills and rivers, from peopled shores that they might reach if they had any craft in which they could venture to sea.

Giffen walked up and down beside the log and examined it critically, stooping aside, and glancing at it as if to make sure of its soundness in every part.

"Well?" demanded Fenton.

"Chop it along the top, and shape it up at the ends, and dig it out; and maybe we can fix some sort of outrigger to it, like they use on their canoes around here. I've seen pictures of 'em."

He made the suggestion with melancholy diffidence; but Fenton caught at it eagerly. The wood was very hard, and it cost them weeks of labor, with the tools they had, before they were ready to launch their canoe upon the lagoon. But even in those placid waters it proved hopelessly unseaworthy. Some fatal defect of construction which their skill could not remedy disabled it, and it capsized with Giffen, who was caught in the outrigger, and with difficulty saved from drowning by Fenton.

"Well, sir," he said, as he walked dripping to their hut, "we've got a lot of good firewood in that thing. I believe if you hadn't had me around you could have made it go."

But the idea of escape had taken full possession of Fenton's mind, and the failure of the canoe turned it all upon another scheme which had begun to haunt it. They had kept a fire burning night and day ever since they had landed on the island to attract the notice of any ship that came in sight; but now Fenton determined to build a tower on the highest point, and light a beacon on it, so that no lookout on those seas could fail of the smoke by day or the flame by night.

"All right," assented Giffen; "it will kind of occupy our minds, any way."

"Don't say that!" cried Fenton, with a pang.

"Well, I wont," returned Giffen, penitently.

The tower was to be not only a beacon

for friendly sail, but a refuge from wandering savages who caught sight of it. They must make it the center of defenses to which they could resort if they were attacked and which they could hold against any such force as would probably land on their atoll.

Fenton drew a plan, and by night-fall they had dug the foundations of their fortress. They burnt some of the coral blocks, which they brought from the reef, for lime, and laid their walls strongly in mortar.

The days passed, and as they toiled together, Fenton had at last the heart to talk to his fellow-castaway of the world to which they were preparing to return. He found that to speak of his affairs in that world made it not only credible again, but brought it very near. He told Giffen that he was going to be married as soon as he got back to Boston, and that he was going to leave the navy and try to get into some sort of business ashore. He described Helen to his comrade and what she wore when he saw her last; and then he added that she must be in black now, for she had lost her father, who died very suddenly a few days after he sailed.

"I behaved badly," he added, with the feeling that always struggled for utterance when he thought of this, and which it was a relief to speak of now. "We had a misunderstanding, and I came off without saying good-bye to him."

"That was pretty rough," said Giffen. "But you can make it all right when you get back."

"Oh, it's all right now—with her," rejoined Fenton, quickly.

"And with him too, I reckon," suggested his comrade.

"Yes, it must be," sighed Fenton. If the situation was in anywise incomprehensible to Giffen, he did not try to explore it. He remained deferentially content with what Fenton had volunteered, and he was sympathetically patient when Fenton tried to make him understand where Mr. Harkness's house was, by a plan of the Common which he drew on a smooth surface of the plastered wall, with Park street running up one side, and Beacon street along the other, and Beacon Steps ascending from it into the quiet place where the house stood. He made a plot of the house, upstairs and down, with the different rooms marked off: Helen's room at the front; Mr. Harkness's room; the room that he used to have when he came home from school; the parlors, and the library. He lingered fondly on the details; and then he mapped the whole town for Giffen, accurately placing the principal streets and squares and public buildings. He marked the lines of

railroad running out of the city, and the different depots. "This," he said, placing the Albany station, "is where you would have to start for Kankakee. It's a little south of Chicago, isn't it?—on one of the lines from Chicago to St. Louis? There's a Kankakee line, isn't there?" He laughed for joy in the assent which seemed to confirm the existence of the places; the sound of the names alone reestablished them. At times, he stealthily glanced from this work at the rim of the sea, where, as he had been silently making believe while he talked, there *must* be a sail. But he bore the inevitable disappointment patiently and returned enthusiastically to his map; he projected another map in sections, on a larger scale, where the details could be more fully given.

Giffen did not speak much of his own life. It was nothing worth speaking of, he said; but sometimes at night he would drop a hint or scrap of his history, from which Fenton would infer what remained unspoken. It was the career of a feeble nature, constantly pushed to the wall in the struggle of a new country. All his life Giffen had failed. He had always had bad crops, bad partners, bad luck, hard times; if he went away from home to better his condition, he made it worse; when he came back, he found that he would have done better to stay away. He bought on a rising market and sold with the first fall in prices. When a crash came it found him extended; the return of prosperity overtook him without money or credit. He had tried all sorts of things with equal disaster: he had farmed, he had kept store, he had run a saw-mill, he had been a book-agent, and agent for many patent rights. In any other country, he would have remained quietly in some condition of humble dependence; but the unrest of the New World had infected him. He had spent his life in vain experiments and his last venture had been the most ruinous of all. He had sold everything to get the means of going to China, and when the common calamity, that could scarcely be said to have blasted any hopes of his, overtook him, he was coming home little better than a beggar.

Even in that solitude he made Fenton his ideal, with the necessity that is in such natures to form themselves upon some other, and appreciated his confidence and friendship as gratefully as if they had been offered in the midst of men where he must have been chosen out of a multitude for Fenton's kindness. On his part, Fenton learned to admire the fineness of spirit which survived all circumstance in this poor fellow; and when his hopes were highest, he formed plans of doing something for Giffen in the world.

When they had finished their tower and removed into it, he bade him make one more errand to the hut they had abandoned and get fire to light the beacon.

Giffen refused.

"No, sir; better not have any of *my* luck about it."

But he was off early in the day that followed to cut wood for their beacon; and it was he who discovered that they could make the densest smoke by day in drying the fuel for the flame by night.

"Don't you think we ought to do something with that canoe again?" he asked one day.

"No, not yet," answered Fenton. "There'll be time enough for that if the beacon doesn't succeed. But it will succeed." He formlessly felt the need of economizing all the materials of hope within him. If he turned so soon from the beacon to some other device for escape, he knew that he must lose his faith in it, and he could not bear the thought of this loss. He was passionately devoting himself to the belief that it must bring a ship to their rescue. He divided the day and night into regular watches, and whenever he came to relieve Giffen, he questioned him closely as to every appearance of the sea; when he lay down to sleep, he hastened to take upon himself the burden of disappointment with which he must wake by saying to himself: "I know that he will not see anything." He contrived to postpone the anguish of his monotonous failure to conjure any sail out of the empty air by saying, as each week began, that now they must not expect to see anything for at least three days, or five days, or ten days to come. He invented reasons for these repeated procrastinations, but he was angry with Giffen for acquiescing in them; he tried to drive him into some question of them by making them fantastic, and he was childishly happy when Giffen disputed them. Then he urged other and better reasons: if it was fine, he said that nothing but stress of weather would bring them a ship, and that they could only hope for some vessel blown out of her course, like the *Meteor*; when it was stormy, he argued that any vessel sighting their beacon would keep away from it till the storm was past, but would be sure to come back then and see what their fire meant.

"Yes," said Giffen; "but if we are going to keep that fire up at the rate we have for the last three months, we must begin to cut our cocoa palms."

"It isn't three months!" cried Fenton.

Giffen proved the fact by the reckoning he had kept on a block of coral in the tower:

the tale of little straight marks, one for each day, was irrefutable.

"Why did you keep that count?" cried Fenton, desperately. "Let the time go, I say, and the quicker it goes, and the sooner we are both dead, the better! Put out the fire; it's no use."

He left Giffen in the tower, and wandered away, as far away as the narrow bounds of his prison would permit. He stopped at a remote point of the island, which he had not visited since the first day when he had hastened to explore the atoll. The hoarse roaring of the surf, that beat incessantly upon the reef, filled the air; the sea was purple all round the horizon, and the sky blue above it; flights of tern and petrel wheeled and shrieked overhead; the sun shone, tempered by the delicate gale, and all things were as they had been half a year ago, as they must be half a year hence, and forever. In a freak of the idle curiosity that sometimes plays on the surface of our deepest and blackest moods, he descended the low plateau to look at a smoother and darker rock which showed itself at the point where the reef began to break away from the white sand. A growth of soft sea-mosses clothed the rock, and it had a fantastic likeness to a boat in shape. The mosses waved back and forth in the water; the rock itself appeared to move, and Fenton fell upon it and clutched it, as if it had been some living thing struggling to escape him. He pulled it up on the sand, and then he sank down beside it, too weak to stir, too weak to cry out; the tears ran down his face like the tears of a sick man's feebleness.

Giffen found him beside the boat, which they righted together without a word.

"Well, sir," he said at last, "I'm glad *you* found her." He went carefully over the places where it had been patched, with a solemn and critical scrutiny. "That's our boat," he added.

"Yes, I thought so," assented Fenton.

"And those fellows—"

Neither of them put into words his conjecture as to the fate of the men who had abandoned them; they accepted in silent awe the chance of escape which this fate, whatever it was, had given them; but late that night, when they lay hopefully sleepless in their tower, Giffen said, "I don't know as they meant to leave us for good. I reckon, if they'd got through all right, they'd have come back for us."

"Yes, we *must* believe that," replied Fenton.

How the boat had reached their atoll, and when, remained the secret of the power that had given it back to them. It was enough

for them that the little craft was not beyond repair. It was thoroughly water-logged, and it must be some time before they could begin work upon it; but they spent this time in preparing material and gathering provisions for their voyage. They stocked it with nuts, and dried and salted fish sufficient to last them for six weeks; they filled Giffen's crop of gourds with water. "More of a tank than cucumbers or musk-melons would have been, after all; and better than cocoa-nuts," he quietly remarked. They were of one mind, whatever happened, never to return to their atoll; they had no other definite purpose; but they talked now as if their escape were certain.

"It stands to reason," said Giffen, "that it's meant for us to get back, or else this boat wouldn't have been sent for us;" and he began to plan a life as remote from the sea as he could make it. "When I put my foot on shore, I aint going to stop walking till I get where salt water is worth six dollars a quart; yes, sir, I'm going to start with an oar on my shoulder; and when some fellow asks me what *that* thing is, I'm going to rest, and not before!"

They built a fire on the tower that would last all day and night, and then they set sail out of the lagoon and through the breakers beyond the reef. The breeze was very light, but the sky was clear, with the promise of indefinite good weather; and before night-fall they saw the plumes of their palms form themselves into the tufts into which they had grown from the points they had first discovered on the horizon; they became points again, and the night softly blotted them from the verge of the ocean.

They had neither compass nor sextant; under strange stars and alien constellations, they were wandering as absolutely at the will of the winds and waves as any savages of those seas. For awhile they saw the light of their beacon duller and paler on the waters where their island had been. This, too, died away, and the night fell around them on the illimitable sea.

Fenton stood the first watch, and when he gave the helm to Giffen, he simply bade him keep the boat before the wind. In the morning, when he took it, he asked if the wind had shifted or freshened, and still kept the boat before it. Toward sunset they sighted a series of points on the horizon, which, as they approached, expanded into the plumage of palms; the long white beach of an atoll grew from the water, and they heard faintly the thunder of the surf along the reef. It looked larger than their own island, and they scanned it anxiously for some

sign of human life. But there were no huts under the palms, and no smoke rose above their fronds.

The breeze carried their boat toward the shore, and Fenton decided to pass the night on the atoll. If it were, as it looked, larger than the atoll they had abandoned, it must be known to navigation, and sooner or later it might be visited by ships for water; or the *bêche-de-mer*, which abounds in the larger reefs, might bring American traders for a freight of the fish for China. They might find traces of European sojourn on the island, and perhaps some hint by which they could profit when they set sail again.

In the failing light they stove their boat on the reef, but the breaker that drove them upon it carried them beyond, and, once in the smooth lagoon, they managed to reach the shore before the boat filled. They pulled her up on the sand, and climbed to the top of the low plateau on which the palms grew; but it was now so dark that they could see nothing, and they waited for the morning to show them the familiar paths and trees of their own atoll and their tower gleaming white through the foliage in the distance. They walked slowly toward it in silence, and when Giffen reached it, he busied himself in searching the ashes of the beacon for some spark of fire. He soon had a blaze; he brought water from the well, and boiled the eggs of the sea-birds, which he gathered from their nests in the sedge. He broke some young cocoa-nuts and poured the milk into the shells they had made for drinking-cups, and then he approached Fenton, where he sat motionless and vacant-eyed, and begged him to eat, humbly, as if he expected some outbreak from him.

"No," said Fenton, quite gently. "But you eat. I'm not hungry."

"I reckon," said Giffen, piteously, "the wind must have changed in the night without my knowing it and brought us right back."

"Very likely," answered Fenton. "But it makes no difference. It was to be, any way."

He hardly knew how the days began to pass again; he no longer thought of escape; but a longing to leave some record of himself in this prison, since he was doomed never to quit it, grew up in his heart, and he wrote on the walls of his tower a letter to Helen, which he conjured the reader, at whatever time he came, to transcribe and send to her. He narrated the facts of his shipwreck and the barren history of his sojourn on the island, his attempt to escape, and his return to it. He tenderly absolved her from all ties and promises, and prayed for her happiness in whatever sort she could find it. In this surrender,

he felt the pang which the dead may be supposed to know when the soul passes into the exile of eternity and sees those it leaves behind inevitably committed to other affections and other cares. Sometimes it seemed to him as if he might really be dead and all his experience of the past year a nightmare of the everlasting sleep.

The tern that were nesting on the atoll when he first landed, and that visited it every six months to rear their young, were now a third time laying their eggs in the tufts of coarse, thin grass. He thought these visits of the birds were annual, and there was nothing in the climate to correct his error or group in fixed periods the lapse of his monotonous days. There was at times more rain, and again less rain; but the change scarcely divided the year into seasons; flower and fruit were there at all times; and spring, summer, autumn, and winter, with their distinct variety, were ideas as alien as hills and valleys and streams, in this little land, raised for the most part scarcely a man's height above the sea, where there could never even be the names of these things in any native tongue. Once or twice the atoll felt the tremor of an earthquake, that perhaps shook continental shores, or perhaps only sent its vibrations along the ocean floor, and lifted, or let fall beneath the waves, some tiny point of land like their own; and once there had fallen a shower of ashes from the clear sky, which must have been carried by a wind-current from some far-off volcano. This, with the log that had drifted to their reef, was their sole message from beyond the wilderness that weltered around them from horizon to horizon, and knew no change but from calm to storm, and then to calm again. The weather was nearly always fair, with light winds or none; and often they saw an approaching cloud divide before it reached their atoll and pass on either hand, leaving it serenely safe between the two paths of the tempest. At last, how long after their return Fenton could not tell, in his indifference to the passage of the weeks and days, a change came over the sky different from any that had portended other storms, and before night a hurricane broke from it that heaped the sea around their island, and drove it across the lagoon and high over the plateau. For two days and nights it beat against the walls of their tower; then the waters went down, and the ravaged atoll rose from the sea again. But when Fenton clambered to the top of the tower, and looked out, he saw that it could no longer be a refuge to them. The trees of the cocoa groves were blown down and flung hither and thither; their tops were twisted off and tossed into the lagoon; their

trunks lay tangled and intertwisted, as if they had been straws in the frolic of a whirlwind. The smooth beach of the lagoon was strewn with fragments of coral, torn from the reef and tossed upon it; the grassy level where the sea-birds nested was scattered with their dead bodies, caught among the coarse herbage and beaten into the white sand.

He left Giffen cowering within and ran down from the tower to look for the boat. He found it lodged in a heap of cocoa fronds and wedged fast among some blocks of coral; and he hurried back with his good news. He met Giffen at the door. "All right," he said to the anxious face. "The boat is safe, and we must get her afloat. You see, we can't stay here."

"No," said Giffen, "we can't stay." He looked drearily out over the wreck of their fairy isle, and then with a sigh he turned into the tower again, and crouched down in the corner where Fenton had left him.

"What's the matter? Are you sick, Giffen?" demanded Fenton.

Giffen did not answer, but rose with a stupid air, and came out into the sun. He shivered, but gathered himself together, and in a dull, mechanical way set about his usual work of getting breakfast. He ate little; but when Fenton had finished, he went with him and helped to cut the boat free. It was hard getting it out of the mass of rocks and boughs, and it was noon before they had dragged her back from the point where the sea had carried her to a free space where they could begin to repair her.

At the end of a week, they had her afloat in the lagoon once more and provisioned from the stores accumulated in the tower.

The morning when they were to set sail, Giffen could not rise from his bed of grass. "I can't go," he said; "I'm sick."

Fenton had seen that he was ailing, with a fear from which he revolted in a frenzy of impatient exertion. If they were but once at sea again, he had crazily reasoned with himself, then they could not help themselves, and, sick or well, they must make the best of it. This illusion failed him now, and he abandoned himself to a cynical scorn of all that had hitherto supported and consoled him. Every act of self-sacrifice, every generous impulse, seemed to him the part of a fool or a madman. Till now, he had thought that he had somehow endured and dared all things for Helen's sake; that anything less than he had done would have been unworthy of her; but now the devil that was uppermost in him mocked him with the suggestion that the best he could ever have done for her was to live for her, and do his utmost to return to

her. As he stood looking at the face of the poor wretch who had twice betrayed him to despair, and who, at last, in this supreme moment, had fallen helpless across the only avenue of escape that remained to him, he trembled with a strong temptation. He turned away and went down to the lagoon beach where the boat swung at anchor, and the sail, on which he had worked late the night before, lay on the sand ready to be stepped. The boat lightly pulled at its moorings on the falling tide, and he felt the strain as if it had been anchored in his heart. He drew it to the shore; he stepped the mast and ran up the sail, which filled and tugged in the morning breeze. He dropped it again and went back to Giffen.

As the days passed, he watched with the sick man, and brought him the water he craved and the food he loathed; there was nothing else to be done. One night, Giffen roused himself from the torpor in which he remained sunken for the most part, and asked: "Did you ever hear that people were not afraid to die when they came to it?"

"I've heard that—yes," said Fenton.

"I just happened to think of it; because this is the first time, since I can remember, that I wasn't afraid. I was awfully afraid to stay with you on that rock when the captain's boat went away; but I aint sorry for it now. No, sir, you've behaved to me like a white man from the start; and now, I'll tell you what I want you to do. I'm all right here—or I *will* be, pretty soon, I reckon—and I don't want you to lose any more time. The boat's ready and now's your last chance. Don't you mind me; I'd only bring you bad luck, any way. If you find land, or a ship picks you up, you can come back and see how I'm getting along."

What had been Fenton's temptation became the burden of the sick man's delirium, and he frantically urged him to go while there was still time. He seemed to wear this notion out through mere iteration, and at last, when he awoke one day, "I dreamt," he said, "that there was a ship!" That night, sleeping or waking, he raved of a ship that had come to take them away. The third morning after, he opened his eyes, and looked into his comrade's face with ominous recovery of intelligence. "Has it come?" he asked, eagerly. "The ship?"

"No, you dreamed it, Giffen," returned Fenton, with a tender compassion unalloyed by self-pity.

"My luck," said Giffen. He gasped and made a mechanical effort to rise. He gave a sort of cry, and fixed a stare of wild demand on Fenton, who caught him in his arms.

Fenton covered up the dead face with a branch of palm and walked giddily out into the sun. It was rising, a red, rayless ball, and against this disk the figure of a ship seemed printed. He passed his hand over his eyes, but when he took it away, the specter remained. He thought he saw a boat lying at the lagoon beach and her crew advancing up the sand toward him, men with friendly, home-like faces. They wavered and glided in the vision his watch-worn eyes reported to his reeling brain.

Then one of them called out to the wild figure, with matted hair, and long beard, and haggard eyes, that had stopped as if with the impulse to turn and fly, "Hallo!"

A shudder went through Fenton as he stayed himself, and faced the men again. He could not speak, but the men waited. At last, "For God's sake," he gasped, "are you something in a dream?"

"No," replied the leader, with slow gentleness, as if giving the idea consideration. "We're a boat's crew from the whale-ship *Martha Brigham*, of New Bedford, come ashore to see what that smoke means. Who are you?"

## XXI.

"I WISH to speak with you, Marian—instantly!" cried Helen, re-appearing at the Butlers'. Marian was alone in her room; Mrs. Butler was lying down, and the younger sisters were on the rocks by the sea, looking across the cove to the rocks on the Wilson place, as if they might hope to rend from them the secret of what had happened when Helen and Lord Rainford met in the Wilson cottage. With the inhumanity of their youth and inexperience they thought it very funny, and they had come away where they could enjoy this sense of it, apart from those to whom it seemed a serious affair.

It had become so serious to Marian, that she quaked in rising to meet Helen, as if she had been rising to meet Helen's ghost, and she no more thought of asking her to sit down than of offering a chair to an apparition.

"I didn't know he was to be there, Helen; indeed I didn't," she made out to say, after the moment in which she had remained fascinated by the intensity of the girl's face.

"Oh, it's long past, that!" cried Helen. "What I wish you to tell me is simply this, Marian Ray: Is your husband part of your whole life, and was he from the very first instant?"

"From the very first instant?"

"That you were married—so that you couldn't think, couldn't consider—whether you cared for him—loved him?"

"Of course! It was all settled long before. Did ——"

"I knew it! And if it isn't settled before, it's no time afterward?"

"What an idea! What *do* you mean, Helen?"

"And it's all false about girls that marry a man because they respect and honor him, and then have a romantic time finding out that they love him?"

"What nonsense! It's the most ridiculous thing in the world! But ——"

"I was sure of it! If there's anything sacred about marrying, it's the love that makes it so; and they might as well marry for money or position!" She hid her face in her hands, and then burst out again: "But I will never have such a hideous thing on *my* conscience—such a ghastly wrong to *him*! He said himself that if I wasn't sure that I cared for Robert, it would have been unjust to marry him; and now how is it better with *him*? It's worse! He said it to comfort me, and it seems monstrous to turn his words against him; but if the truth kills him, he had better die! Yes, a thousand times! And don't suppose I didn't see all the advantages of accepting him that you did; and that I wasn't tempted to persuade myself that I *should* care for him. I only blush and burn to think that I saw them, and that I've come away, even now, without crushing every spark of hope out of him! I *do* respect and honor him—yes, he *is* high-minded and good every way; but if I don't love him, his being so good is all the more reason why I shouldn't marry him. Hush! Don't say a word, Marian!" she cried, hastening to spoil her point, as women will, with hysterical insistence. "That dreadful old man who bought our house came, while you were gone, and offered himself to me one day; it makes me creep! How would it be any better to marry Lord Rainford, if I didn't love him, than to marry Mr. Everton?"

She did not wait for the indignant protest that was struggling through Marian's bewilderment at this extraordinary revelation and assumption. "I shall always say that you meant the kindest and best; but if you try to argue with me *now*, I shall never forgive you! Good-bye, dear!" She flew at her friend, and, catching her round the neck, convulsively kissed her, and ran out of the house, without seeing any one else. "To the station," she gasped, climbing into the Wilson phaeton. "And do hurry, please!"

Mrs. Butler came into Marian's room as soon as Helen had driven away.

"Well?" she said.

"Oh, she's refused him,—or just the same

thing! How shall we meet him? What shall we do?"

"I'm not concerned about that. What will *she* do, poor thing? That's what wrings my heart. She has thrown away the greatest chance that a girl ever did: wealth, position, devoted goodness, the truest and noblest heart! Marian!" cried Mrs. Butler, abandoning herself for a moment to her compassionate impatience, "why did she do it?"

"She said she didn't love him," answered Marian, shortly, with a cast of contempt in the shortness.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Butler, with resignation.

She had found, as every woman must who lives to her age, that life has so many great interests besides love, that for the time she was confused as to the justice of its paramount claim in a question of marriage. In fact, Helen found her champions in two men.

When Mrs. Butler stated the case to the Captain, he promptly approved of Helen's decision.

Mrs. Butler stood surprised.

"Why, do you think that people ought to marry from a *fancy*?" she asked.

"I hope my girls will never marry without it," said the Captain.

Marian reported the result to Ray, with a vexation at Helen's ridiculous behavior, which he allowed her to vent freely, before he answered her a word, chewing the end of his cigarette, as they walked to the house together from the beach, where she found him pulling his dory up on the sand.

"It's not only that she's thrown away such a splendid chance, but she's thrown it away for the mere memory of a man who couldn't compare with Lord Rainford in *any* way—even if he were alive. And when Robert Fenton *was* alive, she wasn't certain, till it was too late, that she cared for him; and kept him waiting for years and years, till she could make up her mind, and had to quarrel with him *then* before she was sure of it. And now for her to pretend that she never can care for any one else, and that she can't marry Lord Rainford because she doesn't *love* him—as if she were a girl of seventeen instead of twenty-five! Oh! I've no patience with her!"

Ray said nothing for a moment. Then, "There's some difference between not being sure you do and being sure you don't," he remarked, quietly, "and the difference doesn't seem to be in Rainford's favor." After a moment, he asked, without looking at her, "What did you marry *me* for?"

"What nonsense! You know!"

"Yes, I always thought it was for love.

How would you like to have me think it wasn't?"

"Don't be absurd!" cried his wife.

But his words went deep, and at the bottom of her heart she felt in them a promise of the perpetual reconsecration of their marriage.

A STORY WAS at one time current (and still has its adherents among those who knew vaguely something of Helen's romance) to the effect that Fenton returned at a moment when his presence seemed a miracle, opportunely wrought to save her from further struggle and to reward her for all her suffering and self-sacrifice in the past. It fixed with much accuracy of date and circumstance the details of their dramatic meeting at the little house in the Port, where she found him waiting for her one hot, dusty afternoon in the summer, when she came back, broken in health and spirit, from a visit with some friends at the sea-side. If the story had been true, it would have brought them together the very day Helen refused Lord Rainford.

But, as a matter of fact, she went back to her work of making bonnets for cooks and second-girls in Margaret's cottage on Limekiln avenue, under conditions that would have caused an intelligent witness of it to wonder whether she were not expiating an error rather than enjoying the recompense of devotion to a high ideal. The rewards of principle are often scarcely distinguishable from penalties, and the spectator is confounded between question of the martyr's wisdom and a dark doubt of the value of living out any real conviction in a world so badly constituted as this. Helen, however, was harassed by neither of these misgivings. She never regretted her refusal of Lord Rainford, except for the pain it inflicted; she never blamed herself for anything but the hesitation in which she was tempted to accept him without loving him. Her sense of self-approval grew only the stronger and clearer with the trials which gathered upon her in what might have seemed to others a sort of malign decision. Her custom fell off, and the patrons who remained to her grew inevitably more and more into an odious mastery; their exactions increased as her health failed, and she could not always keep her promises to them; they complained that other people's bonnets were better made, and "more in the style."

One night she overheard, through the thin partition that separated her chamber from Margaret's, a tipsy threat from Margaret's husband that he was going to be master in his own house, and that he was going to

turn that girl and her bonnets into the street. He went off to his work in the morning sullen and lowering, and she and Margaret could not look at each other. She fled to Boston for the day, which she passed in incoherent terror at Clara Kingsbury's. When she turned from this misery the next morning and ventured back to Margaret's, an explosion at the glass-works, so opportune that it seemed to her, for a black instant, as if she were guilty of the calamity through which she escaped, had freed her from all she had to dread from Margaret's husband.

But quite the same end had come to her experiment. Margaret could not live upon the little sum that Helen paid her for board; in spite of her impassioned devotion to her darling, and her good intention (witnessed again and again to all her saints), she was forced to break up her little establishment and find a servant's place; and Helen did not know where else to go.

In her extremity she appealed, of course, neither to the Butlers nor to Clara Kingsbury, but to Cornelia Root, and this proved to be the most fortunate as well as the most natural course. Zenas Pearson had just moved his photographic establishment up from Hanover street to the fashionable quarter of the town, and had applied to Cornelia for some pretty-appearing, respectable girl, to stay in the front room and receive people, and show them the different styles of photographs, and help them to decide in what shape and size they would be taken. There was nothing mean about Zenas Pearson, and he was willing, he told Cornelia, to pay the right girl ten dollars a week as a start-off, and to put it up to twelve within the year, if she behaved herself, and showed any sounce for the business.

Cornelia trembled with excitement and eagerness in laying the proposition before a person so perfectly adapted to the place in every respect as Helen, and they did not lose an instant in going to Zenas and closing with him. "Did she want to come right off?" he asked Helen; and at a little hesitation on her part he looked more closely at her worn face and said, "Well, take a week to recuperate, and come the 20th. I don't know that I'll be ready for you much before that time, any way."

She spent the week with the Butlers, who were now too well used to her eccentricity to attempt any protest against this new phase of it. They had all reconciled themselves to her refusal of Lord Rainford; even Marian Ray had accepted the inevitable, and she and Helen had a long quiet talk about the matter, in which they fully made up what had almost been a quarrel between them about it, and

Marian told her the latest news of him, and how splendidly he had behaved about her, justifying and applauding her with a manly self-abnegation which permitted no question of her conduct throughout.

"Yes, he is very generous," said Helen, with a sigh; and something happened that day which made her feel that the word was hardly adequate. She had gone with Marian, who wished to give some instructions about a picture she was having framed, to the shop where Helen had her memorable meeting with Lord Rainford; and when the business was finished, the proprietor said, with a certain hesitation: "Miss Harkness, you remember being in our place about a year ago with an English gentleman who was looking at some imitation Limoges in the window?"

Helen looked an amazed, and perhaps alarmed, assent.

"He came back and bought them after you went away, and said he would send his address; but we've never heard of him from that day to this, and we don't want his jars and his money. I thought perhaps you could tell me who he was."

"Yes," said Helen, "it was Lord Rainford. But he's in England now."

"Oh!" said the proprietor. And as she said nothing more, he presently bowed himself apologetically away.

"Why didn't you let me give his address?" asked Marian, who had been checked in a wish to do so by a glance from Helen.

"I don't believe he ever intended to take them away; he thought they were hideous," Helen answered. She added presently, "He must have gone back to buy them because I said that the poor wretch who painted them was to be pitied!"

Marian had now been at home more than six months, and her Anglo-mania had in some degree abated. She no longer expected to establish an hereditary aristocracy and a state church among us, whatever she secretly wished to do. She had grown resigned to the anomalies of our civilization in some degree. She had rediscovered certain traits of it that compared favorably even with those of England; but she cherished a conviction that an English noble was the finest gentleman in the world; that her own husband was still finer was a mystery of faith, easily tenable, though not susceptible of exegesis.

She now preserved the silence of one whose point has been sufficiently made for her, and left Helen to recognize it. Helen was not reluctant to do so. "Yes, Marian," she said, fervently, "considering what had just happened, that was very magnanimous in him. It was exquisite!"

"Oh, it was merely what he owed to himself as a gentleman," said Marian, with well-concealed triumph.

It seemed to be a day of trial for Helen. A gaunt, shabby man, coming down the pavement toward them, lifted his hand halfway to his hat at sight of her, and then, as if seeing himself unrecognized, dropped it to his side again and slunk by. Helen turned and stopped him. "Mr. Kimball! Is that you?"

"Yes, what there is left," answered Kimball, with a ghost of his old quizzical smile, and the specter of his municipal, office-holding patronage of manner, as he took Helen's extended hand.

"Why—why—what's the matter?"

"Well, I've been sick for a spell back. Just got to knocking around again," said Kimball, evasively. "You don't look over and above well yourself, Miss Harkness."

"No, no, I'm *not* well. But I'm better now. Are you —" She stopped, with her eyes upon his conspicuous shabbiness, and, through an irresistible association of ideas, she added,—"Mr. Kimball, I hope you got the money that I returned to you, safely?"

Kimball hung his head, and kicked the pavement with his toe. "Well, no," he answered, reluctantly, "I didn't."

"You didn't *get* it?"

"It's all right. I told my wife at the time that I knew you sent it. But I guess somebody in the post-office got the start of me."

"Why *didn't* you tell me?" demanded Helen.

"Well, you know, I couldn't do that," said Kimball.

Helen took out her purse. There were only twelve dollars in it, and Marian had walked on, so that she could not borrow of her, and make up the whole sum at once. But she put the money in Kimball's hand, and said, "I will *bring* you the rest this very day. Shall I bring it to the custom-house?"

"Oh, no; there's been a change, you know. My collector was kicked out, and all our heads went into the basket together. I aint there any more. I guess we'll call this square now. I don't feel just right about taking this money, Miss Harkness, but I've been sick, and my wife aint very well herself; and—well, I guess it's a godsend." His lips twitched. "I feel kind of mean about it, but I'll have to stand it. There aint a thing in the house, or I *wouldn't* take it. My wife and me both said we *knew* you sent it."

"Who in the world is your shabby friend, Helen?" demanded Marian, when Helen had overtaken her at last.

"Oh, he used to be in the custom-house.

He's, a character. He's the one who told Lord Rainford, when he offered to deposit money for the duties on those Egyptian things he brought me from you, that it wasn't necessary between gentlemen!"

"How amusing!"

"Yes, I thought it was amusing, too. But I don't think I can ever laugh at him again." She shut her lips till she could command her voice sufficiently to tell what had just passed between her and Kimball.

Marian continued to be amused by it. In the flush of her re-Anglicization, she said it was a very American affair. But she added that something ought really to be done for the chivalric simpleton, and that she was going to tell Ray about him.

During the week that Helen spent with the Butlers, before she was to take her place in Zenas Pearson's Photographic Parlors, as he called them, the wisdom of her decision was tested by another incident, or accident—one of those chances of real life which one must hesitate to record, because they have so much the air of having been contrived. From her life in the Port, she had contracted the suburban habit of lunching at restaurants, so alien to the Bostonian lady proper; and one day, when she was down-town alone, she found herself at a table in Parker's, so near that of two other ladies that she could not help hearing what they said. They were both dressed with a certain floridity, and one was of a fearless, good-humored beauty, who stared a great deal about the room and out of the window, and, upon the whole, seemed amused to realize herself in Boston, as if it were a place whose peculiarities she had reflected much upon, without being greatly awed or dazzled by them. "We used to see a great many Bostonians in California when the Pacific road was first opened. They came out there in shoals, and I afterward met them in Japan,—men, I mean, of course. I had quite a flirtation with one—the pleasantest one I ever met." The lady breathed, above the spoil of the quail-on-toast before her, a sigh to the memory of this agreeable passage of her life. "Yes, a regular flirtation. It was on the steamer coming to San Francisco, and he was on his way home to be married, poor fellow, and I suppose he thought, Now or never! The steamer broke her shaft, and had to put back to Japan, and he took passage home on a sailing vessel that we hailed, and she was lost, and the last that was known of him he was left on a reef in the Pacific with three others, while a boatful of people went off to prospect for land. When the boat came back they were gone, and nobody ever knew what became of them."

"And whatever became of the girl, Mrs. Bowers?"

"Oh, as to that, this deponent saith not. Consoled herself, I suppose, in the usual way."

The two women laughed together, and began to pull up their sacks, which had dropped from their shoulders into their chairs behind them.

Helen tried to speak, but she could not. She tried to rise and seize the woman before she left the room, to make her render some account of her words. But the shame of a terrible doubt crushed her with a burden under which she could not move. When the waiter, respectfully hovering near, approached at last, and, viewing her untouched plate, suggestively asked if he could bring her anything more, she said "No," and paid her check and came out.

It was a beautiful day, but she walked spiritlessly along in the sunshine that seemed to smile life into everything but her; and she feebly sought to adjust the pang of this last blow to some misdeed of her own. But she could not. She could only think how she should once have contrasted Lord Rainford's nobleness with Robert's folly, and indignantly preferred him. But now she was aware of not having the strength to do this—of not being able to pluck her heart from the idea to which love and loss had rooted it; and she could not even wish to wish anything but to die. In another world, perhaps—if there were any other world—Robert could explain and justify the weakness for which she could not do other than pity him here.

Her brain was so dull, and jaded withal, that when she dragged herself wearily up the steps at the Butlers' door, she felt no surprise that it should be the old Captain who opened it to her, or that he should seek to detain her in the drawing-room alone with him. At last, she felt something strange in his manner and a mystery in the absence of all the others, and she asked:

"What is it, Captain Butler?"

He seemed troubled, as though he felt himself unequal to the task before him.

"Helen," he began, "do you still sometimes think that those men's story about Robert wasn't true?"

"I know it wasn't true. I always knew they killed him. Why do you ask me that?"

"I didn't mean that," returned the Captain, with increasing trouble, "but that perhaps he——"

She turned upon him in awful quiet.

"Captain Butler, don't try to soften or break any bad news to me! What is it I haven't borne, that you think I must be spared

now? You will make it worse, whatever you are keeping back. Did they leave him there to starve on that rock—did——”

“No, no. It isn’t that. Mrs. Butler thought that I could prepare—we’ve had news——”

“News?—prepare? Oh, how can you mock me so? For pity’s sake, what is it?”

The Captain’s poor attempt to mediate between her and whatever fact he was concealing broke down in the appeal, with which he escaped from Helen through the open door, and called his wife. She came quickly, as if she had been waiting near; and, as on that day when she had told the girl of her father’s death, she took her fast in her arms. Perhaps the thoughts of both went back to that hour.

“Helen—Helen—Helen! It’s life this time! You have borne the worst so bravely, I know you can bear the best. Robert is here!”

THE papers of that time gave full particulars of Fenton’s rescue from the island on which he was cast away, and the reader can hardly have forgotten them. It is unnecessary even to record the details of his transfer, after several months, from the whaler which took him off, to another vessel homeward bound, and of his final arrival in San Francisco. When the miracle of his resurrection had become familiar enough for Helen to begin to touch it at a point here and there, she asked him why he did not telegraph her from San Francisco as soon as he landed, and instantly answered herself that it would have killed her if he had done so; and that if he had not been there at once to help her bear the fact of his being alive, she could not have borne it.

They were married, and went to live in a little house in a retired street of Old Cambridge, and Margaret came to live with them. She sacrificed to this end an ideal place in an expressman’s family in East Somerville, where she had the sole charge of the housework for twelve persons; but it was something that Miss Helen kept no other girl, and it was everything that she could be with her when Lieutenant Fenton should be ordered away to sea again. He had six months’ leave, and he tried to find some occupation which would justify him in quitting the navy. He found nothing, and in the leisure of this time Helen and he concerned themselves rather with their past than their future. They rehabilitated every moment of it for each other; and, as their lives came completely together again, he developed certain limitations which at first puzzled her. She did not approach that passage which related to Lord Rainford without

trying to establish defenses from which, if necessary, she could make reprisals; and she began by abruptly asking, one day:

“Robert, who is Mrs. Bowers?”

“Did *she* turn up?” he asked in reply, with a joyous guiltlessness that at once defeated and utterly consoled his wife. “That was very kind of her. But how did she find you out? I never told her your name.”

“She never turned up—directly,” said Helen.

And then she told him how she happened to know of Mrs. Bowers, and of the bad half-hour that lady had given her.

“Well, she might call it a flirtation,” said Fenton, “but I didn’t know it was one. I thought it was just walking up and down the deck and talking about you.”

“I’d rather you wouldn’t have talked to that kind of people about me,” returned Helen, with a retrospective objection which she tried in vain to make avail her.

“How should I know what kind of person she was? I never took the least notice of anything she did or said.”

This was heavenly hopeless, and Helen resolved that for the present, at least, she would not inculpate herself. But she found herself saying:

“Well, then, I’m going to tell you about something that all came from my being desperate about you, and flirting a little one day just after you sailed.”

She went on to make a full and free confession, to which her husband listened with surprisingly little emotion. He could not see anything romantic in it at all. He could not see anything remarkable in Lord Rainford.

“You can’t,” he said, finally, “expect me to admire a man who came so near making an Enoch Arden of me.”

“Oh, you know he never came near doing anything of the kind, Robert.”

“He came as near as he could. Do you wish me to admire him because you refused him? You refused *me* three times.”

“I wish you to—to—appreciate him.”

Fenton laughed.

“Oh, well, I do that, of course. I’ve no doubt he was a very good fellow, and I dare say he’s behaving more sensibly than I did. From what you tell me, I think he’ll get over his disappointment. Perhaps he’ll end by marrying some one who will help him to complete his reaction, and cure him of *all* his illusions about us over here. But his buying that pottery was nothing. He would have been a very poor creature if he had resented your refusal. I know that from my own experience.”

He would not be serious about Lord Rain-

ford; he made her share in the good-natured slight with which husband and wife always talk over the sorrows of unlucky pretendants. He professed to find something much more admirable in Kimball's quiet acceptance of the loss he had incurred through Helen. That, he said, was fine, for Kimball was supported by no sentimental considerations, and had no money to back his delicacy. He looked Kimball up, and made friends with him; and a man who could do nothing to advance his own fortunes had the cheerful audacity to suppose that he might promote another's. He wrote to Washington and tried to get Kimball appointed assistant keeper of one of the light-houses on Cape Ann; but pending the appointment of a gentleman who had "worked" for the newly elected congressman, Kimball found a place as night watchman in a large clothing-house, where he distinguished himself when off duty one day by quelling a panic among the sewing-girls at an alarm of fire and getting them safely out of the building. The newspaper *Éclat* following this affair seemed to have silently wrought upon the imagination of a public-spirited gentleman who about that time was maturing his plans for the establishment of our well-known Everton Institute of Industrial Arts for Young Ladies. The Institute was opened on a small scale in the residence of Mr. Everton at Beacon Steps, which he devoted to it during his life, and at his death it was removed to the new building at West Newton; but from the first, Kimball was put in charge as janitor, and still holds his place from the trustees.

He came rather apologetically to announce his appointment to the Fentons.

"I don't seem to feel," he said, "as if it was quite the thing to go in there without saying 'By your leave' to you, Mrs. Fenton. I haint forgot the first time I was in the house; and I don't suppose I ever passed it without lookin' up at them steps and thinkin' of you, just how you appeared when you came runnin' up that day with your bag in your hand, and I let you in."

"Yes, I remember it, too, Mr. Kimball. But you mustn't think of it as my old home, and you mustn't feel as if you were intruding. If the place could be anything to me after Mr. Everton had lived there, I should be glad to think of you and Mrs. Kimball in it, looking after those poor girls, as I know you will."

"I guess we shall do the best we know how by 'em. And, whatever Mr. Everton is,—and I guess least said's soonest mended, even among friends, about him in *some* respects,—you can't say but what it's a good object. If he can have girls without any dependence but themselves taught how to do something for their

own livin', I guess it's about equal to turnin' the house into a church. And I *guess* the old gentleman's about right in confin' it to girls brought up as ladies. I aint much on caste myself, as I know of, but I guess that's the class of girls that need help the most."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" cried Helen, fervently. "Of all helpless creatures in the world, they are the most to be pitied: I know you'll be kind to them, Mr. Kimball, and save their poor, foolish feelings all you can, and not mind their weak, silly little pride, if it ever shows itself."

"I guess you can depend upon me for that," said Kimball. "I understand girls pretty well—or I ought to—by this time. And once a lady, always a lady, I say."

Helen even promised to come with her husband to see the Kimballs in her old home. She courageously kept her promise, and she was rewarded by meeting Mr. Everton there. He received her very cordially, showing no sort of pique or resentment,—no more, Fenton suggested, than Lord Rainford himself,—and took her over the house, and explained all his plans to her with a flattering confidence in her interest. There were already some young ladies there, and he introduced Helen to them, and, in the excess of his good feeling, hinted at the desirability of her formally addressing them, as visitors to schools are expected to do. She refused imperatively; but to one of the girls with whom she found herself in sympathy she opened her heart and told her own story.

"And oh!" she said at the end, "do learn to do something that people have *need* of, and learn to do it well and humbly, and just as if you had been working for your living all your life. Try to notice how men do things, and, when you're at work, to forget that you're a woman, and, above all, a young lady."

After she came away, she said there was one more thing she wished to say to that girl.

"What was that?" asked Fenton.

"Not to omit the first decent opportunity of marrying any one she happened to be in love with."

"Perhaps it wasn't necessary to say that," suggested her husband.

"No," sighed Helen; "and that's what *undoes* all the rest."

When the Butlers heard of this visit of hers to her old home, it seemed to them but another instance of that extraordinary fortitude of spirit which they had often reason to admire in her. Marian Ray could not suffer it to pass, however, without some expression of surprise that Fenton should have allowed her to go: she was a little his rival on behalf of

Lord Rainford still, and she seized what occasions she could for an unfavorable comparison of their characters. In fact, now that he had really come back, she had not wholly forgiven him for doing so; but the younger sisters rejoiced in him as a thoroughly satisfactory equivalent for the romance they had lost in the nobleman. If Helen was not to be Lady Rainford, it was consoling to have her the wife of a man who had been cast away on a desert island, and had been mourned for dead a whole year and more. They were disappointed, however, that he should not be always telling the story of his adventures, but should only now and then drop bits of it in a scrappy way, and once—but once only—when he and Helen were at Beverly, they pinned him down to a full and minute narration.

"Ah, but," said Jessie Butler, when all was told, to the very last moment of his meeting Helen after his return, "you haven't said how you *felt*, any of the time."

"Well, you know," answered Fenton, rising, and going over to where Helen sat dwelling on him with shining eyes, "I can look back now and see how I *ought* to have felt at given points."

"But—but how *did* you feel," pursued one of his rapt auditors, "when —"

"No, no," said Fenton, "that will do! I've given you the facts; you must make your own fiction out of them. And I think, while you're at it, you'd better get another hero."

"Never!" exclaimed Jessie Butler. "We want *you*. And we want you to behave something *like* a hero, *now*. You can, if you will. Can't he, Helen?"

"I never can make him," said his wife, fondly.

"Then that's because he doesn't appreciate his own adventures properly. Now——"

"Why," explained Fenton, "the adventures were merely a lot of things that happened to me."

"Happened to you!" cried his champion against himself, in generous indignation. "Did it merely *happen* to you to put that rope round you and swim ashore with it when the ship struck? Did it merely *happen* to you to stay there, and let the others go off in the boat?"

Fenton affected to give the argument serious thought. "Well, you know, I couldn't very well have done otherwise under the circumstances."

"You needn't try to get out of it in that way! You have every attribute of a real hero," persisted his worshiper.

The hero laughed, and did his best to bear the part like a man. Another of the young girls took up the strain.

"Yes, you would be entirely satisfactory if you had only had some better companion in misfortune."

"Who,—Giffen?"

"Yes. He seems so hopelessly commonplace," sighed the gentle connoisseur of cast-aways.

"He was certainly not more than an average fellow-being," said Fenton, preparing to escape. "But he was equal to his bad luck."

When he and Helen were alone, he was a long time silent.

"What is the matter, Robert?" she asked tenderly at last.

"Oh, nothing," he said. "But whenever it comes to that point, I'm afraid that Giffen *knew* I wanted to leave him to die alone there!"

"You *didn't* want to!" she protested for him.

"Ah, don't put it that way!" he cried. "The best you can say for me is that I didn't do it."

She could only tell him that she loved him more dearly for the temptation he confessed than if there had been no breach in his armor. He had a simplicity in dealing with all the incidents of his experience which seemed to her half divine. When she hotly invoked justice upon the wretches who had stolen the boat and abandoned him and Giffen on the island, he said, "Oh, what could atone for a thing like that? The only way was for them to escape altogether." He would not even let her denounce them as cowards; he contended that they had shown as much mere courage in remaining to rifle the ship as he had in anything. Giffen, he said, was the only one to be admired, for Giffen was afraid all the time, and yet remained to share his fate. But Helen contended that this was nothing wonderful; and again she wished to praise him for what he had suffered.

"Ah, don't!" he said, with tragic seriousness. "There's nothing in all that. It might all have happened to a worse man, and it has happened to many a better one. It hurts me to have you value me for it. Let it go, and give me a little chance for the future." He was indeed eager to escape from all that related to that passage of his life, and Helen learned to believe this. At certain moments, he seemed to be suffering from some strange sort of mental stress which he could not explain, but which they both thought must be the habit of anguish formed in his imprisonment on the atoll. It sometimes woke

him from his sleep—the burden, but not the drama, of nightmare—a mere formless horror, which they had to shape and recognize for themselves.

It grew less and less as the time passed, and when his orders came to report for duty at Washington they had strength for the parting. He supposed that he was to be sent to sea again, but he found that he was to be put in charge for the present of the revenue cutter for provisioning the light-houses on the Rhode Island coast; and when removed from this service, he was appointed to a post in the Narragansett Navy Yard. It is there that Helen still finds her home, in a little house overlooking the bay, on the height behind the vast sheds, in which two frigates of obsolete model, begun in Polk's time, are slowly rotting on the stocks, in a sort of emblematic expression of the present formidable character of the American navy.

In the meantime, Fenton is subject to be ordered away at any moment upon other duty; but till his orders come he rests with Helen in as much happiness as can fall to

the share of people in a world of chance and change. The days of their separation have already faded into the incredible past; and if her experience ever had any peculiar significance to her, it is rapidly losing that meaning. She remains limited in her opinions and motives by the accidents of tradition and circumstance that shape us all; at the end she is neither more nor less than a lady, as she was at the beginning. She has acquired no ideals of woman's work or woman's destiny; she is glad to have solved in the old way the problems that once beset her; and in all that has happened she feels as if she had escaped rather than achieved. She is the same, and yet not quite the same, for one never endures or endeavors to one's self alone; she keeps her little prejudices, but she has accumulated a stock of exceptions to their application; her sympathies, if not her opinions, have been enlarged; and above all, her unconsciousness has been trained to meet bravely and sweetly the duties of a life which she is content should never be splendid or ambitious.

THE END.

# SNIPESHOOTING.

THE Wilson's snipe is, in habits and appearance, very unlike his near relative the woodcock. While the latter is a rather heavily built, thick-set bird,—stocky, so to speak,—the snipe is much more slim and elegant in form. It is much smaller, too, weighing only about four ounces. It very closely resembles the jack snipe of Europe,—whence its usual appellation, "English,"—of which it is, according to the present views of ornithologists, only a variety (*Gallinago media Wilsoni*). In length it almost equals its cousin, already referred to, measuring from nine to eleven inches. The crown of the head is black, with a median stripe of cream color, the neck speckled with brown and gray, back variegated with black, reddish brown, and tawny, the latter forming longitudinal stripes on the inner long feathers of the shoulders. The tail is barred with black, white, and chestnut brown, the sides are waved with dusky, and the lower breast and belly are white. The bill is dark, and the feet and legs are pale greenish.

This species has a very wide distribution, and is found throughout the whole continent. It only insists on moist feeding-grounds, and so may be taken on the borders of streams and about the sloughs of the Western plains,

around the edges of the alkaline lakes of the great central plateau of the Rocky Mountains, and in the marshes and along the river bottoms of California, as well as in the East and the Mississippi valley.

It passes the winter in the Gulf States, where at that season it is extremely abundant, and begins its northward migration early in February. By the last of that month it has reached the marshes of North Carolina, and sometimes Virginia; and it usually makes its appearance in New Jersey and New York about the last of March or the first of April, though the date of its arrival depends almost entirely on the weather, and the consequent condition of its feeding-grounds. As long as the meadows are ice-bound it is useless to look for snipe; but as soon as the frost has come out of the ground, especially if the last thaw be followed by a soft, warm rain, the shooter may, with some prospect of success, visit the little spots of wet land, or the more extensive marshes, where his experience of former years tells him that the birds are likely to be found. At this time of the year they do not tarry long; but the places of those which pass on are at once filled by later comers, who are in turn

replaced by others, so that snipe are usually found in greater or less abundance until after the first of May.

This species does not ordinarily breed

bare they leave such retreats and at once repair to the open. Sometimes, too, when persistently pursued on the marshes, they will take refuge among woods or even in dry and



A WILSON'S SNIPE FAMILY. (FROM SPECIMENS IN THE COLLECTION OF DR. E. B. WHITINGHAM, MOUNTED BY DAVID B. DICKERSON.)

with us in any considerable numbers, most of the birds passing the season of reproduction north of the United States line. Still, many rear their broods in the State of Maine, and their nests have been found in Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and even further south. The nest is built on the high ground near some wet meadow,—or sometimes on a dry one if a tiny brook murmurs through the grass near at hand,—and is even of slighter construction than that of the woodcock, being little more than a depression in the ground lined with a few blades of grass. Four pointed eggs are laid in this, yellowish-olive in color, thickly spotted with black and dark umber. The young leave the nest as soon as they are hatched and follow the mother, or, as the naturalists would say, they are precocial.

The snipe is essentially a bird of the open, and is rarely found in cover. Occasionally in the spring, when a late fall of snow occurs after the birds have come on, covering for a day or two the meadows where they feed, they may be found in alder or willow swamps near their usual haunts, probing the mud about the warm springs where the snow has melted; but as soon as the ground is again

dusty corn-fields, but will only remain there for a few hours.

The favorite feeding-grounds of the snipe are fresh meadows where the ground is always moist and the soil rich. One can tell as soon as he steps on the meadow whether the birds have recently been here, for in the cattle paths or in places where the hogs have been rooting, or on the bare side of a tussock where no grass grows, the soil will be perforated by numerous tiny holes, showing where the bill has been inserted in the mud in the search for food. The presence of high grasses or reeds may sometimes keep the birds away from marshes to which they would resort in numbers if it were not for the luxuriance of the vegetation. They do not like to alight among such thick cover, and besides, they cannot easily get at the ground. It is therefore customary, in the early spring before their arrival, to burn over such tracts, and places that have been treated in this way are favorite resorts for the travelers.

At present the Wilson's snipe is shot at all times and seasons, and has no protection under the law. The result of this unwise destruction is clearly seen in the greatly dimin-

ished numbers of the birds which annually visit our more accessible meadows. If a female snipe, killed in April or May, be dissected, she will be found to contain eggs in an advanced stage of development, varying in size from a marble to an egg nearly ready for exclusion. Many of the birds are paired long before they leave us in spring. They certainly should not be shot at this season, just as they are about to rear their young. Snipe-shooting in autumn is much more satisfactory, and the birds appear to be more numerous than in the spring, because at this season their feeding-grounds are more contracted, and they concentrate on the meadows that are always wet, and about ponds and marshes which have margins of black mud, in which they delight to bore. The prospect of finding them is thus much better than when they are dispersed over a much greater area.

The main body of the snipe leave us by the latter part of November, but a few prolong their stay into December, lingering as long as their feeding-grounds remain open. As with the woodcock, the cold is only indirectly the cause of their departure; the impossibility of their longer obtaining food being the immediate motive which drives them south. On the Laramie Plains, where in winter the temperature falls sometimes to  $-30^{\circ}$  and even  $-40^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, a few snipe are to be found throughout the winter, about certain warm springs which never freeze.

Few of our birds are so poor in local names as this one, for it is almost everywhere known either as the "English" or the "jack" snipe. Along the New England coast, however, it has an appellation which is rather curious. As the bird arrives about the same time as the shad, and is found on the meadows along the rivers where the nets are hauled, the fishermen, when drawing their seines at night, often start it from its moist resting-place, and hear its sharp cry as it flies away through the darkness. They do not know the cause of the sound, and from the association they have dubbed its author the "shad spirit."

The snipe is either a bird of weak mind, deplorably vacillating in character, or else he is much more shrewd and profound than any one thinks. At all events, he is notorious among sportsmen for two characteristics, denoting either high intelligence or lamentable indecision:

Most birds when they rise from the ground appear to have some definite idea of the direction in which they wish to go, and having started in a particular line of flight, keep to it, unless turned by some alarming apparition before them. Not so with the snipe, how-

ever. He springs from the ground uttering his curious squeaking cry, darts a few yards one way, changes his mind, and turns almost at right angles to his original course; then he appears to think he has made a mistake, and once more alters his direction, and so twists off, "angling" across the meadow until he is safely out of gunshot. He then either rises high in the air and swings about for a while, looking for a desirable spot to alight, or else settles down into a straight, swift course, which he keeps up until his fright is over, or he has come to a spot which is to his liking, when he throws himself to the earth, and with a peculiar toss of his wings checks his progress and alights. The eccentric zigzag flight of this species is very puzzling to many sportsmen; and some who are capital shots at other birds appear never to be able to calculate the movements of the snipe. The secret of success in killing these birds consists, we believe, in great quickness,—that is, in wasting no time in an attempt to follow their flight, but in pulling the trigger at the moment the gun is on the object. The peculiar cry which is uttered at short intervals during its flight is sometimes extremely irritating, especially after one has missed with both barrels. What appeared when first heard to be only an expression of fright, or a call of warning to its companions, sounds to the disappointed shooter, as it comes back to him more and more faintly from the distance, very much like a note of derision.

The other characteristic for which the snipe is noted is the eccentricity and irregularity of its arrival and stay with us during the migrations. That snipe are "uncertain birds" is a proposition which has universal acceptance among those who shoot over the wet meadows. As a rule, more dependence is to be placed on their coming in the fall than in the spring. But even in autumn they cannot be counted upon. Sometimes they arrive singly, or a few at a time, and those which are killed to-day are at once replaced by others; or again, for a week or two at a time, the meadows may be worked over without starting a bird, and then all at once they will be found in great numbers, and will then as suddenly and as completely disappear. A piece of ground which at evening affords splendid sport, may be visited at dawn next day, and it will be found that the birds which were there have all departed. Happy is the man, therefore, who finds the snipe plenty, and he is wise who shall take advantage of the present opportunity. The advice, *Carpe diem*, applies with more force to snipe-shooting than it does to a good many others of the affairs of life.

As early as the last of August, an occa-

sional snipe may be found on the meadows; but it is not until the latter part of September that the migrants begin to arrive in any numbers. They are now in good order—often very fat—and are lazy, and lie well to a dog



EGG OF WILSON'S SNIPE.

if the weather is right. The pleasantest time to shoot them is during the warm days of October and November.

At such a time the birds are loath to rise, and will permit the dog to approach quite close to them before taking wing. On dark, cloudy days, on the other hand, especially if the wind be high, there is no such thing as getting a point on them, for they will rise at a distance of thirty or forty yards, and often the flight of the first one and his sharp *skeap, skeap* will be the signal for every snipe on the meadow to rise into the air and circle around for five or ten minutes before pitching down again. In such weather as this the only chance of getting within shot of them is to work down the wind,—thus reversing the usual order of things in shooting,—and to keep the dog close in. Snipe always rise against the wind, and by advancing on them with it at your back, they are forced to fly toward you for some little distance, thus giving you an opportunity to get a shot at them at fair range.

Where birds are scarce a good dog is invaluable, because of the amount of laborious walking that he saves the shooter; but there are times and places where a dog is very much in the way. Such are some of our Western snipe grounds, marshes where these birds are sometimes so abundant that they rise from the ground a dozen at a time, and where, perhaps for hours, the sound of their bleating cry is heard almost continually. Under such circumstances a dog is only an annoyance; for the ground is so foiled by the scent of the many birds that have run over it that the poor animal is confused, and is constantly false-pointing and wasting his master's time. Here the only use to which the dog can be put is that of retrieving. There are some cunning old dogs that, when they

find such a condition of things existing, will come in to heel without orders, and pay no further attention to the birds which are rising around them, only occupying themselves with the securing of those that may be shot.

This bird does not give forth a strong scent, and as it is often very little disposed to lie well, a dog of unusual keenness of nose, as well as caution and steadiness, is required in its pursuit. A very faint scent should be enough to cause him to stop until his master has come up to him, and he should then draw on very carefully until, if it will wait, he can locate his bird. There are days, to be sure, when snipe will permit the dog to get his nose within a few inches of them, but this is the exception rather than the rule.

It is always a convenience, however, to have a retriever with one while snipe-shooting, for without considerable practice it is not easy to mark down the dead bird so accurately that you can walk direct to it. This becomes especially difficult when several birds rise together, or nearly so, and you shoot first one and then another, and then perhaps try to mark down the remainder of the whisp. You have a general idea of the direction in which the first one fell, and are sure that the second dropped close by a certain little bunch of grass; but when, after having strained your eyes after the living and marked them down, you turn your attention to the dead, you are likely to find yourself somewhat perplexed. You see now that there are a dozen little bunches of grass near where the second bird fell, any one of which may be that by which you marked him; and as for the first, you feel very hopeless about being able to go within twenty yards of where it dropped. So you may lose half an hour of valuable time in searching for the dead. Practice in marking and a quick eye will, after a while, enable you to retrieve your own birds successfully. As a matter of fact there is always something—a bunch of grass, a bit of drift stuff, a flower, a leaf, or a weed stalk—near your bird, which is unlike anything else close to it; and you must see this object, whatever it is, and remember it, in the instant's glance that you have. Of course some birds will be lost,—that is inevitable; but it is wonderful to see how, by practice, the memory and the eye can be trained in a matter of this kind.

The snipe, although often very wary, appears to be quite devoid of that cunning which distinguishes so many of our game birds. When wounded it rarely attempts to hide, but either runs off quietly in a straight course, or, if only wing-tipped, springs again and again into the air in its attempts to fly

and constantly utters its singular squeak of fright.

There is one feature of snipe-shooting which makes it very attractive, and this is that you have your dog constantly within sight; you can see all his graceful movements and enjoy his intelligent efforts to find the birds,—to locate without flushing them. To our notion, more than half the pleasure of field shooting of any description is derived from seeing the dog work, and this can be done better on the open snipe meadows than under almost any other circumstances. Beating for snipe, however, is usually, from the nature of the ground, very laborious work. The walking is often through mud and water up to the knees, or perhaps one is obliged to pick his way through an unusually soft marsh, springing from tussock to tussock, with every prospect of tumbling, now and then, from those unsteady resting places into mire of unknown depth. This mode of progression requires some muscular exertion and constant attention; and besides this, the dog must be constantly watched, and unexpected birds, which he may have passed by, must be shot at and marked down.

It is, therefore, essential that the snipe-shooter should carry no extra weight. His gun should be light, and his cartridges need not hold more than an ounce of No. 12 shot; for this bird is easily killed, and as it is so small, and often rises at a considerable distance, it is important that as many of the

leaden pellets as possible should be sent after it. Rubber boots reaching to the hip are of course necessary, and the clothing should be gray or brown in color—inconspicuous, at all events. The places in which the snipe are found are often resorted to by some species of our ducks as well. The little pools and creeks, which are sure to be found in extensive snipe marshes, furnish food for the blue and green winged teal, the black duck, mallard, baldpate, and woodduck. It will, therefore, be advisable for one who is about to visit such grounds to put in his pocket half a dozen cartridges, loaded with three and a half drams of powder, and an ounce of No. 8 shot; for although No. 12 may prove effective against the ducks at short range, it is well to be prepared for longer shots.

As between woodcock and English snipe, the preference would be given with but few dissenting voices to the larger bird. Snipe-shooting, from the erratic movements of the bird, is something that cannot be depended on, while if the conditions of weather and feeding-grounds are favorable, one may count with some certainty at the proper season on having sport with the woodcock. As regards delicacy of flavor, there is nothing to choose between the two. For birds so nearly related they are wonderfully unlike in appearance and habits, and the snipe is certainly much better able to take care of himself than his rusty-coated cousin.

*George Bird Grinnell.*

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### AT TWILIGHT.

I WONDER if I love thee yet—but oh!  
 I love thee not as once. . . . The eyes are clear  
 That vexed my heart then with their ready tear,  
 The voice is glad and full that faltered so  
 When thou and I loosed hands long years ago.  
 Those outward signs are changed; but, musing here  
 'Neath the broad spaces of the twilight sphere,  
 Rapt thoughts of thee rise in my heart and glow,  
 And every wiser deed or tenderer mood  
 Of mine appears a heritage of good,  
 A clear reflection of the daylight gone,—  
 Dear, vanished day, that was my Orient  
 Of strength and purity and deep content,  
 Restful as mountains, solemn as the dawn!

*Edna Dale.*

## LONGFELLOW.

### I.

OUR poet of grace and sentiment left us in the after-glow of an almost ideal career. He had lived at the right time, and with the gift of years; and he died before the years came for him to say, I have no pleasure in them. Not all the daughters of Music were brought low. He scarcely could have realized that people were calling his work elementary, that men whose originality had isolated them, like Emerson and Browning,—and even metrical experts, the inventors of new modes,—were gaining favor with a public which had somewhat outgrown him; that he was to be slighted for the very qualities which had made him beloved and famous, or that other qualities, too long needed, were to be overvalued as if partly for the need's sake.

But they are wrong, it seems to me, who now make light of Longfellow's service as an American poet. His admirers may form no longer a critical majority, yet he surely helped to quicken the New World sense of beauty, and to lead a movement second only to that which begets a national school. I think that the poet himself, reading his own sweet songs, felt the apostolic nature of his mission,—that it was religious, in the etymological sense of the word, the binding back of America to the Old World taste and imagination. Our true rise of Poetry may be dated from Longfellow's method of exciting an interest in it, as an expression of beauty and feeling, at a time when his countrymen were ready for something more various and human than the current meditations on Nature. It was inevitable that he should first set his face toward a light beyond the sea. Our poet's youthful legend aptly was *Outre-Mer*. An escape was in order from the asceticism which two centuries had both modified and confirmed. How could this be effected? Not at once by the absolute presentation of beauty. A Keats, pledged to this alone, could not have propitiated the ancestral spirit. Puritanism was opposed to beauty as a strange god, and to sentiment as an idle thing. Longfellow so adapted the beauty and sentiment of other lands to the convictions of his people, as to beguile their reason through the finer senses, and speedily to satisfy them that loveliness and righteousness may go together. His poems, like pictures seen on household walls, were a protest against barrenness and the symptoms of a new taste.

They made their way more readily, also, by their response to the inherited Anglo-Saxon instincts of his own region. His early predilections, strengthened during a stay in Germany, were chiefly for the poetry and romance of that land. He read his heart in its songs, which he so loved to translate for us. A new generation may be at a loss to conceive the effect of Longfellow's work when it first began to appear. I may convey something of this by what is at once a memory and an illustration. Take the case of a child whose Sunday outlook was restricted, in a decaying Puritan village, to a wooden meeting-house of the old Congregational type. The interior—plain, colorless, rigid with dull white pews and dismal galleries—increased the spiritual starvation of a young nature unconsciously longing for color and variety. Many a child like this one, on a first holiday visit to the town, seeing the vine-grown walls, the roofs and arches, of a graceful Gothic church, has felt a sense of something rich and strange; and many, now no longer children, can remember that the impression upon entrance was such as the stateliest cathedral now could not renew. The columns and tinted walls, the ceiling of oak and blue, the windows of gules and azure and gold,—the service, moreover, with its chant and organ-roll,—all this enraptured and possessed them. To the one relief hitherto afforded them, that of Nature's picturesqueness,—which even Calvinism endured without compunction,—was added a new joy, a glimpse of the beauty and sanctity of human art. A similar delight awaited the first readers of Longfellow's prose and verse. Here was a painter and romancer, indeed, who had journeyed far and returned with gifts for all at home, and who promised often yet to

“—sing a more wonderful song  
Or tell a more marvelous tale.”

And thus it chanced that, well as he afterward sang of his own sea and shore, he now is said to have been the least national of our poets. His verse, it is true, was like a pulsatory cord, sustaining our new-born ideality with nourishment from the mother-land, until it grew to vigor of its own. Yet he was more widely read than his associates, and seemed to foreigners the American laureate. His native themes, like some of Tennyson's, were chosen with deliberation and as if for their

availability. But from the first he was a poet of sentiment, and equally a craftsman of unerring taste. He always gave of his best; neither toil nor trouble could dismay him until art had done its perfect work. It was a kind of genius,—his sure perception of the fit and attractive. Love flows to one whose work is lovely. Besides, he was a devotee to one calling,—not a critic, journalist, lecturer, or man of affairs,—and even his prose romances were unrhymed poems. A long and spotless life was pledged to song, and verily he had his reward. Successors may find a weakness in his work, but who can rival him in bearing and reputation? His worldly wisdom was of the gospel kind, so gently tempered as to breed no evil. His life and works together were an edifice fairly built,—the House Beautiful, whose air is peace, where repose and calm are ministrant, and where the raven's croak, symbol of the unrest of a more perturbed genius, is never heard. Thus the clerkly singer fulfilled his office,—which was not in the least creative,—and had the tributes he most desired: love and honor during his life-time, and the assurance that no song of his took flight but to rest again and again "in the heart of a friend."

## II.

POETS, like the cicalas, have occasion to envy those who compass their song and sustenance together. Few can pledge with Longfellow their lives, or even frequent hours, to the labor they delight in. There was, in fact, an "opening,"—a need for just the service he could render. The circumstances of his birth and training were propitious and worked to one end. Neither he nor Hawthorne was the mere offspring of an environment. There was nothing special in the little down-east school of Bowdoin, sixty years ago, to breed the leaders of our imaginative prose and verse. But the time was ripe; there was an unspoken demand for richer life and thought, to which such natures, and the intellects of Channing and Emerson, were sure to respond. And the concurrence certainly was special: that Longfellow, descended from Pilgrim and Puritan stock, the child of a cultured household, should be born not only with a poet's voice and ear, but with an aptitude for letters amounting to a sixth sense,—a bookishness assimilative as that of Hunt or Lamb; that he should be reared in a typical Eastern town, open alike to polite influences and to the freshness and beauty of the northern sea; that such a youth, buoyant and manly, but averse to the coarser sports, gentle,

pure,—one who in France would have become at first an abbé,—should in New England be made a college professor at nineteen, and commissioned to visit Europe and complete his studies; that ten years later, having ended the pleasant drudgery of his apprenticeship, he should find himself settled for life at Harvard, the center of learning, and under few obligations that did not assist, rather than impede, his chosen ministry of song. Here he was to have health, friendship, ease, the opportunity for travel, abundant and equal work and fame, with scarcely an abrupt turn, or flurry, or drought or storm, to the very end. Even his duties served in the direction of a literary bent, confirming his mastery of languages whose poetry and romance were his treasure-house. He wrote his text-books at an age when most poets go a-gypsying. When twenty-six, he made his translation of the "Coplas de Manrique,"—a rendering so grave and sonorous that if now first printed it would be caught up like Fitz-Gerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar," instead of going to the paper mill. It indicated, more than his original work of this period, that a true poetic method was forming in a country where Berkeley's muse thus far had made no course of empire. A few essays, always on literature or the languages, complete the round of his miscellanies, the last being contributed to a review in 1840. After that time he gave up all critical writing whatsoever.

"Outre-Mer," a young poet's sketch-book, reports his first transition from cloister life to travel and experience. It is a journey of sentiment, if not a sentimental journey, and made in the blithesome spirit of a troubadour. All the world was Arcady,—a land of beauty and romance; and these he found, caring for nothing else, in sunny nooks of France, Italy, and Spain, as deftly as the botanist picks out his ferns and forest flowers. Our poet's herbarium had a gift to keep its blossoms unfaded. His road-glasses illuminate the wayside: our modern travelers use stronger lenses, and see things through and through, but with the old illusions we have lost the best of all things—zest. "Hyperion" showed what changes four years can bring about while still the man is young: it is the thoughtful, and somewhat too fond, fantasy of the same pilgrim after more knowledge of the verities of life. The atmosphere of this book is that of Switzerland and Germany; but its shadows came from the maker's heart. He had been bereaved. The opening phrase is grief, a poet's grief, that consoles itself with imagery: "The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. \* \* \* We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into

itself. Then stars arise, and the night, is holy." This precise, epicurean touch, the application of art to feeling, was new in our authorship. Void of real anguish or passion, it still suggested an ideal,—a purpose beyond mere book-craft. The sketches, diversified with not too frequent musing, the wedding of sound to sense, the daintiness of words, the feeble plot, all bear witness that "Hyperion" is the work of an idyllist. The vague manner, with its impression of rest sought in restlessness, and even the broken story, were borrowed, doubtless, from "Titan." The book naturally became the companion of all romantic pilgrims of the Rhine, for the true German spirit is here; its sentiment and fancy alike are seized by a master of the picturesque. He "knew the beauteous river all by heart,—every rock and ruin, every echo, every legend. The ancient castles, \* \* \* they were all his; for his thoughts dwelt in them, and the wind told him tales." With Jean Paul we have Heine, also, who might have conceived the grotesque episode of Frau Kranich's "tea" in Ems. The romance and spooning of "Hyperion," and its moral conclusions, are food for adolescents; but it is easier to laugh at youth than to possess it. And this is Longfellow's youth throughout,—the frankest of confessions. Paul Fleming "buried himself in books; in old dusty books." Read the list of them, from the Nibelungenlied down, and see the diet that he garnished with grapes and Liebfrauenmilch and love-making and moonlight dreams. "How beautiful it is to love!" Ah! how happy to be young, and in love; to have known sorrow, and to use it as a foil; to visit and read the great world, yet not to be corrupted by it, still to keep a pure heart that has no taste for recklessness and vice; through all to recall one lesson: "Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

The chief import of the poet's romances was their bearing upon his own purpose. He fixed his rules of life by writing them down. His second maxim is found in "Kavanagh," a tale with less freshness than "Hyperion," but fashioned with the hand of greater cunning, that of a writer in his prime. Its personages are more distinctly drawn, and it was his brief and nearest approach to a novel. We have a transcript of New England village life, an atmosphere of breeding and refinement, and some pertinent criticism on literary and social topics. As before, the gist of the tale is in a text, placed, with due regard to convention, at the beginning:

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it."

This bit of wisdom had been deeply considered by the author. By way of strengthening himself against a dreamer's temptation to be derelict, he worked it, one might say, into this "sampler" of a tale. Those who are fond of citing the formula, that Genius is only a talent for persistent work, have reason to place our poet well in the van of their examples. Yet I fancy that only men of talent will heartily subscribe to this definition. Be this as it may, Longfellow's prose tales show us his equipment, and give the clew to his well-adjusted life. It was plain, also, that he was a born romanticist, in full sympathy with the German school. We shall see that, as a poet, he followed a romantic method, to the disapproval of those who feel that nothing in the New World should be done as it has been done elsewhere. It is difficult, however, to explain why even things at home should not be treated according to the genius of the designer. After strange experiments, we just now are discovering that the colonial architecture, so much like that of Cromwell's England, is of all our styles the best adapted to the Atlantic States; and it still becomes us to be modest in defining the types that American art and poetry finally will assume. The critical question, I take it, is not what fashion should be outlawed, but whether the thing done is good of its kind.

Nothing afterward tempted Longfellow from poetic composition, except the illustrations of the "Poetry of Europe," many of which were his own translations, and, late in life, the diversion of editing "Poems of Places," and the heroic labor of his complete version of "The Divine Comedy," a work to which I shall refer again.

### III.

LONGFELLOW's juvenile poems have been collected recently. Those printed, before his graduation, in the "Literary Gazette," resemble the verse of Bryant and Percival, the former of whom he looked upon as his master. Tracings of browsing in the usual pasture grounds are strangely absent: I sometimes wonder if he had an early taste for the Elizabethan poets, or, indeed, for any English worthy, since no modern author has shown fewer signs of this in youth. The "Voices of the Night," his own first collection, was postponed until after a long experience of translation and prose work. It appeared in his thirty-third year, and met with instant favor. Only nine new pieces were in

the book; these, with the translations following, have characteristics that his verse continued to display. The Prelude recalls that of Heine's third edition of the "Reisebilder" (*Das ist der alte Märchenwald*), then just published. Later pieces show that Longfellow caught the manner of this poet, whose principles he severely condemned. The German's rhythm and reverie were repeated in "The Day is Done," "The Bridge," "Twilight," etc., but not his passion and scorn. The influence of Uhland is equally manifest elsewhere. Prototypes of Longfellow's maturer work are found in "The Reaper," "The Psalm of Life," and "The Beleaguered City." "The Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," against which Poe brought a mincing charge of plagiarism, is as strong and conjuring as anything its author lived to write. The Translations deserved high praise. The stately "Coplas" re-appears. Various renderings from German lyric poets, such as "The Happiest Land," "Beware," and "Into the Silent Land," were new originals, examples of a talent peculiarly his own. Given a task which he liked,—with a pattern supplied by another,—and few could equal him. He made his copies in various measures and from many tongues. An essay in hexameter, the version of Tegnér's "Children of the Lord's Supper," preceded his original poems in that form. Even after completing his "Dante," he loved to toy with such work. I have heard him say that he longed to make an English translation of Homer, upon the method which Voss had used to such advantage.

His volume of 1841, "Ballads and Other Poems," may be likened to Tennyson's volume of the ensuing year, in that it confirmed its author's standing and indicated the full extent of his genius as a poet. It was choice in its way, suggesting taste rather than fertility; choicely presented, also, for with it came the fashion, new to this country, of printing verse attractively and in a shape that seeks the hand. The poet's matter, if often gleaned from foreign literatures, was novel to his readers, and his style distinct from that of any English contemporary. The book contains examples of all the classes into which his poems seem to divide themselves, and may be examined with its successors. One sees, forthwith, that Longfellow's impulse was to make a poem, above all, "interesting." He was no word-monger, no winder of coil upon coil about a subtle theme. He changed his topics, for some topic he must have, and one that suited him. A cheerful acceptance of the lessons of life was the moral, suggested in many lyrics, which commended him to all virtuous, home-keeping folk, but in the end poorly served him with the critics. He often

is judged by his least poetic work,—verse whose easy lessons are adjusted to common needs; by the "Psalm of Life," "Excelsior," "Prometheus," and "The Ladder of St. Augustine,"—little sermons in rhyme that are sure to catch the ear and to become hackneyed as a sidewalk song. He often taught, by choice, the primary class, and the upper form is slow to forget it. Next above these pretty homilies are his poems of sentiment and twilight brooding. "The Reaper and the Flowers," "Footsteps of Angels," "Maidenhood," "Resignation," and "Haunted Houses" came home to pensive and gentle natures. Lowell has written a few kindred pieces, such as "The Changeling" and "The First Snow-fall." A still higher class, testing Longfellow's eye for the suggestive side of a theme and his art to make the most of it, includes "The Fire of Drift-Wood," "The Lighthouse," "Sand of the Desert," "The Jewish Cemetery," and "The Arsenal." In poems of this sort he was a skilled designer, yet they were something more than art for art's sake. Owing to the tenderness seldom absent from his work, he often has been called a poet of the Affections. It must be owned that he was a poet of the Tastes as well. He combined beauty with feeling in lyrical trifles which rival those of Tennyson and other masters of technique, and was almost our earliest maker of verse that might be termed exquisite. "The Bells of Lynn" and "The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls," show that the hand which polished "Curfew" and "The Arrow and the Song" was sensitive to the last.

Among obvious tests of a poet are his voice, facility, and general aim. Longfellow's verse was refined and pleasing; his purpose, evidently not that of a doctrinaire. The anti-slavery poems did not come, like Whittier's, from a fiery heart, or rival Lowell's in humor and disdain. They simply manifest his recognition and artistic treatment of an existing evil. The ballad of "The Quadroon Girl" is a poem, not a prophecy, with a pathos beautified by certain "values," as a painter might term them,—the tropic shore, the lagoon, the island planter's daughter and slave. Of the higher tests of poetic genius,—spontaneity, sweep, intellect, imaginative power,—what examples has he left us? At times the highest of all, imagination, in passages where he outleaps the conceits and fancies that so possessed him. We have it in the "Midnight Mass"; in "Sir Humphrey Gilbert"; in "The Spanish Jew's Tale," when

"—straight into the city of the Lord  
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword,  
And through the streets there swept a sudden breath  
Of something there unknown, which men call death."

At times also we have what is of almost equal worth, imaginative treatment. This is felt in the effect of his very best lyrics, a series of Ballads, with "The Skeleton in Armor" at their front both in date and in merit. This vigorous poem opens with a rare abruptness. The author, full of the Norseland, was inspired by his novel theme, and threw off a ringing carol of the sea-rover's training, love, adventure. The cadences and imagery belong together, and the measure, that of Drayton's "Agincourt," is better than any new one for its purpose. Even the poet's conceits are braver than their wont:

"Then from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the northern skies  
Gleam in December;  
And, like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber."

Elsewhere he is as resonant as the bard of England's "King Harry":

"And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
Death! was the helmsman's hail,  
Death without quarter!  
Midships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
Through the black water!"

To old-fashioned people this heroic ballad, written over forty years ago, is worth a year's product of Kensington-stitch verse. A few others, mostly of the sea, count high in any estimate of Longfellow. "The Wreck of the Hesperus," though not without blemishes, "Sir Humphrey Gilbert," "Victor Galbraith," and "The Cumberland" are treated, I think, imaginatively. Boker's noble stanzas on the sinking of the Cumberland follow more closely the old ballad style, but Longfellow plainly found a style of his own. His "occasional" poems were equally felicitous: witness the touching, sympathetic imagery of "The Two Angels," the joyous grace of the chanson for Agassiz's birthday. "Hawthorne," "Bayard Taylor," and "Killed at the Ford" are examples of the fitness with which his emotion and poetic quality corresponded, each to each. But neither war nor grief ever too much disturbed the artist soul. Tragedy went no deeper with him than its pathos; it was another element of the beautiful. Death was a luminous transition. "The Warden of the Cinque Ports" is all melody and association. He made a scenic threnody, knowing the laureate would supply an intellectual characterization of the Iron Duke. His fancy dwells

upon the ancient and high-sounding title, the mist and sunrise of the Channel, and the rolling salute from all those rampart guns, that yet could not arouse the old Field-Marshal from his slumber. Tennyson fills his grander strophes with the sturdy valor and wisdom of the last great Englishman, but within our poet's bounds the result is just as undeniably a poem.

Longfellow, employing regular forms of verse, was flexible where many are awkward, — at ease in his fine clothes. "Rain in Summer," "To a Child," and a few longer poems yet to be examined, such as "The Building of the Ship," are written with a free hand. In his latter period he often used an anapestic movement, first discoverable in "The Saga of King Olaf" and "Enceladus," afterward in "Belisarius," "The Chamber over the Gate," and "Helen of Tyre." The impression conveyed is that we listen to one whose day for elaborate song is past, but whose voice still warbles in the fresh break of spring or the melting twilight of thankfulness and rest. With age, his natural tenderness grew upon him, as men's traits will for good and bad. "The Children's Hour" is one of the inimitable fireside songs that made this "old moustache" the children's poet. Another delightful lyric, "My Lost Youth," was the utterance of a man who in middle age looked in his own heart to write, and found it warm and true. To comprehend its charm and sincerity, one, perchance, must also have loitered in youth along the piers, sending his hopes far across the whispering ocean to the untried world; must himself remember

"— the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea."

Some breezy dome of trees, with sounds and shadows like those of Deering's woods, must still haunt his memory, if he would recall

"The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain;  
And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on, and is never still:  
'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

Of all these poems, the swallow-flights of many seasons, not one falls short of a certain standard of grace and correctness; and the same may be said of the author's more pretentious works, to which we now come. Meanwhile it is to be noted that he was the

first American to compose sustained narrative-poems that gained and kept a place in literature. In fact, since the Georgian period, there has been no other poet of our tongue, save Tennyson, whose longer productions have been greeted by the public with the interest bestowed upon the successive works of novelists in the front rank.

## IV.

"EVANGELINE," the first of these tales in verse, was written—as I have said of "In Memoriam," that very different production—when its author had reached the age of forty, with his powers in full maturity, and remains his typical poem. Like "Hermann and Dorothea," it is composed in hexameter, as befits a bucolic love story. Longfellow's choice of this measure, in defiance of a noble army of censors, proves that he had, much as he shrank from discussion, the full courage of his convictions upon a point in literary art. He lived for poetry; his tastes were definite, and he felt himself justified in respecting them.

Within a recent period several noteworthy extensions have been made to the technical range of English verse. Among these are: the use by Tennyson of the stanzaic form of "In Memoriam"; the example of a long poem in unrhymed trochaics, by Longfellow; Swinburne's forcible handling of anapestic measures; more recently, the revival of elegant romance-forms, by the new English school. Preceding these in date we have Longfellow's success in familiarizing the "English hexameter," the measure of "Evangeline" and "Miles Standish." The popularity of those idyls assuredly proved that the common folk, in spite of critics, do not find the verse a stumbling-block. They read it, when gracefully written, without suspecting that it is not a musical and natural English form. The question of hexameter has been argued to little purpose, in consequence of a mist which has hid the true issue from the perception of both parties to the dispute. The verse usually is examined, by its friends and opponents, from the scholar's point of view. To Mr. Swinburne, hexameters are "ugly bastards of verse"; even those of Mr. Arnold have "no metrical feet at all," but sound like "anapests broken up and driven wrong"; Clough's are admirable "studies in graduated prose"; Hawtreys, "faultless, English, hexametrical," but only "a well played stroke," not continuable; Kingsley's "Andromeda," the "one good poem extant in that pernicious metre," and

even Kingsley's feet are but "loose, rhymeless anapests." Now "Andromeda," a delicious poem for poets, never will commend its measure to the multitude, since it never will reach them. But if such lines as these,

"Far through the wine-dark depths of the crystal,  
the gardens of Nereus,  
Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the blooms and the  
palms of the ocean,"

are essentially anapestic, it is because one chooses to read them so; and any dactylic verse of Homer may be transposed in the same way by reading it accentually and ignoring the first and last syllables. When Mr. Swinburne adds, "Such as pass elsewhere for English hexameter, I do hope, are impossible to Eton," he strikes the key-note of the misunderstanding. The same premise is always implied, to wit: that classical analogies should govern our opinion of this measure. Unfortunately, I say, even the arguments of its defenders are based on the notion that the modern verse may approximate to the antique, in which effort, of course, it always must fail. Poe, in his turn, opposed Longfellow's hexameters because they were not classical; yet he unconsciously paid tribute to them as an English form of verse, when he said that their admirers were "deceived by the facility with which some of these verses may be read!" Lord Derby anticipated Mr. Swinburne's "pernicious metre," in denouncing "that pestilent heresy of the so-called English hexameter," which "can only be pressed into the service by a violation of every rule of prosody." Whether or not the noble translator, deprived of rules of prosody, would have found it hard to write verse at all, it is plain that here again crops out the fallacy of the discussion. Fixed rules of quantitative or classical verse must be put out of mind. The question ought to be, simply: Is the verse, in six feet, of "Evangeline" or "Andromeda" a good and readable measure for an English poem?

Bryant, a good writer of blank verse, disliked a measure which he found unsuited to his slow and dignified movement. Professor Lewis took the ground of Mr. Bryant, whose Homer he so much praised. Mr. Lang is on the same side, and has said that not even Professor Arnold can alter his opinion. Yet the late Professor Hadley, an almost matchless scholar, advocated this verse for Homeric translation. Messrs. Lowell, Higginson, and Stoddard are among its friends. Matthew Arnold, in the delightful papers "On Translating Homer," has made his strongest plea for the English hexameter by unconsciously

granting that its close approximation to the antique type must be the result of adroit labor, not of unstudied expression. Such a result justly might be deemed an artifice, distinct from natural English verse. And Mr. Arnold, in view of the reception awarded "Evangeline," also sees that the dislike of our present English hexameter is "rather among the professional critics than the general public." A liking for it, on the part of many poets, is evident from their successive experiments. Longfellow's foreign studies influenced his own decision in its favor; since then we have had Kingsley's "Andromeda," Clough's "Bothie," Howells's "Clement" Taylor's rhythmic "Pastorals," and, more recently, Mr. Munby's idyl of "Dorothy" in the elegaic measure, and its Hellenic counter-type, the "Delphic Days" of Mr. Snider. But while there are both faith and practice in favor of the hexametric verse, it is still in a stage of growth. Mr. Arnold a second time reaches the mark when he implies that its capabilities are not yet evident; that, "even now, if a version of the *Iliad* in English hexameter were made by a poet who, like Mr. Longfellow, has that indefinable quality which renders him popular,—something attractive in his talent which communicates itself to his verses,—it would have a great success among the general public." He expected yet to see an improved type of this verse, which should excel Voss's by as much as Shakspeare's blank verse excels that of Schiller. This may or may not be; but the capabilities of the measure will not be understood until some fine poet—combining the simplicity of Longfellow and the vigor of Clough, and free from the sing-song of the one and the roughness of the other—shall make it the vehicle of passion, incident, imagination. To bring out its full rhythm, while depending chiefly on accent,—the natural basis of English verse,—the ear will pay regard to such effects of quantity as the language proffers. Purely quantitative English verse, at any length, is out of the equation. To the samples of it often printed by amateurs in "Blackwood" and elsewhere, Canning's outburst, "Dactyls call'st thou them? God help thee, silly one!" may be justly applied, but not to the hexameter of Kingsley and Bayard Taylor. Call the new measure what you will—something else, if possible, than the term applied to the verse of Homer and Lucretius, for it assuredly is not composed of quantitative dactyls and spondees. But it will have six feet, and natural breaks and *cæsuras*, and will be more or less dactylic; it may also have anapestic variations, and trochees quite as often as spondees. To sum up all, its music, sweep,

and inspiring effect will depend entirely upon the genius of the poet who writes it.

The use of this measure for translation from the Greek and Latin poets I have discussed in a notice of Bryant. Longfellow could not be the supreme translator of Homer; but if there was nothing of the Grecian in him, there was much of the Latinist, and with Virgil's polished muse he might have been quite at ease. Meanwhile, the popularity of our new hexameter with simple readers who know little of the Homeric roll, the Sicilian *psithurisma*, or Virgil's liquid flow, has been demonstrated against all theorists by the record of "Evangeline." The poet's friends told him he must take a familiar meter, that hexameters "would never do." He found, as reported by David Macrae, that his "thoughts would run in hexameter," and declared that the measure would "take root in English soil." "It is a measure," he said, "that suits all themes. It can fly low like a swallow, and at any moment dart skyward. \* \* \* What fine hexameters we have in the Bible: *Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them*; and this line, *God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet*. Nothing could be grander than that!" Over-dactylic, and therefore monotonous, as Longfellow's hexameters often are, they have the merit of being smooth to read without analysis, like any other English verse. This primary, easy lilt was needed for an introduction, until, stage by stage, the popular ear shall be wonted to more varied forms, and the scholar brought to realize that here is a true and idiomatic English verse, however distinct from that which he learned in the classes.

Notwithstanding its primitive and loose construction, the verse of "Evangeline" is at times vigorously wrought and sonorous:

"Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors  
leafy the blast rang,  
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to  
the forest.  
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred  
to the music.  
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant  
branches."

And with the measure that came to him, the poet had chanced upon an idyllic story, seemingly made for its use, and wholly after his liking. A beautiful, pathetic tradition of American history, remote enough to gather a poetic halo, and yet fresh with sweet humanities; tinged with provincial color which he knew and loved, and in its course taking on the changing atmospheres of his own land; pastoral at first, then broken into action, and

afterward the record of shifting scenes that made life a pilgrimage and dream. There are few dramatic episodes; there is but one figure whom we follow,—that one the most touching of all, the betrothed Evangeline searching for her lover, through weary years and over half an unknown world. There are chance pictures of Acadian fields, New World rivers, prairies, bayous, forests, by moonlight and starlight and midday; glimpses, too, of picturesque figures, artisans and farmers, soldiery, trappers, boatmen, emigrants, priests. But the poem already is a little classic, and will remain one, as surely as "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Deserted Village," or any other sweet and pious idyl of our English tongue; yet we find its counterpart more nearly, I think, in some faultless miniature of the purest French school. Evangeline, as she

"Sat by some lonely grave, and thought that perchance in its bosom  
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him,"

though the subject of artists, needs no other painter than her poet, through whose verse the music of her name and the legend of her wanderings will be so long perpetuated. There are flaws and petty fancies and homely passages in "Evangeline"; but this one poem, thus far the flower of American idyls, known in all lands, I will not approach in a critical spirit. There are rooms in every house where one treads with softened footfall. Accept it as the poet left it, the mark of our advance at that time in the art of song,—his own favorite, of which he justly might be fond, since his people loved it with him, and him always for its sake.

The advantage of a new field, to which later authors, like Harte and Cable, are somewhat indebted, was of full service to our poet, not only on his provincial excursions, but also in the one successful attempt that has been made to treat in numbers the customs and legends of our Indian tribes. This gain was strengthened by the novelty of the rhymeless trochaic dimeter used for "Hiawatha," a measure then practically unknown to English verse. He probably would not have ventured to compose his *Algie Edda* in this monotonous time-beat, had he not made sure of its effect in the Norse literatures, and mainly, as was noted at the time, in the Finnish epic of "Kalevala." The result, on the whole, justified his course. "Hiawatha" is a forest-poem; it is fragrant with the woods, fresh with the sky and waters of the breezy north. The Indian traditions, like those of the Scandinavians, are the myths of an un-

tutored race; they would seem puerile and affected in any but the most primitive of chanting measures. As it is, one feels that the nicest skill was required to protect the verse from gathering an effect of burlesque or commonplace; yet this it never does. The fable is not of a stimulating kind. Grown-up readers, I suspect, seldom go through it consecutively. To read here and there and at odd times, it is in every way pleasurable. It was, in a sense, the poet's most genuine addition to our native literature. Previous endeavors to make imaginative verse from aboriginal material had signally failed: witness the ludicrous heroics of the Knickerbocker poets, whose conventional ideals were utterly discarded by Longfellow. He alone had the gift to blend the kindred myths of Indian fancy in mellow and artistic simplicity; to cull from Schoolcraft what was really essential, and make it more charming for us than a sheer invention possibly could be. He made the field his own, with little room for after-comers. "Hiawatha" is the one poem that beguiles the reader to see the birch and ash, the heron and eagle and deer, as they seem to the red man himself, and to join for the moment in his simple creed and wonderment. Such is the half-dramatic merit of the work, and it was only by a true exercise of the imagination that a poet, himself no familiar of the wild-wood life, could sit in his study and utilize the books relating to it: an equally true exercise, I think, though upon a less majestic basis, with that of the poet who mastered the Arthurian legends of his own historic race and island, and wrote the "Idylls of the King." Longfellow's use of the Indian dialect and names is delightful. These cantos remind us that poetry is the natural speech of primitive races; the "song" of Hiawatha has the epic quality that pertains to early ballads, the highest enjoyment of which belongs to later ages and to the creature that Whitman terms the civilizee. He alone can relish to the full the illusions which the poet has recaptured for his episode of "The Building of the Canoe," the death of Minnehaha, and Hiawatha's mystical farewell.

When a companion-piece to "Evangeline" appeared, every one made haste to acquaint himself with the love experience of the demure Priscilla, loyal John Alden, and bluff Captain Miles. Even now, if we had some young Tennysons and Longfellows, poetic ideals might not wholly give way to the novelist's photographs of every-day life. The author's tact guided him to the prettiest tradition of Pilgrim times. We have a romantic picture of the Plymouth settlement, with its far-away round of human life and action, through

which the tide of love went flowing then as now. The bucolic wedding-scene at the close is a fine subject for the pastoral canvas. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" was an advance upon "Evangeline," so far as concerns structure and the distinct characterization of personages. A merit of the tale is the frolicsome humor here and there, lighting up the gloom that blends with our conception of the Pilgrim inclosure, and we see that comic and poetic elements are not at odds in the scheme of a bright imagination. The verse, though stronger, is more labored than that of "Evangeline"; some of the lines are prosaic, almost inadmissible. There are worse, however, in the poet's last example of hexameter, the Quaker story of "Elizabeth,"—which was written rather to fill out the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" than from any special inspiration. Nor does the Plymouth idyl show much sympathy on the part of the author with the ancestral environment, but chiefly a cavalier perception of what romance and grace there might have been in the good old colony time.

His works in dramatic form plainly represent the craving of a versatile poet to win laurels in every province of his art. But to compose a living drama requires just that special faculty, if not the highest, which is denied to nine out of ten. Longfellow, perchance, might have made himself either a dramatist or a novelist, if he had gone into training as doggedly as others, born essayists or poets, who have gained the secret of novel-writing through practice, aided by popular encouragement. He made a fair beginning as a romancer with "Hyperion," and even as a dramatist by the clever play of "The Spanish Student,"—equipped with the properties of a country and literature so well understood by him. As a drama, that remains his best achievement. When the desire to better it possessed him, the outcome was a motley series of writings in the form under review: one, a frigid contribution to the pseudo-antique verse at which all college-bred poets feel competent to try their hands. Nothing with the true Grecian flavor could come out of his Italian and Gothic tendencies. "Pandora," besides reminding us of Taylor's version of the Second Part of Faust, is in every way a forced effort, and, like "Judas Maccabæus," would go a-begging if the work of a new man. The Trilogy of "Christus," as a whole, is a disjointed failure. Parts First and Third, "The Divine Tragedy" and "The New England Tragedies," exhibit the skill to choose imposing subjects and build a framework, but little of the power required for their treatment. We have the form, the personages, and situations,

rarely the action and noble fire. The author's shortcomings are even more conspicuous than Tennyson's, and by as much as his intellectual power was the less absolute. His theory that the Scriptural language should be reproduced grew out of the fact that he could invent no other, and resulted in a barren paraphrase of what is fine in its own place. What sublime themes!—the life and passion of Christ, the Golden Legend of Christendom, the tragedy of Puritan superstition,—and how tamely the first and last of these are handled! Their consolidation was manifestly an after-thought, to give a semblance of strength to the whole. Where we have the poet's own style, as in the soliloquies of Mary, Simon, Helen, it is a subjective utterance of the Cambridge scholar at his desk. The Interludes are put in to brace the effect, like the sham buttresses of a faulty building. He should not have preëmpted the sable field of the Quaker and witch persecutions, unless he felt in his utmost fiber the nerve to occupy it. The temptation was strong; the result, contrasted with Hawthorne's prose treatment of kindred subjects, is deplorable.

"The Golden Legend," however, should be judged by itself, and is an enchanting romance of the Middle Age cast in the dramatic mold. Brought out years before the "Tragedies," it finally was merged in the "Christus" by way of toning up the whole, the poet well knowing that this was his choicest distillation of Gothic mysticism and its legendary. It is composite rather than inventive; the correspondences between this work and Goethe's masterpiece, not to speak of productions earlier than either, are interesting. There is decided originality in its general affect, and in the taste wherewith the author, like a modern maker of stained glass, arranged the prismatic materials which he knew precisely where to collect. The Prologue, not wholly a new conception, is none the less imaginative: a scene of night and storm, with Lucifer and the Powers of the Air vainly assaulting the Strasburg Cross, baffled by the voices of the Bells, which repeat the sacred words graven on their sides. The Legend is a striking instance of an effort by which mediæval rituals, chants, and wonder-tales are boldly seized and molten to an alloy, whose color and tensile qualities are due to the solvent of the alchemist. Here and there are unmistakable lusters of the poet's own vein. This would be recognized at sight:

"His gracious presence upon earth  
Was as a fire upon a hearth;  
As pleasant songs, at morning sung,  
The words that dropped from his sweet tongue  
Strengthened our hearts."

And this, also, is after his best fashion :

"I have my trials. Time has laid his hand  
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,  
But as a harper lays his open palm  
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations."

The humor of Lucifer's soliloquies, in the Church and elsewhere, is characteristic of both Goethe and Longfellow, and therefore German with a difference. But all phases of our poet's verse and fancy are to be observed in this brilliant conglomerate. And what rare materials are brought together! Here are revived the oft-told jest of Brother Felix, Walter the Minnesinger, Lucifer and the Black Paternoster, the monkish chants and anthems, the Miracle Play, the disputes at the School of Palermo! The richest passages are those contrasting the Cellar and Refectory scenes with the prayer-like labor of Brother Pacificus illuminating the Gospel in the Scriptorium above. These, with many beautiful counterparts, lighting page after page, move one to accord with those who regard "The Golden Legend" as a piece in which the poet's versatile genius is seen at its best. Though not the work of a natural dramatist, it is vastly superior to the prosaic fabrics which are attached to it, and which fail to grow upon the reader in spite of this forced association.

A posthumous drama, "Michael Angelo," while having the dignity that becomes its theme, does not change our view of the author's limitations. It contains elevated passages, mostly the soliloquies of the great artist, of whom in his old age it may be termed a sympathetic study, and is worth pursuing, even for something more than the perfect sonnet which forms the Dedication.

Were I to select one from the poet's long succession of books to fitly illustrate his traits, I might name the little volume of 1849, with its two divisions, "By the Seaside" and "By the Fireside." "The Building of the Ship" is the best example of his free-hand metrical style,—musical, wholesome, and suggestive of an imagination that takes heat from its own action. This celebration of a manly and poetic form of handicraft is simply cast, yet full of energy and spirit. At the close, a sunburst of patriotism, the superb apostrophe to the Union, outvies that ode of Horace on which it was modeled. In conception and structure the poem, while thoroughly national, is akin to Schiller's "Lay of the Bell." I think that the minor lyrics in this volume, from "Chrysaor" to "Gaspar Becerra," warrant my liking for it, and are peculiarly representative. The author long afterward supplied companion-pieces, "The Hanging of the Crane" and "Keramos," to his idyl of the ship-yard.

His reputation now made the production of each of these a literary event; just as any late and brief work of a favorite composer sends a murmur of interest through the musical world. Such afterpieces earn for artists, in the ripeness of their fame, a more sudden reward than greater efforts which preceded them. All things come around at last, and often come too late. But Longfellow again and again received his crown of praise; and this the more frequently in return for service in which he was easily first,—the art which gained for an old-time minstrel a willing largess, that of the recounter, the teller of bewitching tales. His station as a poet was not advanced by the different installments of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," but it was much to have the delight of giving delight, as often as each appeared, to a host of unseen readers. And so in the end they formed his most extended work: a series of short stories, mostly gathered from older literatures, translated into his varying and crystalline verse, and linked together, like the tales of Boccaccio and Chaucer, by a running commentary of the poet's own. The selections are good of themselves, and the conceit of the gathering of the poet's friends at the Sudbury Inn brought them near to the interest of his audience. Nothing could be better than the prelude. A transfiguring portraiture from life is that of the musician, Ole Bull. The tales here told in song for the first time, all of them Colonial, are but four in number,—few indeed, among so many gleaned from the Decameron, the *Gesta Romanorum*, "the chronicles of Charlemagne," and "the stories that recorded are by Pierre Alphonse." Here is the semblance of a master effort, but in fact a succession of minor ones; we perceive that no great outlay of imaginative force was required for this kind of work. With Longfellow's lyrical facility of putting a story into rippling verse, almost as lightly as another would tell it in prose, we find ourselves assured of as many poems as he had themes. Less subtle and refined than Morris, he was a better recounter. This was due to a modern and natural style, the sweet variety of his measures, and to his ease in dialogue. He intersperses many realistic passages, and by other ways avoids the monotony of the "idle singer of an empty day." As for poetic atmosphere and all the essentials of a select work of beauty, the "Tales" cannot enter into comparison with "The Earthly Paradise." Longfellow's frequent gayety, and constant sense of the humanities, make him a true story-teller for the multitude; not, like Morris, an exquisite, dreamy singer for companions of his own guild.

His version of "The Divine Comedy" is one of the most signal results of American labor in the department of translation. There was nothing in the work of his predecessors to prevent the task from being not only a matter of attraction, but a duty; no one, on the score of talent or acquirements, was better fitted to renew an attempt which from its conditions never can be perfectly successful. His life-long study of Dante's text had brought to this natural translator that knowledge of it which was more than half the achievement. The theory of his version was the modern one (which it helped to confirm),—that of recent and noted English translations, and of Taylor's "Faust,"—to wit, a literal and lineal rendering. Unlike Taylor, Longfellow had but one measure to reproduce, and he discarded the rhymes altogether, while striving to convey the rhythm and deeper music of the sublime original. It was fitting that the neighborhood of Cambridge, whose poets and scholars were for the most part sympathetic lovers of Dante, should furnish a new translation of the *Commedia*, and that Longfellow—less brilliant than Lowell, whether as a poet or a student, but his superior in patient industry and evenness of taste—should be the one to make it. We are told that his work received, from time to time, the criticism of a pleiad of his friends. Certainly it was brought to birth with heralding by Norton,—the classical translator of "Vita Nuova,"—Howells, Greene, and others of the group. As for the discussions which ensued upon its merits, my impression is that points were well taken on both sides. Various other translations of Dante were appearing about this time—the six-hundredth anniversary of the Tuscan's birth: in Great Britain, those of Dayman, Ford, and Rossetti; in America, Dr. Parsons's "*Inferno*" was before the public,—seventeen cantos in the rhymed pentameter quatrain not so literal as Longfellow's, but the noble performance that one might expect from the author of the "Lines on a Bust of Dante." The best of the English triad was that of Rossetti. It bears the stamp of a master-hand, yet has so many blemishes, and is here and there so awkward, as to be on the whole less satisfactory than Longfellow's, to which it is kindred in principle and method.

The reader of Longfellow's pages is secure of a faithful reproduction of the original order and meaning and of Dante's manner—so far as the latter depends on linear arrangement. All these are of the highest value, if the vital and pervading style of the lofty Florentine can likewise be transferred. The ideal translator will reproduce all these—the

sense, the metrical arrangement, the grandeur of tone. Until his arrival, if one of these must be sacrificed, it cannot be the first, and it should be, I think, the second rather than the third. One would prefer a prose rendering of the same rank with Mr. Lang's "Homer" and "Theocritus" to a feebly correct transcription in English verse. Longfellow certainly aimed to meet all the foregoing requirements, and in his case a complete failure was scarcely possible, even with respect to the third. But his gifts as a translator never were more conspicuous than when, in youth, he paraphrased and almost recreated so many lyrics from the German and other tongues. Applying a literal method to the *Commedia*, his genius is less evident than his talent and conscientious self-restraint. What he did was to translate the whole work, line for line, almost as literally as a class recitation, and this, barring a few archaisms, with much simplicity and smoothness. Except in the more abstruse cantos, the appearance of ease is so marked that one gives credit to the story that the poet, with his facility and mastery of the text, accomplished his task in a few years by writing a stated number of verses each morning, while waiting for his coffee to boil. If this were the fact, it would not do to estimate the feat by it. Where a man's genius lies, there he works with ease, and often undervalues the result; elsewhere, he "labors." There is nothing labored in Longfellow's translation; the fault is of another kind: we lose, amid all its simplicity, the "grand manner," as Mr. Arnold would call it, of the divine master. A neophyte misses what he expected to realize of the unflinching strength and terror of the *Inferno*, the palpitating splendor of the *Paradiso*. The three divisions seem leveled, so to speak, to the grade of the *Purgatorio*, midway between the zenith and nadir of Dante's song. This shortcoming is to be felt, rather than proved, and tells in favor of Parsons's translation, and of others greatly inferior to this as a whole. Even Cary's old-fashioned paraphrase, full of Miltonic inversions and epithets, and thoroughly open to Bentley's strictures on Pope's "Homer," has exalted passages that justify its survival to our day. Longfellow's genuine scholarship led him to pursue his method, once determined on, without the slightest protrusion of skill and learning. Grace is added by the frequent use of feminine endings,—a habit natural to Longfellow, and increasing the likeness of his own to the original verse. But his rendition of many Italian words by English derivatives, which often have quite lost the etymological meaning, is an error made in the interest of extreme fidelity and really

telling against it. A kindred one is the use of derivatives in which the primitive meaning is not lost, but which do not translate the text to English ears so effectively as their Saxon synonyms. For instance, most of the translators—Wright, Cayley, Ford, Rossetti, etc.—have made havoc with the inscription over the gate of hell:

"Per me si va nella città dolente;  
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore;  
Per me si va tra la perduta gente."

Longfellow's rendering is superior to all the rest:

"Through me the way is to the city dolent;  
Through me the way is to eternal dole;  
Through me the way among the people lost."

Yet here is a forced translation of the word "dolente" by a derivative which, to English readers, is not an *equivalent*. Besides, a more effective expression of anguish can be gained by the use of a Saxon word. One step further would have made Mr. Longfellow's rendering perfect: he might have escaped an inversion, and have matched the verbal repetition in the first two lines, after this wise:

"Through me the way is to the woful city;  
Through me the way is to eternal woe."

Reading the whole work, and accepting the late Mr. Greene's opinion that the characteristics of Dante are Variety and Power, I think that the evenness of Longfellow's method robs us of the former; and as for the latter, it is the one thing which the lay reader of this translation, unrivaled as it is in many respects, does not adequately feel.

The reflex influence of this labor was apparent in the elevated nature of his later poems. It is true that he occasionally used his new diction in a prosaic or weary manner. Of this, such a line as "The spiritual world preponderates," from the sonnet to Whittier, is an extreme instance. Otherwise, a firmer poetic quality was observable after this date. The sonnets which he now wrote, few as they are, entitle him to a place in the most select circle of modern poets. They rank with the best written in our century. Where, in fact, throughout the whole galaxy of English sonnets, is there a group surpassing the six which accompanied the Dante volumes? Rhythmic, perfect in structure, and full of beauty, they have captured the spirit of the Divine Song. A series written in the poet's old age, his tributes to the memory of comrades gone before, has a pathetic charm. Still later was composed the sonnet "Nature," which must be accounted one of the choicest in any lan-

guage upon the theme to which its title is but a pass-word:

"As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,  
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,  
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,  
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,  
Still gazing at them through the open door,  
Nor wholly re-assured and comforted  
By promises of others in their stead,  
Which, though more splendid, may not please  
him more;  
So Nature deals with us, and takes away  
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand  
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go  
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,  
Being too full of sleep to understand  
How far the unknown transcends the what we  
know."

This is, however, singularly like the translation, by Leigh Hunt, of Filicaja's sonnet on Providence, quoted by Longfellow himself in the notes to the *Paradiso*. With lessening use, the poet's touch lost little of its delicacy and poise. The few pieces brought together in "Ultima Thule" indicate that his ruling sense of art was clear as ever; nor was it finally dulled, like Emerson's bright intelligence, by a veil of darkness slowly drawn. He ceased from service almost without forewarning, and because his work was done.

## V.

Few poets have been more restricted to fixed habits of composition. His mode was perfectly obvious and unchanged, save by greater refinement, during fifty years. Everything suggested an image, except when his imagery suggested the thought of which he made it seem a reflection. He tells us that

"Bent like a laboring oar that toils in the surf of  
the ocean,  
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the  
notary public";

and we feel that the image really grew out of a poet's conception of his personage. But again, looking upon "drifting currents of the river," or finding the day "cold and dark and dreary," or listening to the belfry-chimes, he hunts about for some emotion or phase of life which these things aptly illustrate. This process not seldom becomes a vice of style. He constantly applied his imagery in a formal way,—the very *ut . . . ita* of the Latins, the *as . . . so* of the eighteenth century. But whether his metaphors came of themselves, or with prayer and fasting, they always came, and often were novel and poetic. A more trying habit was that inbred, as it seems, with the New England poets,

most of whom have preached too much in verse. He tacked a didactic moral, like a corollary of Euclid, on many a lovely poem. No one better knew that "nothing is poetry which could as well have been expressed in prose," but the habit formed in youth seemed beyond his control. Still, it was through this habit that he became the most popular of University poets, and as a moralist no one could make commonplace more attractive. Lastly, the bookish flavor of his work is at once its strength and weakness: the former, because the very life of his genius depended on it; the latter, because poetry that is over-literary is so much the less creative, and is otherwise open to the objections brought against literary art. Browning's fondness for black-letter is redeemed by dramatic vigor. In reading Longfellow, we see that the world of books was to him the real world. From first to last, if he had been banished from his library, his imagination would have been blind and deaf and silent. It is true that he fed upon the choicest yield of literature; his gathered honey was of the thyme and clover, not the rude buckwheat. Take, for instance, the "*Morituri Salutamus*," read before his surviving classmates on the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation. Was there ever anything more beautiful, in view of the occasion? Is not the title itself a stroke of genius? But the title also defines the method of the poem: there are more than twenty learned references in this piece of less than three hundred lines, including one entire tale from the "*Gesta Romanorum*." He had, we see, this way of working, and for once it resulted in a poem that is the model of its kind.

As for Nature, he usually saw it as polarized by reflection from the mirror Art. Whether in or out of his study, he had not Emerson's interpretative eye, and his report of landscape and the country life was less genuine than Lowell's or Whittier's, not to mention the younger poets. He rarely ventured beyond the simple outlook from his mansion door. The effect of the rain, the mist, the night-fall, upon his own spirit, is what he gives us, in the manner of some landscape of the French subjective school. A starry event, the occultation of Orion, at once becomes a glorious image of the triumph of Love over Force. In "*Evangeline*" there are refined pictures of scenery that was familiar to him, with just as pleasing descriptions of that which he knew only through his books. He painted the landscape of half Europe in the same way, always a cosmopolitan, never the genius of the place. The flower-de-luce, with its heraldic associations, is the emblem after which he names a volume. But with respect

to still life and common life, the true *genre* touch of "*The Old Clock*" and "*The Village Blacksmith*" grows firmer in "*Miles Standish*," where he draws so well the Plymouth interiors, the Puritan maiden at her wheel, the elders, and men-at-arms. And look! how he describes what of all is nearest his heart, an olden volume:

"Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,  
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,  
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the walls of a church-yard,  
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.  
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem."

I more than half recant the statement that Longfellow was not a poet of Nature, bethinking myself how justly others have maintained that he was by eminence our poet of the Sea. He clung to the coast: looking inland, he cared most for the tide-meadows of his neighborhood; looking oceanward, his fancy throve upon the omens, the mysteries, the perpetual fascinations of "sea from shore." He loved his mighty rock-girt bay, the lights and beacons, the mist and fog-bells, the sleet and surge of winter, the coastwise vessels; and its memories were the drift-wood with which he kindled "thoughts that burned and glowed within." His imagination goes out to "the ocean old," the "gray old sea" of storms and calms; to its winged frequenters, the ancient galleons, the fleets of conquest and embassy and traffic. The names of sunny isles and far-off lands were music to him. If by chance our fireside magician drowned his books deeper than did ever plummet sound, and sang from a poet's heart alone, it was when he returned again and again to capture and repeat for us the haunting "secret of the sea."

Reviewing our survey of his work, I observe that each of his best known efforts has led to the mention of prose or verse by some other hand which it resembles. In view of the possible inference, we now may ask, Was Longfellow, then, with his great reputation and indisputable hold upon our affections, not an original poet? It must be acknowledged, at the outset, that few poets of his standing have profited more openly by examples that suited their taste and purpose. The evidence of this is seen not in merely three or four, but in a great number of his productions,—in his briefest lyrics, in his elaborate narrative poems. Like greater bards before him, he was a good borrower. Dependence on his equipment led to unconscious assimilation of its treasures.

But originality is of more than one kind. As we say of some people that they have a genius for friendship, so his sympathy with the beautiful, wherever he found it, was unique and tantamount to a special inspiration. The proof of his originality, however, even where he was least inventive, hardly requires this paradox: it did not consist in word or motive, but in the distinctive tone of the singer, the sentiment of voice which made his performances in a sense new songs; in an air, a suffused quality, which rendered every phrase unmistakable. If he borrowed freely, he was freely drawn upon by others in their turn. Scores of followers have caught a manner that shows to poor advantage when transferred; but his position for years, at the head of even a sentimental school, indicated that Longfellow was not without a genius of his own.

Apart from certain exceptions already noted, his bent was cosmopolitan. He had the Anglo-Saxon longing of the pine for the palm, a love for the softer winds and skies, the pliant languages, of Italy and Spain. Besides the example of his works, we have his written theory of what our literature should be. His Mr. Churchill, in "Kavanagh," declares that in literature "Nationality is a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air that speaks the same language unto all men. \* \* \* I prefer what is natural. Mere nationality is often ridiculous." And again, "Our literature is not an imitation, but a continuation of the English." He insists upon originality, but "without spasms and convulsions." \* \* \* "A national literature is not the growth of a day. Centuries must contribute their dew and sunshine to it. \* \* \* As for having it so savage and wild as you want it, \* \* \* all literature, as well as all art, is the result of culture and intellectual refinement. \* \* \* As the blood of all nations is mingling with our own, so will their thoughts and feelings finally mingle in our literature. We shall draw from the Germans tenderness, from the Spanish passion, from the French vivacity, to mingle more and more with our English solid sense. And this will give us universality, so much to be desired." With regard to all this, it may be said that Longfellow's service, important as it was in his time, is not that required of his successors. The greatest poets have been those who conveyed the spirit of their respective nationalities. That poetry is truest which is universal in its passion and thought, but national in motive and in all properties of the

craft. The final outcome of American ideality will depend on conditions which our best thinkers are investigating, and which give rise to conflicting theories. Herbert Spencer's recent utterance is somewhat in accordance with Longfellow's views: "Because of its size, and the heterogeneity of its components, the American nation will be a long time in evolving its ultimate form, but its ultimate form will be high." And again: "From biological truths it is to be inferred that the eventual mixture of the allied varieties of the Aryan race forming the population, will produce a finer type of man than has hitherto existed." This agreeable prediction may seem too optimistic; but the future type of poetry certainly will represent the future type of man. Without debating the question whether we now are forming loam for a distinct growth, or whether our literature is to be a "continuation" merely, we may be sure that both here and in foreign lands new types of genius will appear, we know not how or why, and add new species to the world's *flora symbolica* of art and song. Longfellow, if not a prophet, was a pioneer,—by choice an apostle of the best traditional culture. His verse is not of a kind to make its admirers indifferent to any other,—an effect, whether for good or ill, sometimes produced by Browning's, Emerson's, and Whitman's,—but that which, however elementary, promotes a taste for higher ideals. It is due to such as he that we have passed the age of nursing, and are now less satisfied with what is not primarily our own. That the best equipped section of the country should produce him was in the order of events: other things being equal, that region is most American which has been so the longest, and the frontier steadily grows to resemble it.

In England, Longfellow has been styled the poet of the middle classes. Those classes include, however, the majority of intelligent readers, and Tennyson had an equal share of their favor. The English middle classes furnish an analogue to the one great class of American readers, among whom our poet's success was so evident. This was because he used his culture not to veil the word, but to make it clear. He drew upon it for the people in a manner which they could relish and comprehend. Would not any poet whose work might lack the subtlety that commends itself to professional readers be relegated by University critics to the middle-class wards? Caste and literary priesthood have something to do with this. Were it not for "Lucretius" and "In Memoriam," the author of "The May Queen" and "Locksley Hall" and "Enoch Arden" would be in the same category; as it is, he scarcely escapes it in the

judgment of both the psychologic and neo-Romantic schools. Yet the poetry of analytics has not outlasted, in the past, that which came without gloss or obscurity, and whose melody and meaning appealed to one and all. That a poet's verse should require a commentary in its own day is not, all things considered, the best omen for its hold upon the future. But the point taken with respect to Longfellow is not unjust. So far as comfort, virtue, domestic tenderness, and freedom from extremes of passion and incident are characteristics of the middle classes, he has been their minstrel. And it is true that a cold, or even temperate quality is deadening to the higher forms of art. The creative soul abhors ennui; it glows in dramatic self-abandonment. Poets "of passion and of pain" concentrate their lives in some burning focus whose dazzling heat devours them; they suffer, but mount on their own flame. Without passion and its expiations, without the mad waste of life, and even crime and terror, where are our noble tragedies, our high dramatic themes? The compensation of man's anguish is that it lifts him beyond the ordinary. Superlative joy and woe alike were foreign to the verse of Longfellow. It came neither from the heights nor out of the depths, but along the even tenor of a fortunate life. I do not mean that he was exempt from mortal ills; he had his dark experiences, but at the mature age that has learned "what life and death is," and of them he gave little sign. If sorrow and rapture are from within, rather than from without, it may be that our benignant poet, alike through circumstance and temperament, was spared the full extremity of discipline signified in the translation from Goethe:

"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,  
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours  
Weeping upon his bed has sate,  
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers."

Not his the agony and bloody sweat. We may conjecture that, aside from one or two fierce episodes, he was less tried in the furnace than poets are wont to be. From the first he had what he desired,—congenial work and associations, advancement, the love of women and friends, appreciative criticism, the pure wheat and sweet waters of life in plenitude. He had lovely things about him, and gratified his artist nature to the full, while so many makers of the beautiful are condemned to Vulcan's cavern of toil and smoke. He had the best, as by right; and in truth the world, if it only knew it, can afford to keep a poet or artist in some luxury, like a flower for its perfume, a hound for beauty, a bird for song. If Longfellow's regard fell

upon ugliness and misery, it certainly did not linger there. "The cry of the human" did not haunt his ear. When he avails himself of a piteous situation, he does so as tranquilly as the nuns who broider on tapestry the torments of the doomed in hell. He wrote few love poems, none full of longing, or "wild with all regret"; but this might come from the absolute content of his soul,—he had gained the woman whom he idolized, and songs of passion are the cry of unfulfilled desire. His song flows on an equal course, from sunny fountain-head to darkling sea; and even upon that sea he finds repose, for its billows rock to sleep, and no cradle is more peaceful than the grave. Thus fair, gentle, fortunate,—could such a poet answer to the deepest needs of men? Allowing for the factor of imagination, we still see that Longfellow shrank from efforts that would react too keenly upon his sensibilities. He touched the average heart by the sympathetic quality of a voice adjusted to the natural scale. People above or apart from the average—sufferers, aspirants, questioners—are irked by his acceptance of life as it is and his enjoyable relations to it. There is something exasperating to serious minds in his placid waiver of things grievous or distasteful. They ask what cause he has advanced, how has he enlarged the province of thought, what conflict has he sung? Where are his rapture, his longing, his infinitudes? They see his fellow-poet, less prosperous and accomplished, who defied obloquy, and rose to passion in denouncing wrong,—a man of peace, yet valiant as Great-Heart in behalf of freedom and the rights of man. Here was another, who sought out the inmost laws of spiritual life. But why expect a poet to be other than he is? Recognize the instinct that defined his range, and value the range at its worth. Longfellow spoke according to his vision and vision. The attempt to do otherwise ends all. A critic must accept what is best in a poet, and thus become his best encourager.

So far as good fortune may be supplemented by human wisdom, Longfellow was a man after the preacher's own heart. His was one of those happy natures which, as Thackeray says, are softened by prosperity and kindness. He was saved the torment that the envious feel:

"He did not find his sleep less sweet  
For music in some neighboring street;  
Nor rustling hear in every breeze  
The laurels of Miltiades."

We have seen his tact in the choice and use of things pertaining to his work, his carefully restrained decoration, his knowledge of limitations, which prevented him, except in

the dramatic experiments, from groping for impracticable means and results. The forms which he introduced or revived were as successful as Tennyson's; in fact, his product represents the full advance of American taste and feeling, during the period covered by it, though not our most significant thought. He was a lyrical artist, whose taste outranked his inspiration; and assuredly, if he had been a Minister of the Fine Arts, he never would have abolished an *École* at the dictation of the "impressionists," nor have adopted as a motto the phrase "Beware of the Beautiful." We have noted his industry and the self-control with which he devoted his life to poetry alone. Yet the report of his library talk shows that his brain was alert upon many topics; that in private, at least, he did not reserve his talents for his publisher,—an economy which a French critic declares to be "a bad sign, and the proof that one makes a trade of literature, and that one does not

really have the impressions he assumes to have in his books." His verse is peculiarly open to the test of Milton's requirement, that poetry should be simple, sensuous, passionate. Simple, even elementary, it manifestly is, despite the learning which he put to use. It is sensuous in much that charms the ear and eye, and in little else; for the extreme of sensuousness is deeply felt, and feeling results in passion, and passionate the verse of Longfellow was not, nor ever could be. His song was a household service, the ritual of our feastings and mournings; and often it rehearsed for us the tales of many lands, or, best of all, the legends of our own. I see him, a silver-haired minstrel, touching melodious keys, playing and singing in the twilight, within sound of the rotes of the sea. There he lingers late; the curfew bell has tolled and the darkness closes round, till at last that tender voice is silent, and he softly moves unto his rest.

Edmund C. Stedman.

#### THROUGH WATERSPOUT AND TYPHOON.

WE had just left the Philippine Islands,—the clipper *Wasatch*, bound for New York, with some fifteen hundred tons of sugar,—and were then bowling easily across the Celebes Sea toward the Straits of Macassar, with the last of the south-west monsoon. Very little wind seemed left in the bag, for as the ship lifted on the remnants of the long Pacific rollers, the sails lost their snowy fullness, and slapped shudderingly against the spars and rigging; the reef-points rattled like hail, the masts creaked in their fidings, and the yards jerked uneasily at the braces. The whole ship had a rattling, unsteady, loose-jointed motion, until she rolled ponderously to windward again and tautened everything with a quick jerk that seemed powerful enough to carry away the lighter spars. We had a long voyage before us with much of this rattle-and-bang sort of sailing, until we reached the steady trade winds of the Indian Ocean; so all hands were busy making and putting on chafing-mats to protect those parts of the rigging most exposed to wear in this continual shaking. As we were only a few degrees north of the Line, the weather was decidedly warm. The hot sun overhead and not a cloud in the sky, the light reflected from the myriad ripples in the water as though from mirrors, the planks hot enough to blister our feet, with the pitch starting from the seams

and knots, all combined to make the intermittent fanning of the shaking sails very acceptable.

The monsoon was about breaking up; and although the sky was now as serene as possible, unsettled weather, with violent squalls, was to be expected.

It was with such surroundings that I left the ship when I went below at eight bells, turned into my bunk, and soon fell asleep.

I was roused by the boatswain thrusting his head hurriedly in at the door and saying, "All hands shorten sail, Mr. Ratline. A water-spout to windward, sir!" Bounding up, I soon jumped into the few clothes necessary in that latitude, and ran on deck.

What a sight! To leeward the sky, air, and water were, as before, hot, breathless, and glittering; but to windward a vault of billowy black nimbus cloud, rent by incessant lightning and acting as an immense reverberator for the thunder which rolled along over the water, crash after crash, shaking the ship like a leaf, until it was almost deafening. The lower surfaces of the clouds were torn into white and ragged fragments, and these were spun and blown about by the resistless currents of the whirlwind, while in the center of the mass, like a sturdy Jewish column supporting the vast dome, writhed an enormous water-spout. Within a radius of many

rods about its twirling base the sea was lashed into boiling fury, and rose and fell in irregular tumultuous waves, whose crests were whipped off by the wind and blown hither and thither like smoke.

One accustomed only to the temperate zones can not appreciate the awful grandeur of the more violent atmospheric disturbances of the tropics. Man's puny endeavors seem so doubly unavailing against the infinite power of nature's forces, that the individual is almost overwhelmed by his own insignificance. So it was with us that day. There seemed to be no way of escape. The spout was dead to windward, and bearing down upon us with fearful speed. Already its roaring was in our ears. All hands were working for their very lives to get sail off the vessel, pulling and hauling like steam engines every one of them, and jumping aloft like monkeys to roll up the slatting canvas. For once, Captain Mason lost his habitual coolness and seemed almost beside himself with excitement and apprehension. When I came on deck, the ship was beginning to heel over from the effect of the outside currents of the whirlwind upon her bare spars and half-furled canvas. Our signal howitzer had been unlashd by the cabin-boy and the captain shouted, "Mr. Ratline, will you serve that gun." I sighted the piece and pulled the lock-string with such a trembling hand that the ball missed its mark, and called forth a cry of disappointment from those aloft, who had watched its ricochet course with the eagerness of men intent on a forlorn hope. "Load again!—quick, for God's sake!—load again!" This time the ball went crashing through the watery column, but with no more effect than if my piece had been a popgun. There was no time for another shot. The ship was now staggering under the violence of the wind. The men aloft, knowing the insecurity of the spars, came sliding down the back-stays in their haste to reach the deck. Every second the force of the wind was stronger, bearing the good ship down upon her beam ends as a skillful wrestler forces an antagonist to his knees. Slowly the cloud began to swing around, and we backed our bare main yards to deaden any headway the ship might now have, until we could get some little patch of sail up forward to pay her off from the wind, and thus escape the spout, which in its altered course we hoped would pass ahead of us. Suddenly the half-furled mizzen top-sail blew from the gaskets, and filling out like a balloon sent the ship spinning around toward the wind and tearing through the water as though she had all sail set. "Up helm, there—run up the foretop-mast stay-sail

—keep her away!" shouted the captain wildly through his hands. One of the ordinary seamen was at the wheel, and I saw him jamming down the spokes in his vain endeavors to move the helm. Calling to one of my watch to follow, I sprang to the wheel, and with our united strength had the helm hard up, when the foretop-mast stay-sail they were trying to set forward blew clear from the bolting at the first slap, and it became a certainty that all our endeavors were fruitless, and the water-spout must strike us. The ponderous fabric of the vessel, quivering like a whale at the stroke of the harpoon, was tossed like a cork on the seething base of the column. Her masts bent like coach-whips before they snapped. Great patches of canvas were torn from the yards, and spreading out, sped off like frightened ghosts, their long arms of tatters waving wildly as they vanished in the misty air. Each man almost involuntarily secured himself as best he might, and in an instant more the water-spout was upon us—with a roaring and bellowing as of a thousand demons, the cannon-like crash of breaking spars, the snapping of cordage, and the rending of timber. Then an irresistible rush of water poured down upon the deck, seemingly with the concussions of Niagara; it bore me back against the wheel-casing, and held me as in a vise, tore off my shirt and shoes, and pressed with such a weight upon my chest that my eyeballs almost started from their sockets, and I thought I had been caught under a falling spar.

A moment of deathlike stillness succeeded this awful pandemonium, and then the rain fell, not in drops, but in solid masses that beat us down upon the deck, filled our eyes, mouths, and nostrils, and nearly drowned us. The decks were afloat even with the tops of the demolished bulwarks; and ropes, and half-alive but struggling men were washing back and forth as the ship's bare hulk rolled about in the trough of the sea.

When I recovered from the shock of being half-drowned and half-crushed, and had succeeded in getting my breath and dashing the water from my eyes, I saw—instead of the gallant clipper of an hour before, whose graceful build and lofty spars excited the admiration of every seaman and made the *Wasatch* the "smartest" ship in port, wherever she went—instead of this, a dismantled wreck shorn of every semblance of her former beauty. Our fore and mizzen masts were gone close to the deck, and the mainmast had been taken out bodily from the stepping, tearing up the deck from rail to rail as it went. Of the forward house and forecabin, not a vestige remained. The bowsprit was twisted off

close to the stem, and both bulwarks were gone from the bows clear aft to the quarter-deck. The cabin was partly unroofed, and the body of the captain's son was visible, jammed into a corner of the companion way, broken and crushed into an almost unrecognizable mass. As soon as they were able, the remnant of the crew crawled aft to the quarter-deck. Instead of our complement of twenty-five, we only mustered eleven. The captain and mate were gone; the cook and steward had vanished with their galley. There were six of the men, one with a broken arm, the boatswain with a wound in his head deluging his face with blood, the carpenter, two of the boys, and myself left in command. Getting out the medicine chest, I at once began to dress the hurts of the wounded men, and gave the order to clear away the wreck. It was considerable of a surprise when the men returned saying that there was no wreckage to clear away. Such had been the force of the whirlwind, that all our heavy top-hammer had been entirely torn away. Not a spar or a timber, except a few odds and ends, was hanging by the ship, but pieces of both could be seen heaving about in the swell for a mile or so to leeward.

Where the mainmast had been torn out, the gaping decks revealed the hold half full of water, swashing around amongst the sugar bags, while at every roll of the shattered hulk tons of it burst in over the stumps of the demolished bulwarks. The pumps were nearly destroyed in the general upheaval of the decks in their vicinity. The carpenter immediately went to work upon them, while the rest of us broke out old sails from the locker to nail over the openings in the decks, and stretched life lines along fore and aft.

To the stump of the mizzen mast we lashed a studding-sail-boom, and on it spread an old try-sail. This kept the ship nearly head to wind, decreasing the rolling motion, and preventing the deluge of water upon the decks, so that we could work with greater safety and expedition. The afternoon was now well advanced, and we were sadly in need of food. The galley in which our dinner had been preparing was completely gone, and on further investigation we found that the mainmast in its fall had torn out the forward end of the store-room under the half deck, emptying overboard nearly all our provisions. What little of perishable goods remained were about spoiled by salt water. Hastily conveying this remnant of our former supply into the after-cabin, I detailed as steward a man who had served in that capacity on a former voyage, and told him to save all he could, and try to improvise a galley out of the cabin heater.

As I turned to go on deck, my eyes fell on the crushed body of little Ben — poor boy! He had begged to go to sea, and live among the incidents he had heard his father relate in his short visits to their Connecticut home; and much against his mother's wishes, the captain had taken him on this voyage. He was a bright, active lad of about twelve. I had taken a great fancy to him, and had endeavored to teach him all that a second mate could of seamanship and navigation. Tenderly taking up his lifeless form I placed it on the cabin table, and spread an ensign over it. Returning to the deck, I found that the sun was out again. The sky, air, and water were as placid and innocent-looking as they had been before the squall. The heavy sea had nearly subsided, and the wind, but a few hours ago a tornado, had now failed utterly. The ship rolled slowly but heavily in the trough of the sea, the water in her hold rushing back and forth through the cargo with a force that made the hulk tremble in every timber. Its rumbling and gurgling sounded as if we were over a volcano. By this time the men had covered all the breaks in the deck and sides, as far as possible, with plank and canvas, and water was no longer taken in in large quantities, although there must have been enormous leakage both there and through the vessel's seams, which had been opened by the awful strain to which she had been subjected. The carpenter reported that he had so far succeeded in repairing the pumps that two of the cylinders could be used. There were eleven of us all told; one was not able to work because of his broken arm, which, I fear, was badly set, and we had five men in a watch, one for the wheel and four for the pumps. As one watch would be weakened by the absence of the steward in preparing our meals, I placed him in my watch, because the boatswain, who, of course, was in charge of the other watch, was but little better able to work than the man with the broken arm, the jerking motion of the pumps making his wounded head very painful. There was fully eight feet of water in the hold, bringing our decks amidships nearly even with the surface of the sea. After working all hands at the pumps for about an hour and a half, we lowered it not quite a foot. It was very fatiguing work. Our pumps were of the old-fashioned pattern, with brakes and plungers like a hand fire-engine, but they were large and would raise about five gallons at a stroke. The falling mainmast had so thoroughly bent and twisted them, that it was with the greatest difficulty they were made to work at all, and then with so much friction that we could not give more than twenty strokes without a rest.

Larsen, the steward, now announced that he had a jury-meal rigged up in presentable shape. As little Ben lay on the cabin table, I told him to bring up the dinner, and we would mess on deck.

I now had leisure to question the survivors of the port watch about the water-spout, and ask how it happened that the ship was caught so unprepared. They said they were all seated on deck as I had left them when I went below, making mats, the mate and boatswain both among them giving directions, leaving, for the time, no one actually on the lookout except one of the boys at the wheel. He was somewhat green at steering, and consequently must have kept his eyes fast on the compass card. Our high bulwarks forward shut out the horizon from the men on the main deck, and the sky was so bright overhead that no one thought of the squall, which came up with exceptional rapidity, even for those latitudes, until they were called into action by a clap of thunder and the "old man" suddenly appearing on the poop and singing out, "Clew up the royals!" The squall had promised to be one of only ordinary severity, until the boys who had gone aloft to furl were down again, and standing by the top-gallant gear with the rest, when, as if by magic, the water-spout was formed. All hands were then called and set to work in earnest to take in the kites. It was almost laughable, in spite of the gravity of our surroundings, to see some of the men handling the cabin china, and their look of contempt upon the fancy stores—canned vegetables, sardines, and the like,—of which the greater part of our repast consisted; for the more costly supplies, having been kept in lockers, formed the bulk of what we had saved, and the steward informed me that the stock of salt beef was so scanty that we would need to be exceedingly careful of it. After dinner I tossed up with the boatswain for the watch, and as it fell to his lot I left him to do what he could toward rigging jury-masts, and went below. On the captain's desk I found the half-worked *Summer's* sight of the morning, which I finished, and, allowing for our drift, found that we were in latitude 3 degrees 15 minutes north, longitude 163 degrees 41 minutes east, or almost the center of the Celebes Sea. Plotting down this position on the chart, it appeared that Cape Rivers, on the island of Celebes, was the nearest land, bearing S. by E. 125 miles. This was so nearly to windward that we could hardly hope to reach it under jury-masts.

The nearest islands of the Sooloo Archipelago bore about N. W. by W., nearly 200 miles away. There was every reason for try-

ing to reach Celebes. The Bughis were semi-civilized and friendly to Caucasians, and their propensity for trading with the neighboring islands and passing ships would give us a good chance to reach some frequented port.

On the other hand, if we merely succeeded in keeping the wreck afloat without thought of progress or direction, we would eventually drift into the Sooloo Islands. Many of them were uninhabited, and in fact incapable of sustaining life, while the people of the fertile groups were cruel, piratical, and, by common report, cannibals.

At eight bells, when the watches were changed, we buried poor Benny, who had, in the meantime, been sewed up in his blanket. The loss of the captain, mate, and the missing members of the crew was taken by the survivors almost as a matter of course—as part of a seaman's lot. They had been washed overboard or taken up by the whirlwind, leaving nothing but vacant places as a reminder of their absence; but the crushed form of the captain's boy affected the men visibly. He was not properly part of the ship's company, and, as such, could not be expected to bear any of the hardships or dangers of the voyage. He had been a universal favorite among the crew, having won them by his manliness, kindness, and quickness in learning all matters pertaining to his father's profession. When the little bundle lying there on the wheel-grating, covered by the flag, was launched over the rail and fell with a dull splash into the leaden surface of the sea, the rough men turned away with a sob, and, brushing away the gathering tears, endeavored to hide their emotion by coiling down now useless ropes' ends or anything they laid hold of first, and I hurried below more to conceal my own weakness than to replace the prayer-book in its case.

I then called a council of the more intelligent of the men, and put before them my ideas concerning the best course to steer, etc. It was decided that working to windward was not to be thought of, and as the monsoon was late in changing we would have to take our chances and run for the Sooloo Islands. It would take us three or four days at least to rig any sort of sail that would give the ship a speed of two knots in a good breeze; so that we could not hope to reach land in less than ten days at the quickest, and it was a question if we could endure the labor of pumping for that length of time on no more stable food than cabin luxuries. My heart sank when I thought of how the ship might founder in a heavy squall, or how we might roll around for weeks in calms. Smart and fully equipped vessels were often a fortnight in crossing the Celebes

Sea, and I had personal knowledge of one fine ship, the *Titan* of Boston, that knocked about in these very waters for nearly forty days, and then only entered the Straits of Macassar to drift upon the Paternosters in a calm. Our stores too were scanty, and could not last us longer than three weeks by the strictest economy above short allowance. During all our consultations and work the steady clank of the pumps had continued, broken only by the occasional "Spell, oh!"

As soon as one gang became exhausted and were relieved by the others, they rested for a while, and then went to work at the rigging. In order to gain upon the leaks we had to keep the pumps going three hours out of four, and when the watch were relieved they were not slow in turning in. The lashings of one or two of our spare spars had held against the water-spout, and our light yards and booms, of which there was a good supply, we kept run in under the half deck through a port in the break of the poop, so that they had not been washed overboard. With these, by dint of hard labor and doing the heaviest work at eight bells, when all hands were temporarily on deck, we had succeeded on the fourth day in raising three jury-masts. On the fore we spread a main top-gallant sail, on the main an old spanker, and on the mizzen the try-sail we had set to keep the hulk head to sea. Not a very good or handy rig, we thought, but it was the best we could do with our limited resources. A breeze springing up in the evening, I was overjoyed to find that the old hooker actually made two and a half knots, and answered her helm tolerably well. The effect upon the men was surprising. They worked with twice the vim, joked, and even sang their "chanties" when pulling and hauling, a sure sign of a contented crew. One of these, which had been a favorite with them before, now had attached to it a melancholy interest by association. I recall a few verses:

"O Tom is gone, and we'll go too,—  
Tom is gone for highlo!  
O Tom was always brave and true,—  
Tom is gone for highlo!  
O Tom has his long watch below,—  
Tom is gone for highlo!  
He is not called out in calm or blow,—  
O Tom is gone for highlo!"

and so on until the work was done and the word "Bela-a-y" stopped their hauling and song together.

I knew that there was a large fleet of vessels bound down from Manila, Iloilo, and Cebu, and momentarily expected to sight some one of them, but so far had been disappointed.

On the seventh day my observation showed that we had made barely ninety miles in all in the direction of the Sooloos. That day we all knew, by the actions of the barometer and the unmistakable appearance of the sky, that the scourge of the China seas, a typhoon, would be upon us in less than twenty hours. We were several degrees south of the probable path of its vortex, but still far enough within its influence to make it extremely probable that our shaky hulk would founder in its first stages; or if we did manage to keep afloat, we could hardly hope to escape being driven upon some of the reefs or iron-bound coasts surrounding the Sooloo Sea.

The remainder of the day we spent in securing with extra stays and lashings our pitiful jury-masts, putting new battens around the hatches and breaks in the deck, and endeavoring with but poor success to put the bilge pumps in order. That night the wind increased to a gale, with blinding lightning and scourging squalls of rain and electric hail that stung like whip-lashes. The ship was too water-logged to attempt successfully the seaman's usual maneuver in a heavy blow and lay her to. She only fell off again into the trough of the sea, which swept her decks completely, and drove us from the pumps. It soon became apparent that the hulk must in some way be kept head to sea. With the greatest difficulty we succeeded in overhauling enough of the chain cable, outside the vessel and in over the bows, to reach our jury foremast, and there lashed it. Securing to the chain all the spars, lumber, and old sails we could find, we let go the anchors easily, and, cutting away the steppings of the foremast, managed to slide the whole mass overboard with a heavy lurch of the ship, immediately paying out through the hawse-pipes fifteen or twenty fathoms more of chain.

The tangle of spars, chain, and rigging floated a hundred yards or so ahead, and, being almost under water, drifted much more slowly than the ship, so that by their action as a drag, together with the little rag of a mizzen hauled flat aft, the only sail remaining set, the hulk was kept almost head to sea.

The sails ahead, spreading out in the water, served to break the force of the waves, making the ship ride more comfortably, although each heavy sea broke over the bows like a deluge and, running aft waist-deep clear to the taffrail, poured out in great spouts through the shattered bulwarks.

The straining ship, wallowing like a mad buffalo in the sea, sent up the most life-like groans and screams of pain from her tortured timbers, as, buffeted back and forth from sea to sea, she rolled and pitched till our brains

began to reel. As I recall the resounding blows of the waves upon the vessel's sides and deck, the bellowing of the wind, the swash and crash of the tons of water in the hold, the cargo adrift, and sugar-bags tumbling around as pebbles roll up and down a beach, each one a hundred-pound battering-ram upon the white pine ceiling of the hold, the wild convulsions of the laboring hulk, the seams opening and closing and planks sawing back and forth against each other as if the wreck were breaking up, the pumps clogged with half-dissolved sugar and pieces of bamboo bags, while the water swept the decks so as to drive us into the scanty rigging of our jury mizzen-mast, where we lashed ourselves to keep from being blown away, expecting that each heavy plunge of the quivering bows would be the last,—as I recall all this, I wonder that our reason held, and can hardly understand how we calculated so logically as we did our chances of survival, discussed so coolly such projects as lashing a leaky oil barrel alongside the bowsprit to becalm the sea ahead, and even joked about the ship's being like Paddy's boot,—a hole in her fore-foot to let the water in, and a hole in her heel to let it out,—or like the *Mary Dunn* of Dover, with three decks and no bottom.

The morning of the ninth day dawned, or rather glimmered, upon a cheerless, cold, gray sky streaked with flying scud, and the air full of rain and spume flakes that stung our faces and hands like the pricking of needles, and almost blinded us if we attempted to look to windward. We had nothing to expect for some days but a living gale, which, veering gradually around the southern half of the compass from north-east to north-west, showed clearly that we were in the lower radius of a cyclone that must have destroyed everything in the path of its vortex, judging by the severity of what we experienced some two hundred miles away to the southward.

Toward the close of the forenoon, one of the men above me in the rigging scrambled down, and placing his face close to mine, shouted excitedly from the hollow of his hand, "Sail on the port quarter, sir!" On drawing ourselves higher up the rigging, we saw, through the flying spume-drift, a large vessel lying to under storm canvas and apparently weathering the gale handsomely. With much difficulty and considerable danger of being washed overboard, we brought an ensign from the locker and secured it, union down, to the rigging above us, where it blew out straight and stiff as a board. Our hulk was by this time low enough in the water not to be visible at any great distance, and the entire absence of top-hamper made it ex-

tremely doubtful that we could be seen by the watch of the ship, who were in all probability crouched behind their weather cloth for protection from the gale. As the vessel drew nearer and her outline became more distinct, we made out that she was on the port tack and fore-reaching enough to carry her across our bows. Thus we were on her lee beam, and had a much better chance of being seen than if we had been to windward.

We clung there in the rigging and watched her graceful motions. She was careened enough to let us see her slant decks running with water, her hatches tightly battened down, the coils of running gear triced up clear of the deck, her black, taunt spars reeling overhead from the pressure on the little strips of white canvas, round and full as the breast of a swan, and in the mizzen rigging a square black tarpaulin with a few oil-skin coats visible behind it. She rolled heavily, but with that easy, graceful sweep that betokens a well-trimmed cargo, now revealing the whole outline of her decks and then shutting out the scene with her high, black bulwarks. Her cleanly cut and sweeping Yankee bows would be buried in a smother of foam clear to the knight-heads, and then rise dripping and quivering, revealing the glittering copper nearly to the fore-foot; and, as the sea rushed aft along the black and shining sides, her after-body rose slowly until her heel was flung out with a ponderous flourish, and then sank again with a fierce swash from under her rounded counter. As she was slowly forging by us not a quarter of a mile away, our hearts were gladdened by the sight of the American flag, and below it an answering pennant flying out from her monkey-gaff. In another instant her watch below tumbled out of the fore-castle, and we could see them all busy ungripping their lee boat and running a line forward outside of all to the bows. Then we began to feel that we had done wrong in flying our signal of distress, for no boat, we thought, could live a moment in such an awful sea, and any attempt to take us off would only result in the drowning of the brave fellows who were coming to our relief, without bettering our condition a whit. They soon showed us that we were discounting Yankee skill and bravery at sea. We almost held our breath as we saw their whale-boat half-lowered, the crew in place with oars apeak, and then saw it dropped on the crest of a huge, rolling sea when the ship lurched heavily leeward. The boat's crew slued her quickly round head to wind as she was swept away from the ship, and let her drive down toward us with the gale, keeping her "bows on" with the oars, and checking her

stern-way to meet each combing breaker. It was magnificent to see her go down out of sight in the hollow of the sea, then come reeling up the steep ascent of green, pitch headlong through the foaming crest which burst over her and entirely concealed for a moment the six oil-jackets and south-westerns, and then with a triumphant effort free herself and dash down into the trough again. The gale was fierce enough to drift her down to us at a rapid rate, and as we watched we were amazed that she was not swamped and capsized as each heavy sea broke over her, until at last she drove by close to our quarter. They caught the line we hove them and rode astern clear of the swash of the wallowing wreck.

Hastily diving below, I screwed down the water-tight lid of the chronometer case, and placed it, together with the sextants and the log-book, in an empty clothes-bag. While doing this, the water was swashing around some six inches deep over the cabin floor. The carpet was torn off, and in several places the planks were started, letting the compressed air in the hold rush up with a hiss that was smothered into a ludicrous sputter as the water ran over the openings. Our rescuers had certainly not come any too soon, for the hulk would not float an hour longer. Returning on deck, I bent a small line to the becket of the clothes-bag, and dropped it astern into the boat. The wounded men, who had been up to this time lashed securely in the rigging, were slung by a rope's end from the tip of the spanker-boom, and, watch-

ing for a comparatively smooth spell, the boat was hauled up and we lowered them into it. Then we tied bowlines around our waists, and, jumping one at a time from the taffrail, struck out for the boat, and were hauled in over its stern. Meanwhile the ship, after working slowly across our bows, had worn short round and, squaring her yards, sped by us like an arrow, and now lay rolling about, hove-to again to leeward, waiting for us to drift down to her.

The boat was what I had never seen before on board a merchant ship—an iron self-bailing life-boat, of the whale-boat model; and most gallantly she behaved, overloaded as she was, in that awful sea, which no ordinary ship's boat could have weathered for five minutes. You may imagine what a difficult matter it was to get aboard the ship and hoist in the boat. After about half an hour of hard work, we were on the deck of the good ship *Iceberg*, Captain Blaney, who received us with a hearty welcome, declining with a gruff good nature our protestations of gratitude and our admiration for the skillful seamanship that had carried his vessel and whale-boat safely through such dangerous maneuvers. As I turned to go below, a cry from the men caused me to look to windward, and I saw the *Wasatch* throw up her stern and go down head-foremost like a sounding whale. Our rescuers gave us what we then most wanted, a substantial meal, and generously supplied us with clothing until we reached Java Head, where, at our request, we were put ashore.

James J. Wait.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The Democrats and the Presidency.

ALTHOUGH the presidential election is more than a year distant, the politicians are actively preparing for it all over the United States. Candidates for both parties have sprung up in unusual numbers; and if we might believe all that is said in their favor by their enthusiastic friends, the amount of first-rate presidential material in the country is astonishingly large. We take little interest, however, in the fortunes of individual candidates when once the necessary qualifications of character and ability are insured; but we are somewhat concerned to know on what issues the presidential contest is to be fought. That there are questions of importance in our national politics about which there is wide difference of opinion among the people, is a familiar fact; but there seems to be a disposition in the leaders of both parties to keep these questions as much as possible out of sight. Civil service reform is

little talked of by either party; the currency question is held in abeyance; the tariff question is avoided as much as possible by both parties; while the transportation problem seems not to have dawned as yet on the mind of the average politician.

But meanwhile the Democrats, being in opposition, must raise some issue or other in order to justify their demand for a change in the government; and so they have started the cry that the Republican party is hopelessly corrupt, and that the first step toward a better state of affairs is to "turn the rascals out." This cry was started almost simultaneously in various parts of the country, and the Democratic leaders apparently intend to make it the main issue next year. But if they do, they will, in our opinion, make a grave mistake. No one will deny that there are corrupt men among the leaders of the Republican party, or that there have been of late years scandalous cases of malfeasance in office, for which that party is mainly

responsible. But when we are asked to turn the Republicans out as a step toward reform, the question immediately arises, Whom have we to put in their place?

Such a party as the Republican party now is would not remain long in power if there were a party of unimpeachable integrity to put in its place. But, unfortunately for the Democrats, the integrity of their party is by no means unimpeachable, and there is strong reason to doubt whether they are a whit better than their opponents. To be sure, they have not done so much as the Republicans toward corrupting the national government, for the excellent reason that they have not had the power to do so; but in the States and cities where they have had control of affairs their management has been quite as corrupt as that of their opponents. Nay, in one respect it has been worse; for the shameless repudiation of public debts in many of the Southern States has been in the main their work, though there has been some disgraceful coquetting with the repudiators on the part of Republicans. Then we all know what scandalous abuses have marked their reign in the city of New York, where they have had uninterrupted control for a whole generation—scandals which are by no means a thing of the distant past. Nor has the party redeemed these acts by valuable services in the work of reform; on the contrary, it has in many cases opposed reforms which the Republicans carried into effect.

Now, the object of a change in the government is to make things better, and not to put one set of "rascals" in the place of another; and we see no reason for turning the Republicans out and putting the Democrats in, unless the latter give evidence that they will do better than their opponents. Up to this time, however, such evidence is not forthcoming; and there is one reason to fear that the contrary might be the case. The Democrats have now been out of power for nearly a quarter of a century, and they are evidently hungry for office. Is there not danger that, if they should attain to power, they would revive in all its fullness the old policy of "spoils"? and if they should do so, would not the country then be worse off than it is now? To jump out of the frying-pan into the fire is not usually supposed to be advantageous, yet many voters will fear that such may be our experience if we "turn out the Republican rascals" only to let in the "Democratic knaves."

In our opinion, the Democrats will make a serious mistake if they attempt to make the election hinge on this issue alone, to the neglect of the more important questions of legislation and public policy. The people will not readily be persuaded to put them into office merely to make a change in the *personnel* of the government. There is undoubtedly a good deal of dissatisfaction among the people with the Republican party; but it is due not merely to the malfeasance of certain Republican office-holders, but also to the failure of the party to enact thorough measures of reform. If, then, the Democrats would secure the presidency in the election next year, they ought to do something at the coming session of Congress to meet the popular demand for reform. They will have next winter the virtual control of legislation, and if they will use their opportunity to enact useful laws, such as the country now requires and the people demand, they will stand an excellent chance in the coming contest.

But if they spend the winter's session in merely exposing and denouncing, for partisan purposes, the misdeeds of their opponents, the independent voters, who will really decide the election, will see little reason for preferring them to the party that is now in power.

#### Law-and-Order Leagues.

As population increases and civilization becomes more complex, it is evident that a large amount of volunteer work must be done in the administration of government. It will be necessary for good citizens not only to attend the primary meetings and to vote intelligently at the elections, but also to assist, by various methods, in the execution of the laws. This, indeed, seems at present to be the weak point in our political machinery. The inefficiency of the police and the prosecuting officers, and the fatal uncertainty of trial by jury, render our laws, in many cases, wholly inoperative. There are good laws, not a few, in every community, that are approved by the numerical majority of the voters and by the great mass of those who represent its property and its intelligence,—the class that ought to rule,—and yet are set at naught continually by the vicious and disorderly classes. The reasons are not remote. The disorderly classes are always bringing a powerful pressure to bear upon the officers of the law, to restrain them from enforcing its penal provisions; they control many votes, and they always make their political influence count for all it is worth. These classes constitute a positive, aggressive, implacable element in our politics; they know who are their friends, and they never fail to punish their enemies.

The intelligent, virtuous, and well-to-do citizens on the other side are not at all aggressive. Some are too busy, and some too fastidious, to take any active interest in the administration of the government. If they vote on election day for such candidates as the leaders of the caucus provide, they think they have discharged to the full their obligation as good citizens; if they go so far as to attend the primary meeting and register an ineffectual protest against the devices of the machinists, they count that a work of supererogation—a degree of patriotism to which only the elect ever attain. Of course, a great deal of promiscuous grumbling and deploring is done between elections by these prosperous and virtuous citizens; but very few of them ever attempt to influence the administration of government. The work of executing the laws belongs, they say, to the officers of the law.

Accordingly, we have on the side of disorder and lawlessness a positive and strenuous force, always pressing against the authorities—an influence that makes itself felt and feared every day in the year. On the side of law and order we have plenty of good sentiment, but no force that is organized or concentrated, and, practically, very little effective pressure is brought to bear upon the people who are responsible for the execution of the laws. And who are these people who thus stand between this determined band of law-breakers and this numerous but negligent company of reputable citizens? It is not necessary to make any sweeping assertions about them; it is enough to say that the men who hold the offices are, as a rule, men who want office, who desire to keep

their places or to win promotion, who have a profound respect for any one who can influence votes, and who wish, therefore, to have as little controversy as possible with the rum-sellers and the gamblers and the keepers of vile houses. The conduct of the average town or city official, under such circumstances, can be easily predicted: he will yield to the more aggressive force; he will move in the direction of least resistance.

It begins to be evident that the law-abiding classes must oppose to the pressure of the law-breakers an influence in favor of the execution of the laws not less positive and strenuous. Doubtless, the first thing to be done is to secure, wherever that is possible, a higher grade of officers; but that is not enough. These officers, at best, will be human; and it is too much to expect that they will do their whole duty when the powers of iniquity are loud and instant, and the powers of righteousness are irresolute or indifferent. It is due to them that they should be constantly braced and invigorated by being brought in contact with the moral forces of the community. The malefactors will not fail to make them afraid to enforce the laws, will show them that it is for their interest to neglect their duty; good citizens must make them afraid *not* to enforce the laws, must show them that it is for their interest to *do* their duty. The problem of bringing a steady and constant pressure of moral influence to bear upon the men who are responsible for the execution of the laws is the problem to be solved.

There is no lack of right sentiment in our communities; all that is necessary is that it should be organized and directed, that it should find a voice. Public sentiment, like every other force, must be concentrated that it may be effective. There is enough indignation against lawlessness diffused through the community to form an irresistible motive power for the enforcement of law, if it could only be gathered up and could have adequate expression. For this purpose, Law-and-Order Leagues have sprung into existence of late in many communities, east and west, and the results already reached are extremely encouraging.

Some of these leagues take into their own hands the work of prosecuting offenders, employing attorneys and detectives for this purpose, and pushing cases through the courts. What has thus been done in New York, with the assistance or in spite of the police and the Excise Commissioners, is well known; and the leagues in Boston and in Chicago have been even more successful. Probably this method is the only one that can be successfully employed in the larger cities; but there is another method, much less expensive, that has been tried with good results in the smaller communities. This method contemplates the employment of no detectives, and the prosecution by the league of no offenders; it proposes to secure its results through the constituted authorities,—the police and the prosecuting attorneys,—and not independent of them. It assumes that the officers of the law are ready to enforce the law, and it stands by them to give them moral support, and to aid them, so far as possible, in furnishing them information. The Law-and-Order League, formed for this purpose, ought to include in its membership a large number of the best citizens of the community—merchants, manufacturers, teachers, lawyers, clergymen—the men

who are recognized as leaders of business and of opinion, but who are not closely allied with any political machine. The preamble of its simple constitution should sharply restrict its operations to the enforcement of existing laws. The league should have frequent public meetings, in which the general facts with respect to the violation of law should be carefully and calmly laid before the public. The newspapers of the neighborhood should also be employed for the same purpose. The league should have a secretary, whose office should be its head-quarters, where information concerning illegal practices could be left by any citizen. It should also have an executive committee of a dozen or more energetic and public-spirited men, who could be depended on to meet steadily at the office of the secretary, and whose duty it should be to collect, through their observation and their conversation, facts relating to the infraction of the statutes, to collate them with those gathered and verified by the secretary, and then to present them, in an official communication, to the police authorities. It is not likely that the information thus presented would greatly enlighten the police; they would already be in possession of most of these facts; but the knowledge that a large body of intelligent and determined men were watching their operations, ready to applaud them when they performed their duty and to call them sharply to account when they neglected it, would have a wholesome influence upon them. Such a society, known to represent the sober and virtuous elements of the community, and to be composed of men who had no political ambitions, and who were far more interested in the maintenance of the law than in the success of either political party, would not be long in existence before its power would be felt in many quarters.

The sheriff has the power to call to his aid the *posse comitatus* in enforcing the law. The Law-and-Order League is a volunteer *posse comitatus*, that does not propose to supersede or embarrass the proper authorities, but to aid them in every possible way in bringing offenders to justice. The shameless violations of law that we witness in many places, and the feebleness of the powers whose duty it is to bring the violators to justice, indicate a large opportunity for public service in this direction. The duty of good citizens cannot all be performed on one or two days in the year; they must learn how to bring the forces of intelligence and virtue to bear directly and steadily upon the machinery of the local government all the year round.

#### The Lack of Earnestness in American Politics.

NOTWITHSTANDING the increased attention lately given to questions of political reform, and notwithstanding the local temperance agitations and the noisy, recurrent gossip concerning "candidates," one of the most striking facts in American life at the present time is the lack of moral earnestness in public affairs. If we were to judge from this fact, we might conclude that our government was now so well conducted that no further reform was needed, and that our rulers had nothing to do but luxuriate in idleness. But if we look below the surface of affairs, we find abuses enough in our political system, some old, some new, but all requiring to be taken in hand and dealt with vigorously. Hitherto, however, there has been so little

public interest in the subject that the chief obstacle that reformers have had to contend with has been found, not in the opposition of the open defenders of abuses, but in the apathy and indifference of the people themselves.

The particular reform that has been most discussed of late is that of the civil service, a very simple reform, and one which it might be thought the whole people would favor as soon as they understood it; yet it has taken twenty years to awaken popular interest in it. Again, there is much complaint among the poorer classes about the evils they suffer from the injustice of the rich and from the monopolies and other invasions of private rights that our laws permit. Yet when an attempt is made in a sensible way to check these abuses, by abolishing monopolies and restraining corporations and other combinations of capital within proper limits, scarcely a token of interest appears among the masses of the people.

This lack of earnestness in our public life is rendered more conspicuous by contrast with the zeal and activity now displayed in the politics of England. There, just across the ocean, we find a ministry of unusual ability, led by one of the world's great statesmen, carrying out a series of reforms of the most important and far-reaching character, sufficient almost to mark an epoch in the nation's history. And the reason why they have effected so much is because they are zealous in the work, and because they have behind them the deep moral earnestness of an energetic people.

Why there should be such a difference in the politics of the two countries, such activity in the one, such apathy in the other, is not at first sight apparent. Some perhaps would say, because our politicians are so much occupied with distributing the spoils and securing their own share of them that they have no energy left for more important work; and it must be admitted that they are earnest in this business, if in nothing else. But then, if the people themselves were in earnest, and determined on reform, they would infuse their own temper into their public men, as they did in the days of the antislavery conflict and the Civil war.

The spoils business, in fact, is one of the strongest proofs of the prevailing apathy; for the practice is not only injurious to the public welfare, but contemptible and mean, and a slight breath of popular earnestness would sweep it away forever. Again, the condition of parties among us is undoubtedly a hinderance to political improvement, since party lines do not correspond with the lines of opinion, and there is to-day no recognized party of progress in this country as there is in England. But party lines would quickly yield to a determined people, and new parties could be easily organized, if the old ones would not serve the popular will.

Now that we have become a wealthy nation, and multitudes of our people have attained a full competence, with the leisure and freedom from sordid cares that it gives, it is surely more than ever their duty to devote some part of their time and energy to the work of moral and political improvement. And if even a portion of our young men would enter upon such work with the same earnestness that their fathers have shown in the work of material progress, the complete reform of our government and the elevation of our public life would not be long delayed.

#### Professor Jevons on Education.

THE subject of education is so important for the future of the American people that everything of moment that is said about it ought to be attentively pondered by all who desire the welfare of the people and the elevation of the national life. The work of primary education, to be sure, is already as well advanced among us as in any other country in the world; but the higher education is still in an undeveloped state, and all matters relating to it are, therefore, entitled to the best thought we can give them. Accordingly, we would call our readers' attention to an essay on "Cram" by the late Professor Jevons, originally contributed to the pages of "Mind," and now republished in his volume on "Methods of Social Reform." In this paper the author undertakes a defense of the method of education popularly known as cramming, and probably makes as good an argument in its favor as can be made; but, nevertheless, we can by no means agree with his conclusions.

Professor Jevons lays down the principle that the ultimate object of education is "success in life," and he advocates the cramming process as the best means of attaining this end. He would make the process a thorough one, and subject the student to searching examination; and all this, so far as it goes, is well. He makes a distinction between what he calls "good cram" and "bad cram," but we can see nothing in this except a difference in the application of the method, and what we object to is the method itself. We do not deny that such a course of study and examination as Professor Jevons advocates may be useful for the acquisition of technical knowledge and for cultivating the technical faculties of the mind. Hence the applicability of the examination test in the case of Government clerks, whose work is almost entirely of a technical character. But the very fact that it is thus applicable in their case raises a presumption against it as a means of general education, the object of which is not the acquisition of technical skill, but the elevation of the mind and character. The main purpose of education is not to promote success in life, but to raise the standard of life itself; and this object can be attained only by those higher studies which call forth the powers of reason, moral feeling, and artistic taste. Even in professional education, our aim ought rather to be usefulness in life than mere success, and we have great distrust of all theories of education that put success in the first place.

Professor Jevons admits that the method he advocates fails in the field of mental and social philosophy; for he says he has had great difficulty in devising a system of written examinations on these topics, and that "it is difficult in these subjects to make the student think for himself." But, surely, a method of teaching that is not applicable to some of the highest subjects of human thought, and that fails to make the student think for himself, can hardly be called a successful method of education. There was once a man named Socrates who knew how to conduct examinations in philosophical subjects, and to make his pupils think for themselves, and we believe that his teaching had considerable influence on the world; but we never heard of his pupils' cramming themselves. The history of Greek philosophy, and, indeed, of Greek

civilization generally, is a standing refutation of all cramming theories of education.

We object to Professor Jevons's theory of education, therefore, and to the method of teaching he approves, because it puts the technical above the intellectual, and facts above philosophy. We believe that education should be of a kind in sympathy with the present age, and that it should by no means neglect to fit its recipient for the struggle of life; but we object to Professor Jevons's theory because it puts worldly success before the pursuit of beauty and truth; and we should be sorry to see such theories find acceptance with American educators.

#### A Word to the Readers of The Century.

THE present number of *THE CENTURY* closes the twenty-sixth volume and thirteenth year of the magazine. Presuming once more upon the interest the readers of a periodical like this are supposed to take in its fortunes,—which, in fact, we well know they do take therein,—we beg leave in a few lines to report progress, and to say a word about the future. It was the good fortune of *THE CENTURY* (then called *SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY*) to come into existence at the moment when a renaissance was preparing in American art and in American literature. From the

first, the magazine has striven to do something more than keep abreast of these movements; something more than merely to record them. Whether mistakenly or not, whether for good or for evil, the magazine has (it may be said without undue egotism) been an influence. It has striven also to take its proper share in the wholesome movement, still in its full vigor, and encouraged by many successes, for the purification of American public life and the better administration of government. From the beginning also, one of this magazine's principal functions has been to present all that is most purifying and most inspiring in the religion of our country, of our race, and of the world's higher civilization,—while at the same time insisting upon freedom and fair-play in discussion and continually opposing all dogmatic and sectarian narrowness.

On these lines the magazine has moved from the beginning, winning year by year an increased number of readers and of friends, and on these lines its course will continue. It enters upon its fourteenth annual "fall campaign," we are happy to say, with a circulation and an audience numbering thousands beyond those of the last or of any former year in its history.

For a summary of the contents of the past two volumes, and an announcement of some of the special features of those to come, we refer our readers to the advertising columns of the magazine.

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### OPEN LETTERS.

#### A New Interpreter of Greek Art.

THE surprising discoveries of the past few years in the Troad, in Cyprus, at Mycenæ, Olympia, and elsewhere about the eastern Mediterranean, have accustomed us to the greatest expectations of what may be recovered out of the ancient world of art. But what we did not look for, after so many years of learned research and archaeological ingenuity, was the coming of a new interpreter of this art, with a clarified vision that almost merits the title of inspiration,—a genius whose insight enables him to make important discoveries in fields supposed to be already thoroughly known, and to cast new and brilliant light upon the remains of classic art and upon Hellenic life. The words genius and inspiration are large words to apply to anybody in these days, but I should not like to use any weaker ones in regard to Charles Waldstein and his archaeological essays and discoveries. In this corner of *THE CENTURY* there is space for only a mention of the man and his promising work, and I avail myself of the informality of this hospitable corner to make that mention familiarly and merely introductory.

The first paper that fell into my hands by Mr. Waldstein was one reprinted from the "*Journal of Hellenic Studies*" (1880), on the Pythagoras of Rhegion and the Early Athlete Statues. This was an argument, to put it briefly, proving that certain ancient statues believed to be Apollos, and classified as such in the museums, were really athletes. The learning and ingenuity of the cogent argument were notable enough; but beyond this, the author shows minuteness

and exactness of knowledge of all the bearings of his subject, a vigor and reserve of power in insight and perception that compel the wondering admiration of the reader. Here, it was evident, was a new critic, not using a vague art-terminology, but one profoundly imbued with the principles of art, and capable of the most lucid and revealing expression. It is no exaggeration to say that, since Lessing's paper on the *Lacoon*, no art criticism had seemed so pungent and original as this and other essays by the same hand. We can give no adequate notion of the quality of this new light in art criticism and interpretation, without quoting an entire essay; but I am tempted to give a passage or two from the essay named above. And I may preface it by the remark that Mr. Waldstein's criticism is not merely historically descriptive; it is creative, for the purpose of modern art. Rhythm in plastic art is not immediately connected with rhythm in poetry; in the first instance, it means simply "flow." Symmetry is an architectural idea expressing the lasting, the uniform, the inorganic; rhythm implies change, the organic, as sculpture deals with animal life. Archaic sculpture was too architectural; it expressed symmetry to the exclusion of rhythm. The innovation of Pythagoras was that he added this flowing, irregular element to art, and thereby contributed to the appearance of vitality. But he kept within the bounds of what is pleasing to the eye; and though he furthered rhythm, he did not do it to the exclusion of symmetry. This harmony between life and form is the most characteristic feature in Greek art. The writer specifies:

"Vitality is, in the first place, given to the statue by means of the *continuous flow* of the surface. Each smallest part of the surface in a good statue must have the resemblance of moving and vibrating like the skin of a real body, which never presents a geometrically straight line, but is a *continuous* succession of elevations or recessions, arsis and thesis—that is, it flows. Vitality must, as it were, stream into the clay through the fingers of the modeling artist. The difference in this respect between Greek works and Roman copies that were made to order like mechanical ware, will illustrate the difference between a statue possessed of this vitality of texture and one which is wanting in this first requisite. \* \* \* Each part of the surface [in the statue under examination] is carefully and thoroughly executed, and the difference in texture between the hair, the skin, and the stem of the tree is clearly indicated. To attain this effect, besides the feeling of form which must be inherent in the artist, much and intense work is needed. Hasty modeling (unless it is meant to be a sketch) can never convey vitality. The same holds good in all arts. The organic quality, the continuity of composition in literary work, can only be attained when the subject has been thoroughly and for a long while revolved in the brain of the author, or has been modeled and remodeled during the process of fixing it on paper. But the texture of the surface varies in appearance in accordance with what is below it, which it covers. As it covers bone or muscle or softer material, so will its appearance be different. This difference the sculptor must indicate by means of modeling; he must look deeper than the mere superficial appearance to what anatomically lies below as the cause of the phenomenal difference. But in poor work, the muscles, joints, etc., are indicated by means of simple elevations that do not gradually rise and fall, are not intermedicated—they seem *put together*; while in good work the transition is gradual, the lines are not torn asunder—all *flows together*, as in nature."

The author further subtly indicates the limits of the artistic powers of Pythagoras of Rhegion by saying that he could express, by means of his statues, physical pain, but not moral grief:

"There are still higher stages in the development of plastic rhythm to which Pythagoras did not attain; but these belong to a later period. They are the expression of *moral* character and individual mood in plastic rhythm."

This discovery, that many of the so-called Apollos are really athletes, is only one of many by this fresh and original observer. No one else has thrown more light than he upon the quality of the genius of Pheidias. Walking one day through the Louvre with one of the authorities of the Museum, Mr. Waldstein espied, on a high shelf among some fragments, a marble head which arrested his attention. The more he looked at it, the more he was convinced that it was a Pheidian work, and had all the character of the metopes of the Parthenon, now in the British Museum. His companion, remarking with a smile that he was always discovering Pheidias, took down the fragment and placed it in Waldstein's hands. A close inspection convinced him that it was the head of a Lapith from one of the Parthenon metopes. On inquiry, he learned that the head had been recently acquired from a dealer in Vienna, who obtained it from the Piræus, where it was said to have been found in the water. An exact cast of the head was made and taken to London, and in the Museum the metope was found to which it seemed to belong. Upon placing the cast upon the fractured

neck, they fitted completely, each fractured projection of the one fitting into the depression of the other. This metope is now one of the most complete, as it is in many ways the finest.

Another curious discovery of Mr. Waldstein's, showing perhaps a more astonishing range of archaeological knowledge and intuition, was the identification of a Hermes in Ephesian silver-work on a patera from Bernay in France, also described in a brochure reprinted from the "Journal of Hellenic Studies" (1882). A paper, two years previous, from the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, on "Praxiteles and the Hermes with the Dionysos-child from the Heraion in Olympia," exhibits perhaps more conspicuously the surprising critical genius of the author, the breadth of his critical sympathy and apprehension. I cannot dwell upon this delightful paper further than to note the contrast the writer draws between Praxiteles and Pheidias. Praxiteles had the sensuous temperament which frequently reacts toward melancholy. This sensuousness was far from meaning actual passion. In Praxiteles, we have potential passion, suggestions of strong impulses rather than impulses themselves.

"But such suggestiveness, hidden and veiled, is sad in itself, sadder in its aspect than even the violent impulse to destruction; and whenever the sensitive and amative nature is not vibrating, it is apt to be sad. Pheidias was not sad, but the time in which he lived was essentially different from that of Praxiteles."

The time in which the character of Pheidias was formed was one of decision, of united resistance of all the Greek states to the Persian foe. This energetic spirit excluded self-consciousness and self-reflection; it gave to the Greeks keen perception of broad types of the ideal. This condition was most favorable to the production of great sculptors; its naïveté and inventive impulse were most characteristic of the genius of Pheidias—a noble serenity. The age of Praxiteles was not so simple or decided, and his was a less simple personality. The nervous constitution of sanguine temperaments does not allow of any protracted sojourn on the heights of sublimity. There is no continuity of impulse, no sameness of work.

"When they try to fix these impressions they frequently fail, for such moods cannot last. Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan' and Shelley's 'Epipsychidion' are fragmentary. The Lovely, the Humanly-Beautiful, is their domain, for they are lovable and much loving natures. Yet over this world of restlessness, of 'storm and pressure,' is spread a thin gauze of unpronounced sadness, like the thin mist that spreads over even the freshest landscape in the brightest morning of spring. Praxiteles, Shelley, Heine, De Musset, Chopin were such temperaments. What adds to the melancholy of such natures is the consciousness that they have lost simplicity; they know that they are sophisticated, and thus the simple and innocent, whenever they meet it, evokes in them a fond and desiring sadness. When a pure maiden inspires Heine, he can write the purest and sadly-sweetest verses; all the stains of his past joy have left him."

"Praxiteles, the sculptor of what is lovable, was ordered to fashion a Hermes, the protector of athletic sports, in the temple at Olympia, the sacred realm of all physical exercise: a strong god in the vast temple of strength. And how did he solve the task? He gave a strong god, but in a moment of tender pensiveness, and accentuated, even more than his strength,

his amiable beauty. The man with his individual character shines forth through the artist.

"The Hermes, then, undoubtedly the work of Praxiteles, has enabled us to recognize the character of Praxitelean art, the character and genius of Praxiteles himself, and has thrown a new ray of light upon a period of Greek history. A work of art may elucidate an age as clearly as a chapter of written history. Who can know the history of the Italian Renaissance without studying Da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo?"

Upon inquiry as to who is this new light in scientific art criticism, I learned that he is a young man, with a very considerable European reputation for his extensive archaeological knowledge and discoveries, at present holding the position of "Reader" on Greek art in Cambridge University, England, and that he is now establishing there a new archaeological school (which is in addition to the Disney and Slade foundations). For the purposes chiefly of this school, a museum of casts has been created in connection with the Fitzwilliam Museum, mainly through the exertions of the distinguished Professor Sidney Colvin. Funds have also been raised for an archaeological library, intended for the use of the same school,—the Fitzwilliam having already an excellent library of art. I learned also that in earlier years, before he devoted himself exclusively to art, his proficiency in philosophy had been such as to attract the admiration of the London circle to which George Eliot belonged. Aside from his art contributions in French, German, and English to various archaeological journals, I have read an elaborate scheme by him for the reorganization of liberal education, and a curious paper, printed in the "Minerva" of Rome, on "Specialization, a Morbid Tendency of our Time."

It certainly will not detract from the interest of this sketch to THE CENTURY readers to know that Mr. Waldstein—perhaps I should give him his title of Dr. Charles Waldstein—is an American, born in New York. I will close what is already too long a letter with a short sketch of his life.

Charles Waldstein was born in Broadway, New York, March 30, 1856, of naturalized German parents. His father is an optician in the city. His early education was at such private schools as the city could afford. Later he attended the public schools and received private tuition at home. In 1867 he was taken to Europe with his family, and put to school at Stuttgart, where he remained three years, when he returned to New York, and prepared for the entrance examination of Columbia College. He entered the freshman class of 1871, and remained till the end of the sophomore year in 1873, when he again went abroad and entered the University of Heidelberg as a student of philosophy. From 1873 to 1875 he attended the lectures of the most famous masters in archaeology, history, and economy, taking his degrees of M. A. and Ph. D. in the autumn of the latter year. The summer time of the next year he was in Leipzig, studying under Overbeck, etc.; in October he went to London, where he studied the collections and art works in the British Museum, the National Gallery, etc. He was asked to deliver a course of art lectures in the British Museum in the winter; the course was highly successful, and, as it turned out, was the turning-point in determining his career. He spent the greater part of the years 1878-9 in Italy, chiefly in Rome, and in Greece, and was present at the German excavations at Olympia.

On his return to England he delivered courses of lectures, on invitation, in various places, chief among them Cambridge. His influence upon the students there in art studies made itself felt very soon; he was given his present position, and in 1882 the degree of M. A. *honoris causa* was conferred on him, in recognition of his services in the cause of art teaching and research. During this time he was frequently invited to deliver short courses of lectures on Greek art at various colleges and schools, and before public societies, such as King's College, Harrow, Eton, etc. In April last he delivered a course of discourses before the Royal Institute of Great Britain, one lecture on "The Influence of Athletic Games on Greek Art," and four on the "Art of Pheidias." The latter are the nucleus of a volume which is now in the University press at Cambridge, and is shortly to be published. Dr. Waldstein has made careful studies of the principal public and private museums and collections in Europe. In April he was appointed corresponding member of the Imperial German Institute of Archaeology at Berlin, Rome, and Athens. He has the spirit of a thorough student, rejoicing in his work for itself, and seeking no adventitious aids to reputation.

Charles Dudley Warner.

#### Henry Irving's Stage Management.

THE careful manner in which, under Mr. Irving's management of the Lyceum Theater, the scenery and appointments are planned, with reference to the full development of the author's meaning, seems especially worthy of notice at a time when there is much controversy as to the relative value of the setting of a play. There are, at present, many persons who inveigh loudly against the development of scenic effect. As an instance of this, I may quote a passage from a well-written article in the June number of the "Magazine of Art." The writer of this article, Mr. Archer, says:

"This idea of proportioning the scene to the business 'then to be considered' is the last which occurs to a modern manager. He gives his scenic artist *carte blanche*, and insists upon each decoration reaching a fixed standard of magnificence. Juliet's bed-chamber, where she is to battle with the grizzly horrors of the tomb, shall be as rich, if not as gaudy, as the banquet-hall, where she does nothing much more serious than walk a minuet."

Putting aside the amazing slip as to Juliet's doing nothing much more serious than walking a minuet in the very scene in which she declares her sudden passion for Romeo, the writer is, so far at least as the Lyceum is concerned, very wide of the mark. Yet in such a complaint as his there is a modicum of a special truth. This relates really to a danger rather than a fact, and is merely sufficient to warrant jealousy of a practice which, in the hands of persons of good resource but small artistic power, may cumber histrionic effort with irrelevant show, or bury it entirely beneath a load of superfluous finery. The abuse of a power is, however, no criterion of its use; and the development of the art of scenic effect as a correlative force in dramatic method must not be foregone or stayed because indiscreet zeal or efflorescent taste at times misleads. It is to the highest, not to the lowest aims and efforts

and effects, that we must look for the signs of a progress sufficiently strong and true to give promise of permanency. And we find this progress in the Lyceum stage during Mr. Irving's management of it. The late revivals of pieces played there some few years ago show clearly enough what progress has been made in this kind. Before 1878, in which year Mr. Irving became manager of the Lyceum, a good many plays were produced with great success. In all of these, the province of stage management came practically within the control of the actor, in so far as the acting was concerned. The effect of his own histrionic power and his influence on the stage is, by this time, an old story. My object now is not to enter at all upon the question of Mr. Irving's powers or qualities as an actor, but to give from personal knowledge some insight into his method of preparing a play for public representation, especially with reference to the setting of the play and the manner in which scenic effect and the resources of stage-craft are subjugated by the manager to their true place as matters of secondary though very great importance.

At the very beginning of his arranging a production, Mr. Irving makes sure, first of all, of the text and cast of his play as ready for acting. All entrances and exits, all movings to and fro, all changes of dress and shiftings of scene, as rendered necessary by the exigencies of the play, are prepared for. The time is marked, from first to last, with a marvelous accuracy, which could only be attained by a mingling of thought and experience. The truth of Mr. Irving's oft-expressed apothegm, that *on the stage everything is due to intention, nothing is the result of accident*, receives a living proof in the care given to all things both before and during rehearsal. When the scene-painters receive their first instructions, upon which they proceed to shape out their rough models, the first points which they are required to consider are the needs of the action. For instance, a door must be here, a window there. A house, a grotto, an altar, a tree, are important elements in the presentation of the piece. To these necessary requirements other details of the scene must be subordinated, so that ultimately, in a suitable and picturesque surrounding, calculated in every way to stimulate the imagination, the central points on which action turns may, at the due moment, appear in natural prominence. So it is with all the appliances and arrangements of the stage. The property master, the machinist, the gas engineer, the chorus master, have all to conform rigidly to their instructions, which are given by the manager solely with reference to the requirements of the play. It is at all times interesting, instructive, and even fascinating to see how the multitude of details, each elaborated separately according to accurate instructions, gradually grow together as prearranged in the master mind till a coherent and natural whole is achieved. The on-looker, at even a partial development of the method, cannot but see in it an embodiment of the poet's idea as that idea has taken root in the mind of the manager. At the back of all the personal thought and care and zeal which these things require, an exceptional following is necessary; and one can see at a glance how admirably Mr. Irving is served. He has not only himself chosen the various heads of his departments, but he has trained them to understand something of his own ideas. Thus there

is mutual confidence between the manager and his subordinates. They are content to accept at once and to work out loyally their appointed tasks, confident that each point, howsoever minute or seemingly unimportant, has some definite meaning or purpose in the general theme; while he, having full knowledge that his orders once given will be strictly carried out, is able to proceed to other matters of importance, which develop by degrees into harmonious proportions and tangible existence. Now and again I have been struck with amazement at the enormous number of points to which the most careful attention has been given. Thus, on orders having been given for some change in a scene or the setting of it, I have noticed how even the slightest change involved a multitude of alterations. In truth, the labor of a Lyceum production is very great, for Mr. Irving does not hesitate to make changes, no matter how much trouble to the different departments they may involve. On the contrary, he tries to find fault in his own work with a critical facility as varied as it is earnest. I remember at the rehearsals of "The Corsican Brothers," in 1880, that two whole scenes, which had been produced with great care and labor, were condemned and others substituted—the "interior" in the first act and the glade-scene in the last. This involved a wholly new conception and execution of the scenes. Those originally appointed did not, on practical trial, lend themselves suitably to the action and sentiment of the play. Again, I saw the first scene of "Romeo and Juliet" condemned on trial without a murmur. (This scene preceded the banquet-hall scene, in which the drilling of a crowd five hundred strong had been the work of months.) It was in each case quite apparent that with the growth to actuality of the preconceived effects the horizon of the picturesque possibilities had broadened.

Walter Herries Pollock.

#### Some of the Younger English Poets.

E. W. GOSSE.

THE younger English poets at this moment best known in America—whether justly or not—are Mr. Philip Bourke Marston, Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, Mr. Austin Dobson, not to mention Mr. Oscar Wilde and his unfortunate protégé, Mr. Ronald Rodd. The verses of most of these may be seen now and then in American magazines. The most popular of them here is Mr. Austin Dobson, partly because he has probably been longer before the public, partly on account of the humor and humanity of his verse. Mr. Marston has struck as deep a note as, and a more touching one than, the others; but he is perhaps the most unequal, and the body of his work most persistently resembles the modern masters of a certain school, under whose influence his style has been formed.

There is a slight resemblance in the verse of Messrs. Dobson, Lang, and Gosse; but as time goes on each is more strongly differentiated from the others. Mr. Dobson has fallen into line after Præd and Locker, as a writer of what is vaguely called *vers de société*, though the range of the younger poet is much too wide

for this limiting phrase. Mr. Lang's work is spoken of elsewhere. Mr. Gosse (besides the finely written prose he occasionally puts forth) continues to write verse, chiefly lyrical, showing a broad range of sympathies, and an unusual sensitiveness to form.

The best idea of his lyrical genius may be had from a selected edition of poems recently published in America, with the title of an earlier English collection of his verse, "On Viol and Flute" (Henry Holt, New York), to which volume I should like especially to call attention here.

In this collection it is interesting to find what appears to be some of the author's most spontaneous poetry taking the most intricate form. This fact should convey a lesson to those who cry out against form as a hindrance to poetical spontaneity,—though the literature of the world is, of course, full of such lessons. The "Sestina," on page 184, seems to me one of the most sincerely felt as it is one of the most charming of the pieces in this book, and it is written in a form of the highest artificiality—as every one knows who is familiar with the laws of the recently revived Provençal forms. So, also, Mr. Gosse's best sonnets are filled to the brim with meaning and with feeling.

Along with Mr. Gosse's easy mastery of form should be mentioned a perfect clearness of expression and a faculty of throwing off phrases of great verbal felicity; like these perfect lines in the beautiful poem of "The Sisters":

"Ah, who has told thee that he comes at night?  
I hardly told my heart my heart's delight."

In some of his shorter pieces (as, for instance, "Greece and England") there is a lyrical lightness and motion that is most pleasing. The book, as a whole, reflects a mind of the truest culture,—one that has delight in the highest forms of plastic and literary art,—and is, moreover, careful, even minute, in its observation of natural phenomena. Beginning under the Rossetti influence, this poet has still kept remarkably clear of mannerism, and his work now shows no unpleasant trace of the school, if it ever did. The fault that may be found with him is a fault of the day, of nearly all modern art,—namely, literary self-consciousness,—ending in a verse that at times ceases to move on account of its faulty faultlessness. But Mr. Gosse's poetry I should expect to see mellow and deepen with years, like Longfellow's. Let me present here the "Sestina," of which I have spoken:

SESTINA.

TO F. H.

"*Fra tutti il primo Arnaldo Daniello*  
*Gran maestro d'amor.*"—PETRARCH.

"In fair Provence, the land of lute and rose,  
Arnaut, great master of the lore of love,  
First wrought sestines to win his lady's heart;  
For she was deaf when simpler staves he sang,  
And for her sake he broke the bonds of rhyme,  
And in this subtler measure hid his woe.

"'Harsh be my lines,' cried Arnaut, 'harsh the woe  
My lady, that entorn'd and cruel rose,  
Inflicts on him that made her live in rhyme!'

But through the meter spake the voice of Love,  
And like a wild-wood nightingale he sang  
Who thought in crabbed lays to ease his heart.

"It is not told if her untoward heart  
Was melted by her poet's lyric woe;  
Or if in vain so amorously he sang:  
Perchance through cloud of dark conceits he rose  
To nobler heights of philosophic love,  
And crowned his later years with sterner rhyme.

"This thing alone we know: the triple rhyme,  
Of him who bared his vast and passionate heart  
To all the crossing flames of hate and love,  
Wears in the midst of all its storm of woe,—  
As some loud morn of March may bear a roar,—  
The impress of a song that Arnaut sang.

"'Smith of his mother-tongue,' the Frenchman sang  
Of Lancelot and of Galahad, the rhyme  
That beat so bloodlike at its core of rose,  
It stirred the sweet Francesca's gentle heart  
To take that kiss that brought her so much woe  
And sealed in fire her martyrdom of love.

"And Dante, full of her immortal love,  
Sayed his drear song, and softly, fondly sang  
As though his voice broke with that weight of woe;  
And to this day we think of Arnaut's rhyme  
Whenever pity at the laboring heart  
On fair Francesca's memory drops the rose.

"Ah! sovereign Love, forgive this weaker rhyme!  
The men of old who sang were great at heart,  
Yet have we too known woe, and worn thy rose."

If any verses written by one of the younger English poets of our day deserve the gentle treatment of oblivious time, this poem does,—where subject and method, thought and expression, are so harmoniously wedded, and where the human sentiment is so moving. To have written a not unworthy poem on so famed and exquisite a theme will be regarded, especially by those who are themselves of the poetic guild, as no small achievement.

X.

ANDREW LANG.

THE latest version of "the tale of Troy divine" ("Helen of Troy," by A. Lang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) seems to be the overflow of Mr. Lang's Homeric studies in the course of his translation of Homer into English prose, made in conjunction with Mr. S. H. Butcher. That was an admirable performance, and perhaps, on the whole, a greater success than any of the numerous renderings in verse which have appeared in our tongue, from Chapman's to Bryant's. The present venture in the poetic interpretation of one portion of the Homeric myth can hardly be regarded as successful. The upholstery is the upholstery of Homer, but the spirit is the spirit of Morris. The polished cars and pillared fore-courts, the vases of bronze and gold, the chairs of cedar-wood and ivory, are all there. The baths, feasts, and sacrifices are described correctly. The banqueters dismiss the desire of meat and drink, and the priests lay the fat of the victim fold on fold in the true Homeric fashion. But when he comes to the really epic parts of his task, it seems to me the poet loses his grip.

It was, perhaps, a feeling of his own inability to deal with character and passion effectively that led Mr. Lang to invent the extraordinary departure from the Homeric story, by which he represents Helen, in her flight from Lacedæmon, and again in her restoration to Menelaus, as a puppet in the hands of the gods,

without memory, free-will, or responsibility. He makes her fall into a trance, from which she awakes "forgetful of her old life, and ignorant of her shame, and blameless of those evil deeds that the goddess thrust upon her"; and in this conveniently "immoral" condition she elopes with Paris. And when the war is over and Ilios has fallen,

"— Aphrodite made the past unknown  
To Helen, as of old, when in the dew  
Of that fair dawn the net was round her thrown:  
Nay, now no memory of Troy brake through  
The mist that veiled, from her sweet eyes and blue,  
The dreadful days and deeds all overpast," etc.

For this there is no warrant in Homer. It is true that in the *Iliad*, Priam says to Helen, in a single passage, that he does not blame her, for the gods have brought this woe upon Troy; but Helen herself, throughout that poem, is fully conscious of her actions, and is made repeatedly to express grief, shame, and homesickness. It is also true, in a general way, that the moral atmosphere of the Homeric poems is less intense than that which pervades the literature of Christendom, and that the agency of the gods is constantly present. It is for that reason that when the deeds of the heroes are submitted to the harsh light of modern ethical standards, as in Shakspeare's "*Troilus and Cressida*," the disenchantment is so startling that many critics have looked upon that play as a deliberate satire.

But Mr. Lang has, I think, gone too far. Ancient authorities, Euripides, for example, limited the use of

"That nepenthes which the wife of Thone  
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena"

to the occasion of her return to home and husband after the siege and fall of Troy. To treat the heroine, throughout the entire course of the adventure, as a plaything of Aphrodite seems to me a mistake in art. It breaks the continuity of the action; and, in place of securing a sense of passionate reality, it removes the story to a world of dream, where the ordinary motives of human conduct are absent. The figures in Mr. Lang's poem have no life, but appear to be going through a pantomime at a great distance, and in obedience to some unseen mechanism.

It goes without saying that, in point of execution, the poem is tasteful and scholarly. There is the same delicate touch which gratified the artistic sense in the author's "*Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*," and in his other poems and prose writings, such as "*The Library*." There is a great deal in the volume which is fine in workmanship and able to give genuine pleasure to a cultivated reader. It is in depth of conception and in power to move the feelings that Mr. Lang falls short. Perhaps he comes nearest to exhibiting something of these great qualities in the episode of the deaths of Paris and *Ænone*; but even here he declines to grapple with the dramatic capabilities of the situation, by adroitly evading anything that can be called an interview between the dying hero and his quondam love. And in general the poet passes rather lightly over those crises in the action on which the stress and strain of emotion fall most weightily in Homer, and lays his emphasis on narrative and description. In narrative his manner is smooth and flowing, the verse is musical, the choice of epithets

careful, and the command of language easy; but there is an absence of the fire and spirit which characterize the best passages of born story-tellers in verse, like Byron and Scott. There is rather the somewhat cloying and monotonous evenness of Morris, of whom, as I have already hinted, Mr. Lang reminds us, and not unpleasantly reminds us.

B.

#### Tame Butterflies.

IN THE CENTURY for June, 1883, Mr. Gosse describes a monument in which the sculptor has carved a child holding out her hand for butterflies to perch on. He goes on to say that this was criticised as improbable, even by so exact an observer as Mr. Tennyson. It may therefore be of some interest to your readers to record the following facts from my personal experience:

One summer I watched the larvæ of the swallow-tailed butterfly through their different stages, and reserved two chrysalides to develop into the perfect insect. In due time one of these fairy-like creatures came out. I placed it in a small Indian cage made of fine threads of bamboo. A carpet of soft moss and a vase of flowers in the center made a pleasant home for my tiny "*Psyche*." I found that she greatly enjoyed a repast of honey; when some was placed on a leaf within her reach, she would uncoil her long proboscis and draw up the sweet food with great apparent enjoyment. She was so tame that it became my habit, once or twice a day, to take her on my finger; and while I walked in the garden she would take short flights hither and thither, but was always content to mount upon my hand again. She would come on my finger of her own accord, and, if the day was bright, would remain there as long as I had patience to carry her, with her wings outspread, basking in the sunbeams, which appeared to convey exquisite delight to the delicate little creature.

I never touched her beautiful wings. She never fluttered or showed any wish to escape, but lived three weeks of tranquil life in her tiny home; and then having, as I suppose, reached the limit of butterfly existence, she quietly ceased to live.

On the day of her death the other butterfly emerged, and lived for the same length of time. Both were equally tame, but the second showed more intelligence, for she discovered that by folding her wings together she could easily walk between the slender bars of the cage; and having done so, she would fly to a window and remain there, basking in the sun, folding and unfolding her wings with evident enjoyment, until I presented my finger, when she would immediately step upon it and be carried back to her cage.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

E. Brightwen.

#### Two Southern Novelists.

I HAVE ventured to ask if you will allow, under the head of your *Open Letters*, this brief defense of two of my old favorites to appear. Mr. Morse (in the *JUNE CENTURY*) pronounces John P. Kennedy's "*Swallow Barn*" to be "trash, with little truth or home growth about it." Has Mr. Morse done anything more than skim over the work in question? It can hardly be called

a novel, as it is distinctly modeled after the style of Irving, and, as a sketch of the scenes and manners of the Virginia of that day, is purely of home growth, and in its way exceedingly pleasant. Next, Mr. Morse decides, with unhesitating dogmatism, that John Esten Cooke has "no strength in characterization, and has found a wide rather than a discriminating audience." At the risk of being ignominiously classed in the category of the indiscriminating, I must again couch a lance in the defense of one with whose writings I am thoroughly familiar, and of many of which I am exceedingly fond. Again, I think that Mr. Morse's perusal of Mr. Cooke's works has been decidedly cursory, the more from the names of the works he cites as examples. In the "Virginia Comedians," "Henry St. John," "Fairfax," and "Leather Stocking and Silk," Mr. Cooke gives a picture of the colonial life of the Old Dominion which is not only valuable in itself as a description of a most interesting period, but which is true in all its minor details, and therefore should be interesting to even a *discriminating auditor*. In "Surry of Eagle's Nest," "Mohun," and "Hilt to Hilt," Mr. Cooke gives a vivid picture of Virginia in her war scenes, with pen-pictures of many of the distinguished actors, which, coming from the pen of an eye-witness, become of great value. It is hardly necessary for me to review Mr. Cooke's style, as that is a matter outside of the record; but his works, dwelling on a field which would otherwise have been left totally uncultivated, and being possessed of great truth and originality, surely deserve more than a hasty and, in my humble opinion, an unjust criticism. If to depict characters as they have been seen, with all their marked and salient peculiarities preserved, be not strength in characterization, then, as George Eliot and Dickens would fall under the same ax of condemnation, Mr. Cooke and his admirers may remain easily satisfied with the critic's judgment.

T. B. Dorsey.

ELLCOTT CITY, MD., June 26, 1883.

#### A Recent Decision on the License Question.

A PENNSYLVANIA judge has recently put a stop to the curious method of evading the license law, extensively practiced in the petroleum regions of that State, and described in the July number of *THE CENTURY*, in the article entitled "Striking Oil." The beer-sellers have been openly retailing their wares without license under the sign of "Bottling Works," and claiming the right to do so by virtue of a statute of 1858, which enacted that "bottlers of ale, porter, or beer, not otherwise engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors, nor in keeping any tavern, oyster house or cellar, restaurant or place of amusement or refreshment, shall be allowed to sell the same by the bottle; provided, that such liquor is not drank on the premises where sold, nor at any place provided by such seller for that purpose." Judge Elwell now decides that this law was repealed, in effect, by a statute of 1867 which provides that "If any person, after the passage of this act, shall sell spirituous and vinous liquors, domestic wines, malt or brewed liquors, without having obtained a license authorizing him so to do, such person shall, on conviction in the Court of Quarter Sessions, be fined," etc.

This decision is of interest to all advocates of legislation to restrict the evils of the liquor traffic; but the remarkable feature of the whole matter is that people who were daily witnesses of the abuse of selling beer without license should not have known of the existence and repealing power of the later law until the practice had gone on for nearly two years. Does not this fact show the necessity for temperance societies which shall make it their business to see that existing legislation curbing the liquor dealers is enforced, as well as to agitate for new and more stringent laws? Just now the popular feeling, especially in the West, is in favor of a high license system. I believe this movement to be a wise one; but where successful, it will not be effective unless there are voluntary local organizations to see that the new laws are obeyed, and that there is no selling of intoxicants without license. The chief weakness of license laws lies in the indifference to their enforcement of the so-called temperance men and women who believe in absolute prohibition. If the experiment of a high license law, enforced by the vigilance and energy of all the temperance societies, could be tried in any one State, I believe the result would be a more salutary and satisfactory limitation of the amount of crime and poverty caused by the liquor traffic than has been attained by any system of legislation heretofore adopted in the United States.

E. V. Smalley.

#### Chief-Justice Taney in Relation to the Dred Scott Case.

I.

IN the July number of *THE CENTURY*, "A Radical Abolitionist" on Boteler's "Recollections of the John Brown Raid" puts a false interpretation on the language used by Chief-Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case. Had the writer taken the trouble to read the preceding and following paragraphs of the famous decision, he never would have written, "Through the mouth of Chief-Justice Taney, who simply uttered the decrees of the slave-holding oligarchy, they had made the Supreme Court declare that four million Americans, of African descent, had practically 'no rights which a white man was bound to respect.'"

The preceding paragraph of the decision is as follows:

"It is difficult at this day to realize the state of public opinion in relation to that unfortunate race which prevailed in the civilized and enlightened portions of the world at the time of the Declaration of Independence and when the Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted. But the public history of every European nation displays it in a manner too plain to be mistaken."

This is one fact. We have another fact in the paragraph that follows:

"They had for more than a century before been regarded as beings of an inferior order and altogether unfit to associate with the white race either in social or political relations, and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." (*vide* Dred Scott *versus* John F. A. Sanford, page 407. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1857.)

The Chief-Justice merely asserted a fact, and did not decide that the negro "had no rights that a white man was bound to respect." Judge Taney never held

such an opinion and it is an insult to his memory to make such an assertion.

Allow me to state some facts relative to Judge Taney's feelings toward the colored race. Some thirty years before his death he freed his slaves. This proves that he was no lover of slavery. On one occasion, speaking of the colored people, with much emphasis, he said: "Thank God that at least in one place all men are equal, in the church of God. I do not consider it any degradation to kneel side by side with a negro in the house of our Heavenly Father." On another occasion, speaking of the Dred Scott decision, he remarked, that "no matter what might be his feelings in regard to this question of slavery, his oath bound him to interpret the law under the Constitution." This was his higher law—the oath he had taken when he accepted the position of Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court. A purer, a more conscientious man never wore the ermine; a more faithful servant the government of the United States never had. It was his fidelity to duty that cost him his life, as I personally know. I knew him intimately for several years. He spoke with sadness of our late troubles, wishing from his heart that some statesman would rise up and prevent the fratricidal contest.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

J. A. Walter.

## II.

THERE are many circumstances which clearly show that Mr. Taney's sympathy with the advocates of the freedom of the negro was unbounded. The slaves whom he inherited from his father not only received their freedom, but were watched and aided in many ways after all legal connection between them and their former master had ceased.

Those who quote with so much flourish the well-known phrase in his decision on the Dred Scott case, "They (the negroes) had no rights which the white man was bound to respect," fail to note that it is here cited as the opinion of our forefathers. Mr. Taney proceeds to show that the natural degradation of the negro was an unquestioned conviction in the minds of legislators, even in those States whose influence would presumably be turned against slavery, long after the adoption of the Constitution. Endeavoring to view the question of negro rights from this position, he seeks to interpret the Constitution not as we might construe it, but as its framers and their contemporaries would have done had this question been presented for their decision. His words throughout this famous

document testify to his respect for precedent and for the letter of the Constitution. This feeling, indeed, might be regarded as an element of his character. It was shown in his earlier practice before the bar in Frederick and Baltimore, notably in his defense of General Wilkinson and Father Gruber: in the first case breasting popular displeasure as the defender of a man who, it was claimed, though without legal justification, had disregarded the sacred rights secured to the citizens by the *habeas corpus*; and in the second case not fearing to oppose the will of powerful judges and politicians who desired the condemnation of a minister of the gospel for preaching to the negroes upon the equality of all mankind.

The influence of Mr. Taney's family, which was of English origin and severely aristocratic, together with the well-defined views of the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was a member, were sufficient to instill a high regard for precedent and the letter of the law, whether civil or religious. Neither was he free from a keen appreciation of prerogative. All these elements, united in a man by nature determined and resolute, will readily explain his position in the Dred Scott case, and serve to vindicate him from the taint of partisanship, from which judges, more than any other class of public men, should be free.

Nowhere is the language of this decision a justification of the principle of slavery, but it reveals in Mr. Taney many evidences of signal tender-heartedness and genuine sympathy for the condition of the black man.

Courtenay De Kalb.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The John Brown Raid.

MRS. S. H. BROWN, sister of William H. Leeman (said to be the youngest of those who fell under John Brown at Harper's Ferry), writes to us concerning the statement of Mr. Alexander R. Boteler, in our July number, that Leeman was discovered trying to "escape" across the river (p. 407). She denies this, and quotes as follows from a letter from Brown, which she says has never before been in print:

"CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON CO., VA.

"Monday, Nov. 28, 1859.

"While we were surrounded by enemies, and fighting for our lives, I asked who would volunteer to carry word to Owen Brown or Cook. William answered at once that he would go. His last words to me were that he would deliver my message or die in the attempt. I am told that he went out through the culvert to the river, when half-way across was seen, pursued, and killed."

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

In the Conservatory.

"*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa.*"—HORAT. CARM. I. 5.

AH! fair coquette, you're at it yet,  
I see—it's still the same old story.  
That night how shall I e'er forget—  
My night in the conservatory!  
Tell me, what later victim there  
Enamored at your feet reposes,  
Exchanging vows and locks of hair,  
And making love among the roses?

I grant you looked divine to-night;  
Your dress might set a poet dreaming:  
A modest robe of muslin white,  
One rosebud in your dark hair gleaming,  
You seemed a simple village flower;  
But he whose life its wreck shall owe you,  
How will he curse the cruel hour  
When first he knew and failed to know you!

Now, recking naught of guilt or guile  
While basking in your beauty's splendor,  
He suns his heart in that false smile,  
Nor dreams 'twill ever be less tender;  
Blind mariner in unknown seas,  
Where shipwreck waits the wariest master,  
He knows not that the siren breeze  
But lulls to lure him to disaster.

Thrice hapless they who find you fair!  
So shines the wrecker's heartless beacon;  
Happy, like me, who've snapped your snare,  
And whom your wiles no more can weaken.  
'Scaped hardly from that treacherous sea,  
How swiftly love is turned to loathing!  
Neptune we thank on bended knee,  
And change our passion with our clothing.

Walter Carey.

"Boy's-Love."

STEPPING down the grassy lane,  
Timorously as a dove,  
Came an artless little damsel,  
Looking out ahead for love.  
(All the wild rose-hedge was budded—apple-boughs  
hung white above.)

"Whoso'er I first do meet  
With the Boy's-Love in my shoe,  
He's the one I'm sure to wed,  
Sure to wed and love him true."  
She'd a fair face, sweetly peeping from a little hood  
of blue.

She had never had a lover,  
But she'd dreamed of one away,  
And would find him by the Boy's-Love  
Hidden in her shoe to-day;  
For it is a test worth trying, all the wise old gran-  
dams say.

Should she meet the tanner's boy,  
Should she meet the miller's son,  
She was so in love with loving,  
She would love them either one,  
Nor doubt he was the one she'd dreamed of ever since  
she first begun.

So, she met a rosy stripling,  
And they passed without a word;  
But her heart would beat so loudly,  
She was almost sure he heard,  
And her snowy kerchief trembled like the plumage of  
a bird.

Innocently sideways glancing,  
From her little gingham hood,  
Through her soul she felt the fragrance  
Of that sprig of southernwood,  
And she thought the lad so pretty, and believed him  
wise and good.

Then she lay awake, a-thinking  
Of the lad, the whole night through;  
But he soundly slept till daybreak,  
Just as he was used to do,  
And never dreamed he'd met a damsel with some  
Boy's-Love in her shoe.

Mary E. Wilkins.

Chrysander's Quest.

THE young knight Chrysander sat pensively in the tapestry chamber at Poplinium, surrounded by six beautiful maidens. A cloud was on his brow, a trouble in his heart; for he found no meaning in the many, many words which flowed musically from those rosy lips. And he departed in pain; but came again upon the morrow, with a lofty purpose and a bold resolve.

"Sweet ladies," he said, "deign to impart your secret lore to a humble scholar. Naught is known to me of all these mysteries whereof ye discourse, neither do I understand the words of your speech. Teach me, therefore, I pray you, that I too may speak this strangely beautiful language."

Then they taught him until the sun sank in the west, and until the twilight faded; and yet was he but little wiser than before. And again he departed in pain; and through the weary hours of the night he pondered upon all that he had heard.

On the morrow he betook him once more to the maidens, and cried, "O damsels, your toil is but in vain! The mystic language is yet sealed to me, and its subtleties baffle my best wit. So soon as I have learned fitly to discriminate between a box-pleated gore and a double-biased panier puff, behold, even then I straightway forget the true difference between slashing and shirring, nor am I able, for all my striving, to tell what it is to run up frilled tatting with a basted hemstitch, or to pink the fluting of peplum points. Woe is me! I cannot learn this lore!"

But the fair maidens cheered Chrysander, bidding him take heart and give due diligence to his task, and all should be well.

Even so it came to pass. The heedful knight waxed wiser and yet more wise, until he became like unto the maidens, thinking even as they thought, and speaking as they spake. In good time he forsook his rude oaths, "By Bacchus!" and "Holy Saint Jingo!" and "Great Caesar's ghost!" and learned to say "By Bombazine!" and "Rip up my bastings!" and to vow by holy Honiton and sacred Sarcenet. And as the bird of the desert returns daily to the cool spring where it is wont to slake its thirst, so did the knight Chrysander daily revisit the refreshing fountains of occult knowledge.

At length he bethought him in what manner he might requite those damsels, his teachers, who had thus enriched him with the treasures of their wisdom. And he made for them many pleasant lays and ditties. Likewise, he took counsel with his heart, and framed the Seven Goodly Proverbs, that are known by every maid, not only in Poplinium, but also throughout all the land of Polonaisia. And these are the Seven Goodly Proverbs:

1. A basted bias gathers no pleats.
2. Never look a pinked tuck in the seams.
3. One shirr in the mull is worth three in the scrim.
4. A basque is known by the stitches it keeps.
5. You may lead a woman to the machine, but you cannot make her hem.
6. Better is a slashed gore with bangles, than a gusset of tulle and honiton therewith.
7. Frilled tatting fulfs deep.

To this day, men may read the Seven Goodly Prov-  
erbs, worked in letters of gold, in the tapestry cham-  
ber at Poplinum; but of all the brave rhymes writ by  
Chrysander, only these remain:

"Let the double-shirred Peplums from Gussets  
refrain,  
And beware ere they take up the Darts of Gros-  
Grain!  
For, though Paniers should basque in the Pleats  
of Nainsook,  
And though Ruches and Plastrons should join in  
rebuke,  
You may baste, you may bias the Gore if you will,  
Yet the Yoke of the Tucker will hang round the  
Frill!"

*J. Bouckman.*

#### An Incomplete Revelation.

WHILE Quaker folks were Quakers still, some fifty  
years ago,  
When coats were drab and gowns were plain and  
speech was staid and slow,  
Before Dame Fashion dared suggest a single friz  
or curl,  
There dwelt, 'mid Penfield's peaceful shades, an old-  
time Quaker girl.

Ruth Wilson's garb was of her sect. Devoid of  
furbelows,  
She spoke rebuke to vanity, from bonnet to her  
toes;  
Sweet red bird was she, all disguised in feathers of  
the dove,  
With dainty foot and perfect form and eyes that  
dreamt of love.

Sylvanus Moore, a bachelor of forty years or so,  
A quaintly pious, weazened soul, with beard and  
hair of tow,  
And queer thin legs and shuffling walk and drawl-  
ing, nasal tone,  
Was prompted by the Spirit to make this maid his  
own.

He knew it was the Spirit, for he felt it in his breast  
As oft before in meeting time, and, sure of his re-  
quest,  
Procured the permit in due form. On Fourth-day  
of that week  
He let Ruth know the message true that he was  
moved to speak.

"Ruth, it has been revealed to me that thee and I  
shall wed,  
I have spoken to the meeting and the members  
all have said  
That our union seems a righteous one, which they  
will not gainsay,  
So if convenient to thy views, I'll wed thee next  
Third-day."

The cool possession of herself by friend Sylvanus  
Moore  
Aroused her hot resentment, which by effort she  
forbore,—  
(She knew he was a goodly man, of simple, child-  
like mind.)  
And checked the word "Impertinence!" and answer-  
ed him in kind:

"Sylvanus Moore, do thee go home and wait until  
I see  
The fact that I must be thy wife revealed unto me."  
And thus she left him there alone, at will to ruminate,  
Sore puzzled at the mysteries of Love, Free Will,  
and Fate.

*Richard A. Jackson.*

#### The Future of the Classics.

[WRITTEN after reading telegraphic reports of the  
Phi Beta Kappa address of Charles Francis Adams,  
Jr., and retained, with apologies, after receiving fuller  
reports (and the orator's subsequent explanations),  
for the sake of the labor bestowed on the Versifica-  
tion by the author, who is pleased to be assured that  
his poetical Prophecy is Fallacious.]

No longer, O scholars, shall Plautus  
Be taught us.  
No more shall professors be partial  
To Martial.  
No ninny  
Will stop playing "shinney"  
For Pliny.  
Not even the veriest Mexican Greaser  
Will stop to read Cæsar.  
No true son of Erin will leave his potato  
To list to the love-lore of Ovid or Plato.  
Old Homer,  
That hapless old roamer,  
Will ne'er find a rest 'neath collegiate dome or  
Anywhere else. As to Seneca,  
Any cur  
Safely may snub him, or urge ill  
Effects from the reading of Virgil.  
Cornelius Nepos  
Wont keep us  
Much longer from pleasure's light errands—  
Nor Terence.  
The irreverent now may all scoff in ease  
At the shade of poor old Aristophanes.  
And moderns it now doth behoove in all  
Ways to despise poor old Juvenal;  
And to chivy  
Livy.  
The class-room hereafter will miss a row  
Of eager young students of Cicero.  
The 'longshoreman—yes, and the dock-rat, he's  
Down upon Socrates.  
And what'll  
Induce us to read Aristotle?  
We shall fail in  
Our duty to Galen.  
No tutor henceforward shall rack us  
To construe old Horatius Flaccus.  
We have but a wretched opinion  
Of Mr. Justinian.  
In our classical pabulum mix we no wee sop  
Of Æsop.  
Our balance of intellect asks for no ballast  
From Sallust.  
With feminine scorn no fair Vassar-bred lass at us  
Shall smile if we own that we cannot read Tacitus.  
No admirer shall ever now wreath with begonias  
The bust of Suetonius.  
And so, if you follow me,  
We'll have to cut Ptolemy.  
Besides, it would just be considered facetious  
To look at Lucretius.  
And you can  
Not go in Society if you read Lucan.  
And we cannot have any fun  
Out of Xenophon.

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No. 6.

# THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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**The Princess**, ALFRED TENNYSON's great poem, forms the subject of the sumptuous holiday-book of 1883, uniform in shape with "Lucile" and "The Lady of the Lake," the most successful gift-books of 1881 and 1882. This wonderful work—the one in which TENNYSON approaches nearest to modern tastes—has been chosen for illustration on account of its high popularity, as well as because of its remarkable opportunities for pictorial treatment; and the entire work of artistic embellishment has been carried on *con amore* by the best American artists, under the careful supervision of Mr. A. V. S. Anthony. The masterly blending of the scenes and customs of the Middle Ages with the advanced life of the nineteenth century, the meeting of mediæval knights and princes with modern advocates of woman's rights, the juxtaposition of tower and cloister to lecture and lawn-party, afford numberless tempting opportunities for admirable artistic treatment, and have resulted in the 120 beautiful illustrations in this new edition. Quite recently the eminent American poet and critic, Richard H. Stoddard, referring to this edition, commended "*That sweetest and purest of all modern epics, Tennyson's 'Princess.'*" It is the truest and noblest poem of which womanhood is the theme in any language."

**Eugène Fromentin, Painter and Writer**, is the subject of an admirable biography, written by M. LOUIS GONSE, editor of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, and translated by Mrs. Mary C. Robbins. It is uniform with Fromentin's "Old Masters," Sensitive's "Jean-François Millet," and Bacon's "Parisian Art"; and, like them, is copiously illustrated, with fac-similes of Fromentin's drawings of Algerian scenes and characters. (\$3.00.)

**Daisy Miller**, the international comedy by Henry James, which has recently excited so general and so intense a discussion among literary critics and students of human nature, has been very carefully revised and amplified from the original sketch, and now appears in a handsome 12mo volume, remodeled into a three-act play. As one of the most piquant and famous productions of modern literature, this work should be familiar to every person of cultivation.

**The Lady of the Lake** in Mr. W. J. ROLFE's new Students' Edition (75 cents), with text purified of many modern corruptions, and enriched by copious notes and many exquisite illustrations, is winning golden commendations, and is pronounced by critics to be the very best edition extant of a poem which, in many respects, has no superior in the English language. *The Nation* says that "the present edition merits a wide popularity."

**The Recollections of a Drummer-boy**, by HARRY M. KIEFFER, forms a delightful series of sketches of army life, drawn from personal experience, revised and enlarged, and brought out in an illustrated volume. They preserve for old soldiers and their children the true spirit of the day's battle.

**A Woman of Honor** (16mo, \$1.25) is a new novel, written by Mr. H. C. BUNNER, who has become very well known by his dainty and highly finished work in *The Century Magazine* and *Puck*. It treats of several very interesting phases and developments of American society; and his previous writings show how delicate and penetrating is his insight into social phenomena, and how delightful his literary style. Richard H. Stoddard, the eminent poet and critic, prophesies high success for Bunner, "if his novel is as light and airy as his *vers de société*."

**A Woman's Reason**, W. D. HOWELLS's new novel, now appears in handsome library form, uniform with "A Modern Instance," "Dr. Breen's Practice," etc. The pathos and power of this new story have been frequently praised, during its serial appearance; and successive editions of *The Century Magazine* were issued in order to meet the popular demand for its delightful chapters. Many critics have hailed in "A Woman's Reason" a return to Mr. Howells's earlier manner, full of the thrill of feeling; and others have pronounced it an advance on any of his previous work.

*The Independent* pronounces it "one of his most finished productions"; *The Inter-Ocean* praises its "softness of atmosphere and exquisite tenderness"; and *The Boston Advertiser* finds it "drawn with the hand of an artist—the vivid power of imagination in all its potent charm." *The Critic* says that it will be read with delight, "for [speaking of a group of two chapters merely] this author, eminent in delicate touches and detail, has crowded into this single number more dramatic incidents and clever character-drawing than he has sometimes thought sufficient for an entire novel." There can be no doubt that a great success awaits the book in its completed form, and that its nobly drawn characters will become classic among all cultivated readers.

**The People and Politics; or, The Structure of States and the Significance and Relation of Political Forms**, is a new and interesting work on political economy, by G. W. HOSMER, M. D.

After an introductory chapter on general ethical principles, it treats in successive sections of Ancient, Primary, Personal Sovereignty, Oligarchies, Democracies, and Tyrannies; and in the second part of Modern, Absolute, and Constitutional Monarchies, Republics, and Military Despotisms. The keen, close logic of this treatise is illuminated with many pertinent historical examples from European and Oriental annals.

**A Bird's-Eye View of Our Civil War** (8vo, \$3.00), by Col. THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE, U. S. A., is a carefully condensed record of the Secession War and its campaigns, illustrated with forty-five maps, and designed to give a clear idea of the war as a military whole. It is an admirable history of the great conflict, written with soldierly insight and conciseness, and based on careful comparisons of Northern and Southern reports.

**Poems of Fair Weather** (12mo, \$1.50) is a volume of very dainty verses of woodlands and lakes, by MAURICE THOMPSON. It is printed on hand-made English paper, with uncut edges, and is a choice book for all lovers of Nature.

**Lucile** appears in two new illustrated editions,—the Tremont (16mo, red lines, beveled boards, gilt edges, \$2.50) and the Pocket Edition (\$1). Also, a new pocket edition of "The Imitation of Christ." (Fully illustrated, \$1.)

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# The CENTURY for 1883-4.

THE THIRTEENTH YEAR of this magazine the second under the new name, and the most successful in point of circulation, closes with the October number. Not only have the announcements made a year ago been closely adhered to, but as usual many additional attractive papers have been presented. During the year THE

CENTURY has been especially strong in fiction, literary criticism, history, art, papers on outdoor sports, and in illustrations, and humorous articles.

The publishers invite attention in retrospect to the following summary of some of the special features of

## The Past Year.

**Fiction.**—Mr. Howells's novel, "A Woman's Reason," and two novelettes; "The Led-Horse Claim," by Mrs. Foote, with her own drawings, and "At Teague Potet's," by Joel Chandler Harris, together with his new series of "Nights with Uncle Remus"; also, the conclusion of Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration," and the first half of the anonymous novel, "The Bread-winners"; "The Point of View," by Henry James; four of F. R. Stockton's stories, including "The Lady, or the Tiger?" the most successful of recent short stories; "The New Minister's Great Opportunity," by the author of "The Village Convict"; "Love in Old Cloathes," by H. C. Bunner; "Split Zephyr," by Prof. Beers; "The Silk Dress Story," "Yatil," "The Legend of Padre José," and others.

**Literary Criticism and Biography.**—Mr. Stedman's essays on Emerson and Longfellow; Alphonse Daudet on Victor Hugo; Mr. Burroughs' paper on Carlyle; Mr. Henry James on Trollope, on Daudet, and on the Emerson-Carlyle Correspondence; Mr. Morse's American Fiction; Howells on Henry James, and the autobiographical material in the "Look into Hawthorne's Workshop," and the "Early Letters of Emerson."

**Illustrated Historical Papers.**—Eggleston's "Life in the Colonies"; Cable's "History of the New Orleans Creoles"; Cushing's Adventures in Zúñi; "H. H.'s" paper on Southern California; the papers on "The John Brown Raid"; "Old New-York," by Richard Grant White; and (unillustrated) Gen. Stone's "Washington on the Eve of the War," etc., etc.

**Art.**—The Sculptures of the Pergamon Altar, English Sculptors, Fromentin, Frederick Watts, American Etchers, Korean Origin of Japanese Art; Architectural League of New-York; Artists' Models; Wood-Engraving direct from Nature; Du Maurier, by Henry James, etc.

**Outdoor Sports.**—Bob White, The Black Bass, The Primitive Fish-hook, Taxidermy, Snipe-

Shooting, The Oldest Club in America, A Musk-Ox Hunt, etc.

**Essays and Sketches.**—The Christian League of Connecticut, by Washington Gladden; England, by Warner; England and Ireland, by Bryce; The Jury System, Spelling Reform, Co-education, Solomon's Song, The Jewish Question, etc. Also, the discussion and suggestion in "Topics of the Time," and "Open Letters."

**Illustrations.**—Drawings by Mrs. Foote, Brennan, Pennell, Sandham, and others; Kingsley's original engravings; Fromentin's "Quarry," by Cole; Kruell's "Bronze Head from the British Museum"; King's and Whitney's cuts for "Old and New Roses"; the engraving of the Du Maurier drawings, by American engravers; the papers on Venice, Bob White, and the Zúñis, and those on artistic and other subjects, and the striking portraits, by Cole, of John Brown, Florence Nightingale, Henry James, Curtis, and Emerson; by T. Johnson, of Daudet, Darwin, Longfellow, Burns, Chief Justice Marshall, Du Maurier, and Cardinal Manning; by Kruell, of Webster and Chase; by Velten, of Agassiz, Dr. John Brown; etc., etc.

**Practical Papers.**—Striking Oil, Ostrich Farming, Hydraulic Mining, Trained Nursing, Olive Culture, Features of the New North-west, etc., etc.

**Poems.**—By William Cullen Bryant, Stedman, Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, "H. H.," Edith M. Thomas, Helen Gray Cone, Gosse, Bunner, De Kay, Lang, Lanier, R. U. Johnson, Mrs. Burnett, Gilder, and others, including groups of contributions by younger poets.

"Bric-à-Brac."—"Narcissus in Camden" and "The Song of Sir Palamede," by Miss Cone; "Aphorisms from the Quarters," by J. A. Macon; "Uncle Remus's Christmas Dance-Songs," "The Author of 'The Lion and Lamb,'" by Stockton, "Baboo Lore," and Vers de Société, by H. C. Bunner, Frank D. Sherman, Walter Learned, and others; etc., etc.

## The Coming Year.

THE CENTURY's well-known hospitality to American story-writers has won for it a unique position among the monthlies, associating it inseparably with the development of fiction in this country. This policy will be continued to the extent of the space which a popular magazine may properly devote to a single class of contribu-

tions. Perhaps at no time has there been on either side of the Atlantic more interest and discussion concerning the American novel than at present. The following diversified and attractive list will show that THE CENTURY is committed exclusively to no "school" of fiction:

# THE CENTURY FOR 1884

**A NEW NOVEL BY GEORGE W. CABLE,** author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc. Mr. Cable's latest novel is called "Dr. Sevier," and the scene is laid in New Orleans, the time being the eve of the late civil war, a glimpse of the beginning of which is given in the closing chapters. Besides the Creole types, of which Mr. Cable is known as the originator in fiction, this story will present a variety of characters, of different nationality, drawn with Mr. Cable's well-known insight and sense of humor. "Dr. Sevier" will begin in November, and will run through twelve numbers of the magazine.

**THREE STORIES BY HENRY JAMES,** author of "Daisy Miller," "The American," "The Point of View," etc. During the next year THE CENTURY expects to print at least three stories, of varying length, by Henry James. The name of the first is "The Impressions of a Cousin." This story is entirely American in subject, the scene being laid in New-York (or the country near it). The second story is longer and is called "Lady Barberina." It is of the "international" series—a pendant to the "International Episode," "The Siege of London," etc.

**A NOVELETTE BY H. H. BOYESEN,** author of "Gunnar," "Hemispheres," etc., etc. A vivid and sparkling story of novel situations, which is likely to add many readers to the author's large constituency.

**A NOVELETTE BY ROBERT GRANT,** author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc. Mr. Grant's new story, entitled "An Average Man," will present, in a fresh and typical way, some of the most characteristic phases of New-York society and politics.

**"THE BREAD-WINNERS."** The latter half of this new anonymous novel will appear in the November, December, and January numbers. The curiosity concerning its authorship which the opening chapters have stimulated will be heightened by the stirring action of parts yet to come.

**ONE-PART STORIES,** by various writers, including, W. D. Howells (author of "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," etc.); The Author of "The Village Convict," The Author of "Guerndale," Frank R. Stockton (author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger," etc.), H. H. Boyesen, Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison, Thomas A. Janvier, and many others are on hand or promised.

*THE ILLUSTRATED PAPERS will be of unusual interest and practical value, and will show an increasing proportion of beautiful engravings of permanent worth. THE CENTURY PORTRAIT GALLERY, which already includes a large range of eminent subjects, will receive memorable additions. The leading illustrated features of the year will be: A Series of Papers on*

**THE NEW ERA IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE,** by MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER, contributor to THE CENTURY, "The American Architect," etc. These Papers, announced last year as in preparation, have been largely increased in value by many additional illustrations of recent architectural work, and will be of decided popular interest. In planning the series, the aim has been to choose not what is most prominent, but what is best, in the different departments of building, and to describe it fully and clearly. The first chapters will treat of Public Buildings, and these will be followed by others devoted to Churches, Commercial Buildings, City Houses, Country Houses, etc., etc. This plan, it is thought, will afford an opportunity for interesting comparisons and conclusions. The series will consist of papers of separate interest, and will begin early in the year. The illustrations will include drawings by Brennan, Lathrop, and others.

Of marked and diverse interest will be THE NARRATIVES OF TWO SPECIAL VOYAGES, EQUIPPED BY THE CENTURY

## I.

### COASTING ABOUT THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE,

by S. G. W. BENJAMIN (now United States Minister to Persia). A series of papers of observation and adventure during a cruise, including an account of Prince Edward's Island, the east shore of New Brunswick, Chaleur and Gaspé Bays, Percé, the Magdalen Islands, the west coast of Newfoundland, the French Islands, Cape Breton, etc., etc. In addition to the interest of a salt-water cruise as related by an experienced sailor and writer, the papers will also describe the scenery, people, fisheries, and other aspects of those very attractive and imperfectly known regions. The illustrations will be by Burns.

## II.

**ON THE TRACK OF ULYSSES,** by W. J. STILLMAN. This record of a yacht-cruise in the Mediterranean, at the expense of this magazine, and undertaken with the intention of identifying the route of Ulysses on his return from the Trojan war, will appear in three papers, with illustrations by Harry Fenn. The thorough acquaintance of both writer and artist with the localities of these papers will give them unusual historical value.

**ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.** In the continuous series on American the year papers on Winslow Homer, George Fuller, and Edward Kemeys, with beautiful engravings of their work. Mr. Gosse will have a second illustrated paper on English Sculpture. To the series on French Art (in which have already appeared papers on Millet and Fromentin) will be added Corot, Rousseau, Daumier, Barye, and Courbet. Papers on American and European Archæology will appear by Dr. Charles Waldstein, of the University of Cambridge, Charles Dudley Warner, and Mrs. Lucy M. Mitchell.

**SCENES FROM THE NOVELISTS.** "The American Scenes of Hawthorne's Romances," by Julian Hawthorne, "George Eliot's Country," by Rose G. Kingsley, and "The Scenes of Cable's Romances," by Lafcadio Hearn, will form a unique and beautiful group, to be illustrated by authentic drawings of well-known scenes, by Harry Fenn, Alfred Parsons, and Joseph Pennell.

**LIFE IN THE THIRTEEN COLONIES,** by EDWARD EGGLESTON, D. D. Dr. Eggleston will continue to contribute separate papers of this series, presenting, in his interesting way, many curious and significant facts never before brought together. The first of these papers, on "Husbandry in the Colonies," sketches the attempt at silk and wine culture, with many other curious experiments and visionary projects, describing also the growth and ancient methods of farming among our forefathers. Another paper will treat of the rise of Commerce, the sea-going, the fur-trading, the money, and the substitutes for money, the navigation laws and the consequent smuggling, the buccaneers and pirates of the coast and their suppression. In another paper, "Social Conditions in the Colonies" are described; among these, land tenure, the holding of convict servants, redemptioners, kidnapped people, and negro slaves, have a prominent place. The paper on "Manners and Customs" will tell of the houses, customs, food, and festivals of the olden time. In later papers, the religion, superstition, witchcraft delusions, laws, medicine and quackery, and the French wars will be treated, with abundant incidental illustrations. The pictures which accompany these papers are all of historic objects or sites, and are historically the most valuable pictorial illustrations of American history that have ever been given in a magazine.

**THE NEW ASTRONOMY,** by PROF. LANGLEY. Under this title will appear several untechnical articles, by Professor S. P. Langley, of Alleghany Observatory, describing, with many illustrations, the most interesting of recent discoveries in the sun and stars, and introducing (what to most readers will be new) the consideration of our own physical relations to the heavenly bodies, as shown by the study of Celestial Physics. The first article will treat of the sun and recent discoveries in it, and will be accompanied by drawings of remarkable forms seen there, some of which were made by the author.

**PAPERS ON OUTDOOR ENGLAND,** by JOHN BURROUGHS and others. "Nature in England," "A Hunt for the Nightingale," "Wordsworth's Country," and other papers on natural history by this charming writer, will appear during the year. The first-named will be beautifully illustrated from drawings by Alfred Parsons. A superbly illustrated paper on Devonshire and two papers on the Thames River, by other writers, are in preparation.

**BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES AND REMINISCENCES,** by ALPHONSE DAUDET. The publishers of THE CENTURY have arranged with the well-known French novelist for a series of reminiscences and pen portraits of prominent Frenchmen and others. Two of Mr. Stedman's important studies of American poets are yet to come, viz., those of Whittier and Holmes. An early number will contain a paper by another hand on "The French Academy," with beautiful cuts; and other papers on Life in Paris, by an American, with drawings by Butler, are ready.

**DANTE:** An essay on his life, as illustrated by his poetry, by CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI; also, notes on the Exile of Dante, being a record with pen and pencil of a pilgrimage to the cities, convents, and castles that gave him refuge in exile, by SARAH FREEMAN CLARKE; also, an illustrated paper by the same writer on "The Portraits of Dante." This beautifully illustrated series is given with a view to awakening a wider interest in the life, legend, and poetry of one who is to so many little more than a great name. The illustrations of places are mainly from drawings on the spot, by Miss CLARKE, which have been put on the wood by Mr. HARRY FENN.

*Arrangements have also been made for a large number of separate papers of great variety of topic and beauty of illustration, including drawings by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Robert Blum, Henry Farny, and other draughtsmen not already mentioned in above announcements.*

*The following are a few of the unillustrated papers:*

**GARFIELD IN ENGLAND.** The editor of THE CENTURY has obtained permission to print extracts from the private journal kept by General Garfield during his trip to Europe in 1867. The material includes the notes of a debate in the House of Commons, a day in Westminster Abbey, a sermon by Surgeon, the British Museum, etc.

**THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS,** by BURTON N. HARRISON, Esq. This interesting narrative of personal experience will give a complete account of the retreat of Mr. Davis's party from Richmond at the close of the rebellion. It will be found not only of marked interest, but also of decisive historical importance with regard to the mooted occurrence of which it treats.

**THE LIFE AND WORK OF A YOUNG ENGLISH EXPLORER** The late Mr. Frank Hatton, whose early success and melancholy fate as an explorer have made his name familiar, will be the subject of a biographical sketch by his father, Mr. Joseph Hatton (the novelist), and this account will be supplemented by selections from the diary of young Hatton's travels in Borneo.

**THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS:** Sketches from a California Mountain, by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, Author of "The New Arabian Nights," "An Inland Voyage," etc. These sketches, by one of the most original of modern English authors, are a result of Mr. Stevenson's recent visit to this country. They will be printed in two numbers of THE CENTURY, and will include chapters on "Calistoga," "The Petrified Forest," "Kelmar," "The Hunter's Family," "The Sea Fogs," "A Starry Drive," etc. Mr. Stevenson's peculiar humor, and his power of describing natural phenomena, have full play in these papers, which narrate a curious camping experience of the author in a deserted California mining-camp.

**CHRISTIANITY AND WEALTH,** and other Essays, by the REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D., author of "The Christian League of Connecticut," etc., on the general subject of the application of Christian morals to the present phases of modern life, especially in America.

**SPORTS, PASTIME, AND ADVENTURE.** The favor with which the public has greeted the articles on American sports has induced the editor to continue the series, which will now, of necessity, treat of less known though not less interesting subjects.

**THE PRESIDENTIAL YEAR.** The recurrence of the year of greatest political activity will be kept in mind by some striking papers bearing directly or indirectly on the general topic.

*In preparation are interesting papers on subjects connected with American inventions; discussions of music and acting, and papers of interest to military men. The departments will remain as at present: "Topics of the Time" will present serious and suggestive articles on subjects of broad interest; "Bric-a-Brac," which has been pronounced the best sustained original department of its class, will contain some features of unusual interest; while the new department of "Open Letters," in pointedness and variety, will show as wide range as the "body" of the magazine.*

\*. New subscriptions should begin with the November number. The price is \$4.00 a year, and all book-sellers, news-dealers, and postmasters receive subscriptions, or remittance may be made direct to the publishers by postal or express money order, registered letter, bank check, or draft. **THE CENTURY CO. 33 East 17th Street, New-York, N. Y.**

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# ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1884 14

## GOOD NEWS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS! ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1884.

### PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

The following are only a few of the special attractions which are already secured for future numbers of this magazine, a new volume of which is to begin with the November issue:

#### "SPINNING-WHEEL STORIES;

OR, AT MRS. GAY'S SUMMER SCHOOL."

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**LOUISA M. ALCOTT.**

A new serial for girls by this favorite author.

#### "THE LAND OF FIRE."

BY  
**CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.**

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BY  
**J. T. TROWBRIDGE.**

A feature which needs only announcement to insure for it a rousing welcome.

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**HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.**

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**MAURICE THOMPSON.**

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A series of six stories comprising, it is believed, the best work Mr. Stockton has yet done in writing for children.

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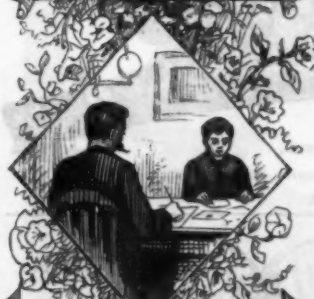
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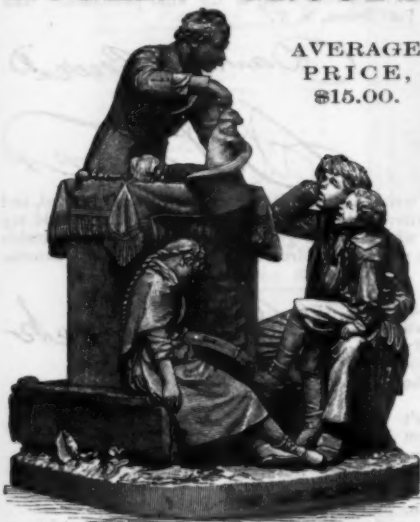
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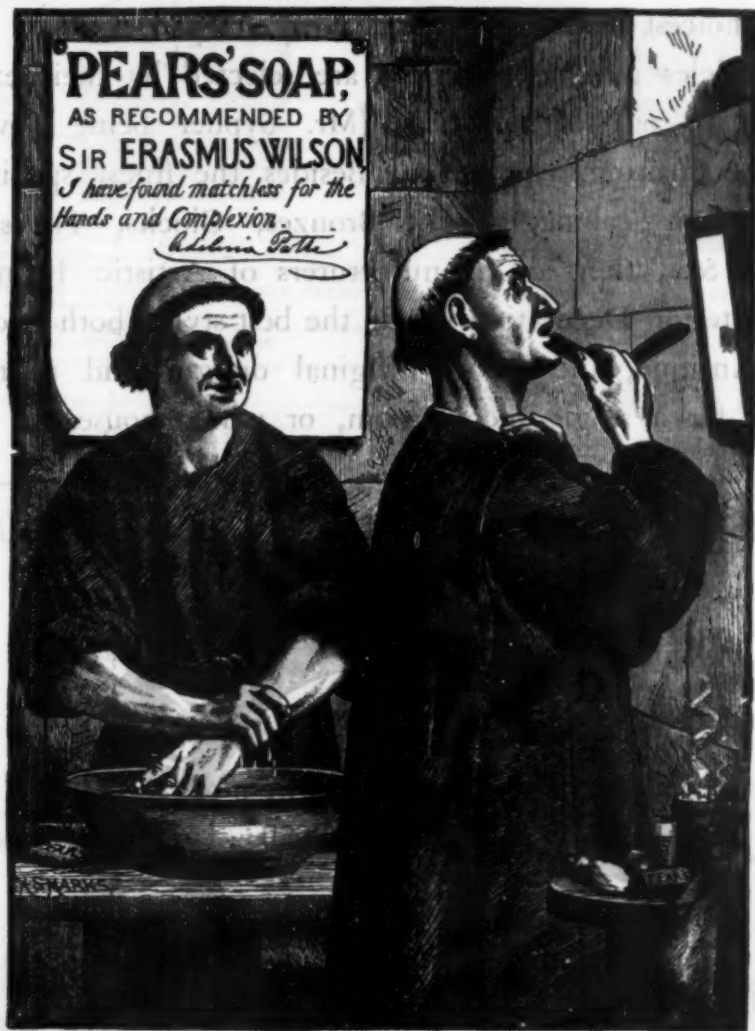
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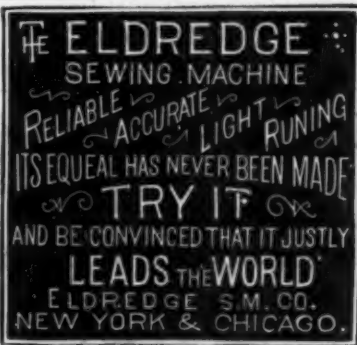
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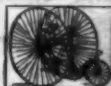
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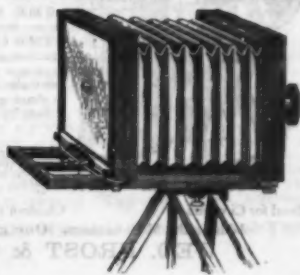
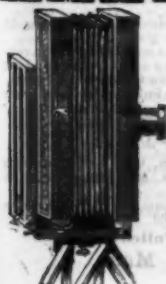
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# SEEDS AND PLANTS 28



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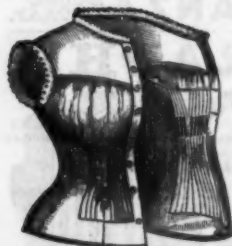
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# MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES 30

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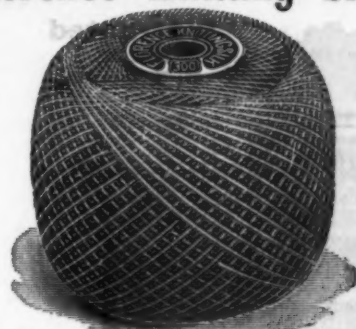
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The advertisements for out-of-print numbers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY which have recently appeared in these pages have met with a liberal response, and we are now enabled to offer for sale *fifteen sets*, made up from back numbers which we have had on hand with others that we have purchased at full prices. These sets comprise the twenty-two volumes, with indexes, including all the magazines published under the name of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. The price, in green or maroon cloth, is \$66; in half-morocco, \$88. The plates have been destroyed, and the number of sets that can now be made up is necessarily very limited. THE CENTURY CO. NEW-YORK, N. Y.

# MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES 31

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## NOW READY, The Finest Cigarette, Twelve First Prize Medals. "CLOTH OF GOLD" (STRAIGHT MESH).

This Cigarette is made from Finest and Most Costly Leaf from that region of Virginia particularly adapted for growing tobacco for Cigarettes. Our long experience in the manufacture of Tobacco enables us to secure the most suitable kinds, and thus present this Superior Article, with the full assurance THAT ITS EQUAL HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN OFFERED. A Higher Grade Cigarette Cannot be Produced.

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blades only, 75 cents. Ladies' elegant 2-blade pearl knife, \$1.00. Boys', 25 to 50 cents. 40-page list free. Also, "How to Use a Razor."

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**\$1.00 ANTI-STYLOGRAPH \$1.50**  
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# MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES 32

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**Warranted**  
**SIX**  
**(6) Years.**

Including Bench, Book and Music.

To further the ENORMOUS sales of Beatty's Cabinet Organs during the Autumn and Winter the following Special Offer is made, namely: If any reader of this paper will clip the following notice and remit it promptly, together with only \$49.75 in cash, by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, by Check or Bank Draft, I will box and deliver on board cars here the following described PARLOR ORGAN, with Bench, Book and Music, the regular Catalogue Price being 107.75. I desire this Beautiful Cabinet Organ introduced without a moment's delay, and to those who will order this Organ immediately a further deduction of \$5.00 will be allowed, making the instrument cost in all only \$44.75. My sole object is to have the organ introduced, thereby securing your good will in your immediate vicinity, as further sales are sure to follow at the regular catalogue price, \$107.75. Be sure to clip the following notice and mail it to me with your order.

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**MAGAZINE**

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Style, No. 800. Dimensions—Height, 72 ins. Depth, 24 ins. Length, 45 ins.

**ORDER NOW.** This beautiful PIANO UPRIGHT Cabinet or Parlor Organ contains Five Octaves. Handsome solid Black Walnut Case, Tremble Upright Bellows, Steel Springs, Handles, Rollers for moving, Music Pocket, Two Knee Swells, besides Grand Organ Knee Swell, 23 Stops: 1. Sub-Bass; 2. Octave Coupler; 3. Clarabella; 4. Manual Forte Solo; 5. Bourdon; 6. Saxaphone; 7. Viol di Gamba; 8. Diapason; 9. Viola Dolce; 10. Grand Expression; 11. French Horn; 12. Harp Solian; 13. Vox Humana; 14. Echo; 15. Dulciana; 16. Clarinet; 17. Voix Celeste; 18. Violina; 19. Vox Jubilante; 20. Piccolo; 21. Orchestral Forte; 22. Grand Organ; 23. Automatic Valve Stop. Seven full sets Golden Tongue Reeds, as follows: 1st. Charming Saxaphone; 2d. Famous French Horn; 3d. Beautiful Piccolo; 4th. Jubilante Violina; 5th. Powerful Sub-Bass; 6th. Sweet Voix Celeste; 7th. Soft Cello. Seven full sets Reeds in all.

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# PROPRIETARY ARTICLES 34



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The Indescribable Pangs of Chronic Indigestion, the Debility and Mental Stupor Resulting from a Costive Habit, may be Certainly Avoided by Regulating the System with that Agreeable and Refreshing Standard Preparation,  
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**FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.** The only perfect substitute for Mothers' Milk. The most nourishing diet for Invalids and nursing mothers. Commended by all Physicians. Keeps in all climates. Sold by all druggists. 75c. Send for the pamphlet.  
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A noted physician says, regarding the infants:  
"Never give the child anything except fresh milk and a properly prepared artificial food until it has the majority of its teeth." Dr. J. Lewis Smith, Professor of diseases of children in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New-York, says: "The one food in the drug stores which on account of its excellence merits most the confidence of the profession, is Horlick's Food for Infants." Book on treatment of children sent free. Horlick's Food Co., Racine, Wis.

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Used by nearly every family in New England, and by all first-class laundries, because it never spots the clothes.

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Called by J. von LIEBIG "A Treasure of Nature," on account of its high degree of chlorides. Recommended as a mild aperient and well-tried curative for regular use by such medical authorities as SIR HENRY THOMPSON, VIRCHOW, FREIBERG, &c. Cures constipation, headache, indigestion, hemorrhoids, chronic catarrhal disorders of stomach and bowels, gravel, gout, congestion, diseases peculiar to females, impurities of blood and skin.—To be had of all Chemists and Dealers in Mineral Waters.

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**Castoria promotes Digestion** and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. It insures health and natural sleep, without morphine.

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,  
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What gives our Children rosy cheeks,  
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep?  
**'Tis Castoria.**

When babies fret and cry by turns,  
What cures their colic, kills their worms,  
**But Castoria.**

What quickly cures Constipation,  
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion,  
**But Castoria.**

Farewell then to Morphine Syrup,  
Castor Oil and Paregoric, and  
**Hail Castoria!**

**CENTAUR LINIMENT**—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

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THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR  
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IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

**SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY**, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

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**SUPERIOR TO PILLS** and all other system-regulating medicines.

**THE DOSE IS SMALL. THE ACTION PROMPT. THE TASTE DELICIOUS.**

Ladies and children like it. Price 25 cents. Large boxes 50 cents. **SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.**



"I owe my  
Restoration  
to Health  
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**CUTICURA  
REMEDIES."**

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

**DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors** cured by the **CUTICURA REMEDIES.**

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**CUTICURA SOAP**, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from **CUTICURA**, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

**CUTICURA REMEDIES** are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers. Sold everywhere.

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**OX'S CHILL ANTIDOTE FOR MALARIA.**  
**OX'S CHILL CURE CO.**  
\$1.00  
Per Box. **CURE** **SEND FOR CIRCULARS.**  
Atlantic City, N. J.

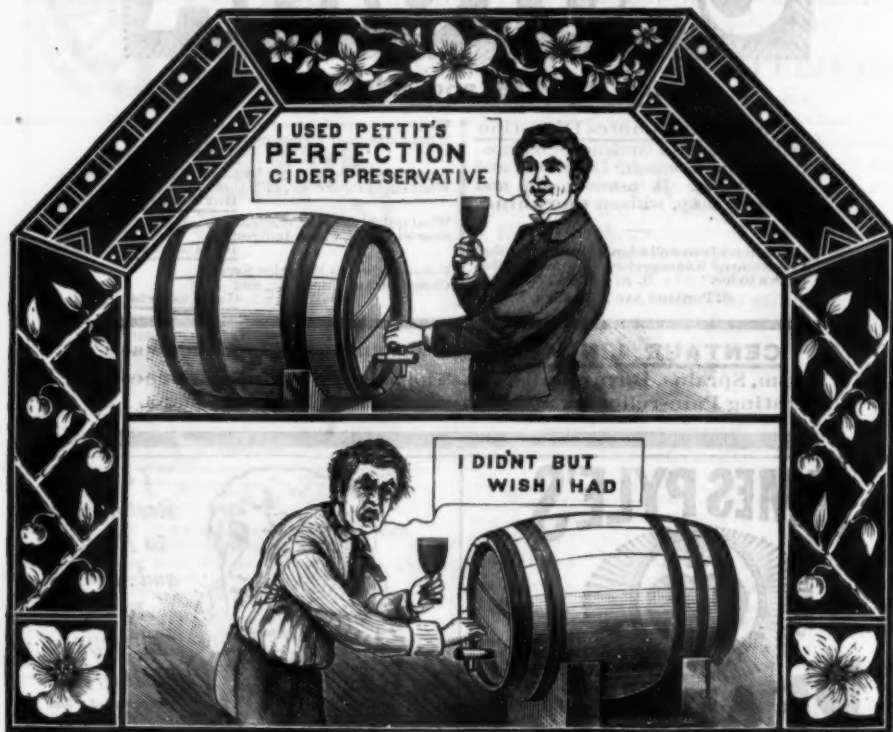
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# PROPRIETARY ARTICLES 36

## —\*— USE PETTITS' PERFECTION CIDER PRESERVATIVE

It will keep Cider or Wine from fermenting in any climate when a clean, sweet barrel is used. It will not change the flavor of either in the least, but will preserve it perfectly.  It is sold on a positive guarantee.



### BELOW FIND A FEW TESTIMONIALS:

MESSRS. PETTITS & SMITH.

DEAR SIR:—We sold all of your Cider Preservative, last year, with the very best satisfaction to our customers. Please ship us one gross to start with, this year. Yours, etc. BUTLER & HAMILTON, Utica.  
May 3, 1883.

DEAR SIR:—I heard of your Cider Preservative at Ridgefield, Conn., while at my country house. Quite a number of people there had given it a trial, last fall and winter, and thus far it has given perfect satisfaction. Yours, etc. NEW-YORK CITY, April 30, 1883.

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AMENIA, N. Y., August 28, 1883.

MESSRS. PETTITS & SMITH:—We have sold your "Cider Preservative" for some time, and are pleased to say it has far exceeded our expectation and given satisfaction in every case where sold; those buying it were delighted beyond their expectation, after a very strong recommendation from us. We have used it ourselves and know it will do all you claim. Respectfully yours, BARTLETT & MEAD

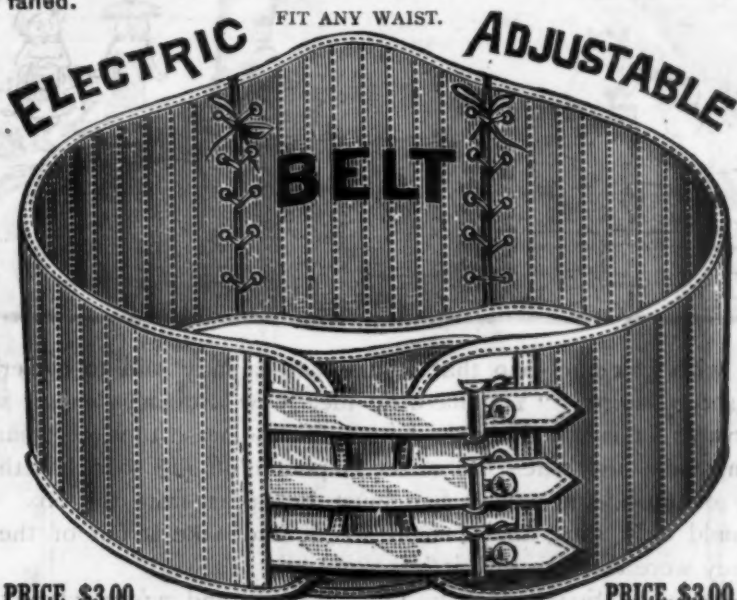
PRICE, per package, 40 cents. Contents of box enough for forty to fifty gallons of cider. If your dealer does not supply you with it at once, send for it direct. It will be sent to any address, free of postage, upon receipt of price. PETTITS & SMITH, Proprietors, Fort Plain, N. Y.

ALL IN SEARCH OF HEALTH SHOULD WEAR

# DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC BELTS.

To Promote the Circulation, to Stimulate the Organic Action, to renew Vital Energy, and Assist Digestion.

Universally approved by the Leading Physicians as the Best, Safest, and Most Effectual Remedy for Spinal Complaints, Incipient Consumption, Diarrhea, Pleurisy, Tumors, Asthma, Bronchitis, Epilepsy, Lumbago, Debility, Dropsy, Paralysis, Loss of Voice, Hysteria, Cutaneous Diseases, Nervousness, Indigestion, Palpitation, &c.; and has cured some of the most obstinate and distressing cases, after all other remedies (so-called) have failed.



PRICE, \$3.00.

PRICE, \$3.00.

**SENT POST-PAID ON TRIAL.**

**ITS EXTRAORDINARY CURES ARE TRULY MARVELOUS.**

There is no shock whatever, but a most agreeable feeling enjoyed in wearing them; they can be worn day or night. They are lined with red flannel, and satteen outside.

From C. W. Hornish.

PEORIA, ILL.

DR. SCOTT,—I have spent several hundred dollars in the city of Peoria, doctoring for kidney, liver, and nervous diseases, during twelve years, but have received no permanent benefit. I have since worn one of Dr. Scott's Electric Belts, and am entirely cured. I have also found great relief from neuralgia in the use of his Hair Brush.

MR. MORRIS FRANKLIN, the venerable President of the great New-York Life Insurance Company, will vouch for the merits of our goods.

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The price will be returned in every case where the goods are not as represented. If you will order on these terms, and send us the price with 20 cents added for packing and registration, we will send it on trial, post-paid—guaranteeing safe delivery into your hands; or ask your dealer for them.

Remit by post-office money order, drafts, currency, or stamps. Make all orders payable to

(Mention Century Magazine.)

**AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.**

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Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets. New prices, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00.

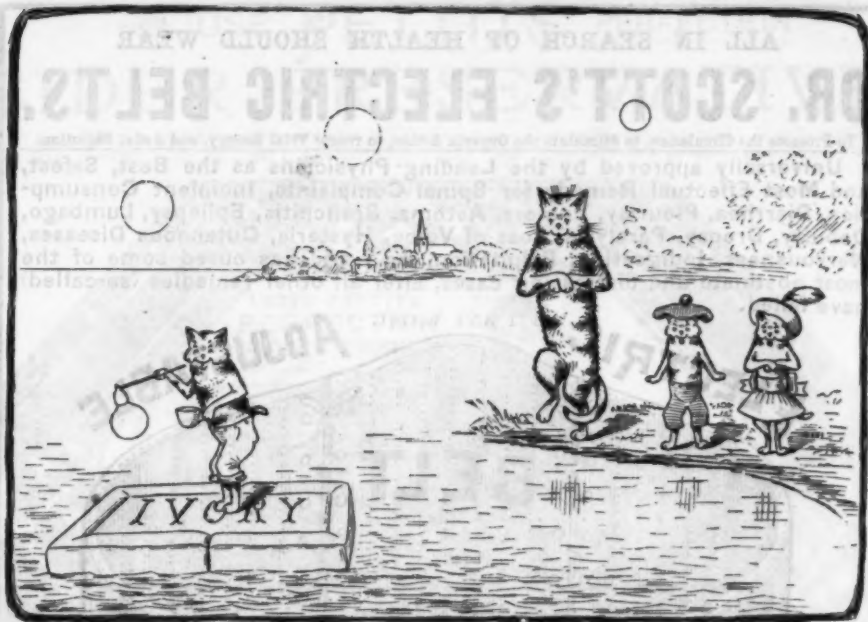
Dr. Scott's Electric Brushes. New prices, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00. } On same terms.

ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

DR. SCOTT,—Your Garments have been of more benefit to me during the past few months than all the medicine I have taken for years.

R. H. THOMPSON.

Many thousands of such testimonials from all parts of the globe can be seen at our office.



"I wish you had soap that would float," a lady said to a clerk in a large grocery store. "You have no idea how ordinary soap is wasted. The servants let it remain in the bottoms of the wash-tubs, dish-pans, and scrubbing-pails, and when the water is poured off the soap has the consistency of mush, and a new bar must be taken from the box. If the soap would only float, they would see it, and take it out of the water when they were through with it."

The "IVORY SOAP" floats! Oil will float; and, as the "IVORY SOAP" is made of oils, and is 99 44-100 per cent. pure, as a matter of course it will float.

## University of Michigan,

Messrs. PROCTER & GAMBLE,  
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ANN ARBOR, Mich., Dec. 29, 1882.

Gentlemen:

A direct practical experiment in a laundry has proved to me that "IVORY," tested against a certain well-known brand of laundry soap, has the same amount of cleansing power and one and two-thirds the lasting capacity. That is, "IVORY" will do one and two-thirds times the work of the soap against which it was tested. I therefore consider "IVORY" a very good laundry soap.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN W. LANGLEY,  
PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY.





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# FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1883.

Messrs. LEE and SHEPARD beg leave to announce the following important additions to their

## GOLDEN FLORAL SERIES

than which nothing more beautiful in conception or more perfect in execution has ever been published.

### MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

THE SONG OF THE CHRISTIAN HEART.

By RAY PALMER. With designs by L. S. COMINS.

### IT WAS THE CALM AND SILENT NIGHT.

THE GRANDEST OF CHRISTMAS LYRICS.

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### THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

THE XXIII. PSALM IN SONG AND SONNET.

By PROF. W. C. RICHARDS. With designs by MISS HUMPHREY and others.

### COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

THE LOVE-SONG OF THE POET-LAUREATE.

By ALFRED TENNYSON. With designs by E. H. GARRETT.

### CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

THE MOST POPULAR AMERICAN BALLAD.

By ROSA HARTWICK THORPE. With designs by MERRILL & GARRETT.

### THAT GLORIOUS SONG OF OLD.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

By EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS. With designs by ALFRED FREDERICKS.

If "A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever," then are these matchless volumes a source of perpetual joy. Beauty lingers in every line of the poet's verse and in every stroke of the artist's skill. Surprise and beauty hover over the unique and tasteful covers which embalm them, and upon whose golden and glittering sheen are reproduced, with a marvelous fidelity to nature, the flowers of friendship, faith, and sentiment,—gorgeous in color, resplendent in richness, and lacking only the freshness and sweetness of the dawn to make them real. This delightful combination of the superbly illustrated poem with the exquisite and daintily fringed floral card was, last season, unanimously declared by the trade, the press, and the public to be

## THE MOST CHARMING OF GIFTS.

Appreciating the favor which was so lavishly bestowed by the public, the publishers have redoubled their efforts of last season, and have even surpassed the results then achieved at so great an outlay of time, labor, and expense. With this reflection, and with the consciousness that they are the pioneers in the line of fringed books, and of which they claim this style as their lawful trade-mark and patent, the publishers venture to hope that the same cordial reception may be accorded to the new

## LIVRES DE LUXE.

The above additions to the Golden Floral Series are uniform in style and price with the issues of last year, now offered in new editions, as follows:

<b>RING OUT, WILD BELLS.</b>	<b>PRICE:</b>
<b>OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF</b>	
<b>MORTAL BE PROUD?</b>	<b>FRINGED,</b>
<b>NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.</b>	
<b>ABIDE WITH ME.</b>	<b>FLORAL,</b>
<b>ROCK OF AGES.</b>	
<b>HOME, SWEET HOME.</b>	<b>EACH, \$1.75.</b>
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